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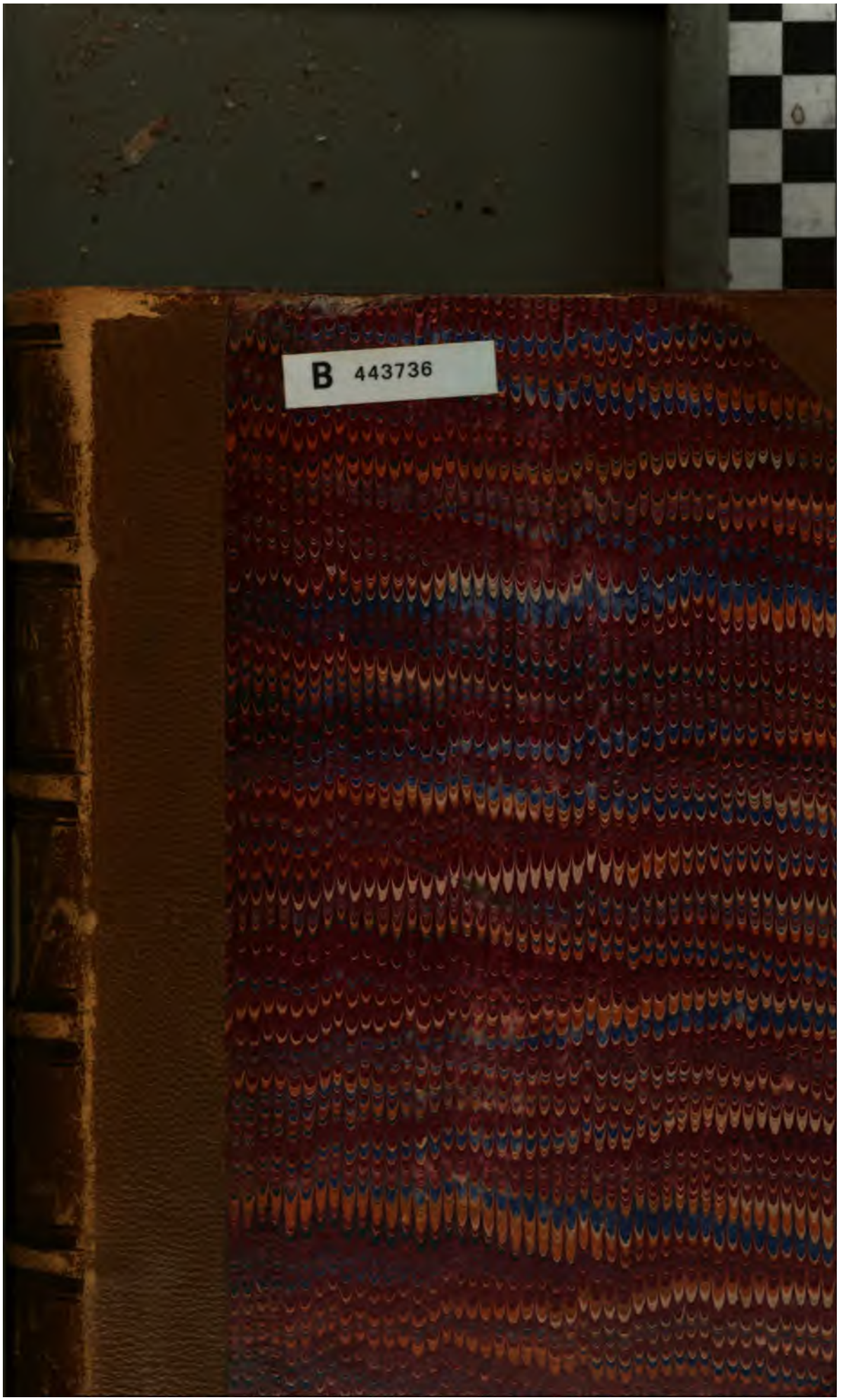
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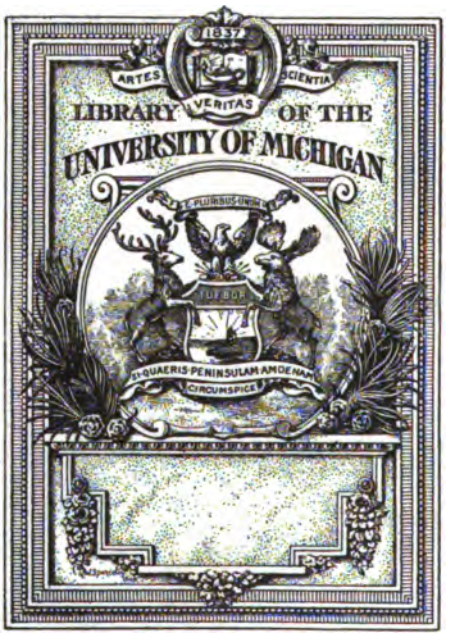
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EDITED BY

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AND

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JESUS, THE ONLY.*

LAST winter I accepted the invitation of the New York and Hudson River Conference to address them, the more gladly because Dr. Bellows gave me the kind assurance that my favorite theme would be welcome as well as myself. Now again, friends and brothers, being in like manner assured, I hold myself honored and privileged in the opportunity which you have invited me to use. In our first childhood we never tire of hearing the same story over and over again, in our second childhood we never tire of telling over and over again the same story. Should I seem, therefore, only to be repeating what I have been publishing from time to time for these forty years past, you will pardon something to the infirmity of age. But, indeed, the story that I love to tell keeps constantly opening upon me with new power, and giving forth more and more light. It is always growing new, and the new interest which it creates burns for circulation, just as in our boyhood money used to burn in our pockets.

* Read before the Berry Street Conference, May 26, 1875.

And, besides, I am rather glad of these tempting opportunities to "define my position." It is an American weakness, you know. But I think I have a good reason for indulging it here and now. My friend, Moncure Conway, in London, who, you know, professes to stand outside of Christianity, but who, with his best endeavors, has got there only in name, writes me that, after reading a discourse of mine delivered at the dedication of Robert Collyer's church in Chicago, something more than a year ago, he wondered how I could call myself a Christian. I was surprised at his wonder, as I had just received a note from our friend Spear, the Secretary of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, asking my consent to the republication, there in England, of that same discourse in a cheap form as a tract. The position looks ambiguous. Am I really getting outside of Christianity? Why, I have been trying ever so long to get inside of it, into the very soul of it. I have got but a little way, I know. But I have got so far as to learn that no man yet has counted "the unsearchable riches of Christ." When we have mastered that wealth and exhausted it, it will be time enough to think of getting outside of Christianity, and exploring other mines. In the meanwhile, we may as well try to get outside of the atmosphere of the globe. One can breathe as freely, I imagine, outside of the one as of the other.

It is only in particular and apparently disconnected passages, and at intervals, that the story of the life of Jesus has been creating in me a very lively sense of truth, changing my traditional faith into personal conviction. But now, of late, without design on my part, — to my delighted surprise, may I say it? — the several passages, vividly true but once insulated, are revealing the significance of other passages once dark, and all are coming of themselves to be connected and harmonized: the separate lights uniting and tending to orb themselves into one whole, the central life and light of all our seeing. Thus a continually increasing interest is disclosed in the Gospels. The way in which I read them is harmonizing more of the facts related than any other, and more of the most extraordinary of the facts, and, at the same time, keeping all in perfect accord with the natural truth of things.

The special reason, however, for thus reading the New Testa-

ment history is that it is yielding one most important result. Giving us a clear, inspiring idea of Jesus, it emphasizes in him, what is greatly needed at this hour, a pre-eminently Spiritual Fact in Nature, which, commanding our faith, saves us from the dark abyss of materialism, to the brink of which the current of modern scientific thought is drifting so many.

What can be more vague and barren than the prevalent notions concerning Jesus? To how many is he anything more than a formless shadow? May not our earnest and candid attention well be given to a representation of him, which, while it shows him to be in no respect, either in his being or working, out of the order of nature but in all things as natural as any plant, in fact as the of most natural of all existences, because revealing in himself more Nature, than any other, more of the highest or deepest in Nature, sets him before us as, nevertheless, a person of such singular force as to be above comparison with any other of the great men of the world. As I conceive of him, he is not merely one of that immortal company. He does not barely stand at the head of it. His greatness is positive, not comparative. He stands by himself, alone, far above the highest. His name is above every name.

My purpose now is to state the grounds upon which this representation of Jesus rests.

Nothing is easier than to lavish upon him the unqualified language of panegyric. Even those who regard the accounts of him as fabulous or mythical, use very exalted terms in speaking of him. But their idea of him, lofty as it appears, — what more can it be than a vague abstraction, a personification of virtue in general, with no throbbing life in it, no individuality, as expressionless as nearly all the pictorial representations of him are, a mere inference from his great sayings and from the high position which he has obtained and held so long in the history of the world? It is not an idea of him informed by any direct illustrations of his character, the facts that portray him being rejected as fictions.

By the way, is it any wonder that those to whom the person of Jesus is thus a matter, not of direct acquaintance, but of mere inference, class him with Mohammed and Confucius and Buddha? All these have uttered great truths, and, what is more, have taken

possession of larger portions of the population of the globe than he. So that thus viewed, he not only may be ranked with them, he must even be assigned a subordinate position.*

But, as I conceive, we are not left to infer the singular personal power of Jesus from the wisdom of his utterances and the extent and endurance of his influence. We may have more direct personal knowledge of him, and so much knowledge of him, that we shall confess that, in pure force of character, in native greatness, in "quantity of being," he stands, as I have said, apart, by himself, above all comparison, all special classification, "the bright consummate flower," not of the Hebrew type only, but of Universal Humanity.

But here the question instantly presses, Whence and how is this personal knowledge of him to be obtained? Whence but from the literary notices of him that have been handed down to us? These it is, the Four Gospels, which alone give us a direct view of the man and of the manner of man that he was.

And how are we to be satisfied that what they relate is true?

Obviously, there is only one thing to be done. We must endeavor, by an examination of these writings, to determine what they are, whether they were fabricated by fancy or woven in the loom of truth. And, certainly, this is a question, which it may be hard but not impossible to decide. We may as well despair of ascertaining the quality of any existing thing as to give up as hopeless the attempt to distinguish truth, the work of God, from the fabrications of men, and very simple-minded men, too.

Believing in the possibility of finding out what the stories told about Jesus are, whether relations of facts or fables, I have applied myself to this question. I have sought to concentrate whatever of faculty I am possessed of upon the Gospels themselves.

---

* I am not at all disposed to distrust the testimony of those who appear to know, and who report to us the benign wisdom of the religion of the far East. But we can hardly be expected to set Buddhism on a level with the religion of the New Testament, if the practical character of Buddhism is to be decided by the specimen of it which Max Müller gives, and we presume he gives us, at least, one of the best, in his lecture on the Nirvana. It is a pretty story that he tells, but not to be mentioned with the parables and incidents of the Gospels.

And the result is that the evidence of their credibility has been shining upon me, from the history itself, year after year with new power. It is continually growing more and more self-evident to me.

The learned theological critics of the skeptical school regard the credibility of the Gospels as depending essentially upon the external, historical argument for their genuineness and authenticity. And they affirm that no reliance is to be put on their truth, since, according to that argument, these writings had no existence, at the earliest, until the second century after the events they profess to relate took place, — a mode of proceeding as incompetent, I conceive, to decide the question as it would be to endeavor to determine the age of the big trees of California by ransacking ancient history for notices of them without ever examining the trees themselves and counting the rings.

To my mind, the documents of which our present Gospels are composed, were in existence, not only in the second century, but in the very first decade of the Christian era. They bear every mark of having been written very early. They are wet, warm, alive, with the impress of the events related. They are the very first stories that were told, put, it would seem, on the spot, without delay, into writing.

But if the history thus brings with it its own evidence, why does not every one feel the force of this self-evidence? Everybody does feel it more or less. Every one gets glimpses of it here and there. Indeed, it is a certain sense of truth irresistibly created by the history itself that keeps it fixed immovably in the faith of men notwithstanding all the assaults that are made upon it. The most skeptical cannot avoid the impression of an air of truth in it. Theodore Parker, and I refer to him as the representative of a large class, says, in his "Discourse of Religion," that he "does not see how any stress can be laid upon each particular action attributed to Jesus. That he lived a divine life, suffered a violent death, taught and lived a most true and beautiful religion, — this seems the great fact about which a mass of truth and error has been collected. That he should gather disciples, be opposed by the priests and Pharisees, have controversies with them, — this lay in the nature of things. His loftiest

sayings seem to me most likely to be genuine." So says Theodore Parker. Thus, notwithstanding his doubts of the truth of the particular incidents in the history, and although he appears to have only a general idea of the divine life of Jesus, an idea based upon no particular facts, yet there are some things in the Gospels which he admitted to be true, and which he could not help admitting. Now I find that a great many of the particular incidents, even of the most extraordinary of them, even the re-appearance of Jesus alive after his death, lie as deeply embedded "in the nature of things" as his violent death, and that it is just as impossible to doubt those as to doubt this.

The reason why the internal evidence of the truth of the history is not fully felt, pervading it as it does, and irresistible as I hold it to be, is because it is not seen. And it is not seen because it is hidden from sight by the mistaken notions, which we have held from our cradles, of the origin, character, and contents of these writings. How can we understand a thing unless we take it for what it is, and not for what it is not? The most familiar substance in the world may be handed us, but we shall make the greatest blunders about it, if it is all wrapped up in paper or cloth. The coverings must all be removed before the thing can be seen and put to its right use. So is it with the history of Jesus. Ignorance, superstition, dogmatism, and skepticism have woven their webs thickly all over it, and have done all they can to hide it. It is not until it is cleared of all these obscurations that it will shine out fully, with its own light, and show itself as it is: a history so remarkable for Simplicity, Naturalness, and Truth that all literature may be challenged to produce finer illustrations of these qualities than are contained in the Four Gospels. The similitude, however, which I have just used is imperfect. It is easy to divest any material thing of the wrappings in which it may be concealed, and bring it out to light. But the errors that prevent us from perceiving the true character of the New Testament narratives have been spun in men's dreaming minds; and they have been so long there, they have so grown into and affected our mental vision, that, even after we have discovered them to be errors, they distort our sight, or, by a reactionary force, produce new errors just as blinding.

It requires time and patience and no slight effort to free one's self

from these mistaken views, and to read what is written about Jesus as if, wholly unbiased by any of the popular opinions, whether orthodox or radical, of their character and contents, we had the Gospels just now put into our hands as recently discovered human compositions.

As we succeed in doing this, we shall find that they are, what at first sight they appear, the works of writers for whom it is to be claimed, not that they relate things precisely as they were, but only that, stating in all honesty what they believed to have been said and done, they tell the story with a simplicity so transparent that there is hardly a passage from which, by the way the story is told, we may not easily gather what it was that actually took place. The history of Jesus will thus be found to be like the impression of a seal, made, indeed, upon a rude, coarse substance, which, although it does not give all the forms and lines, yet what it has received from the seal is so sharply cut and of such a character that it indicates very plainly what the device on the seal was.

The truth is, the way the story is told is second only, in interest, to the contents of the story itself. In a mere literary point of view, apart from all reference to our Christian faith, the Gospels, like their great subject among men, stand by themselves among books. Where are there any other writings like them, so perfectly natural, so thoroughly human? What is there artificial about them? They show no trace of art. Or, if such traces there be, the Gospels are nowhere more artless than in their art. Indeed, even the accretions which they have gathered from the enthusiasm of the first reporters, or from transcription, betray their own origin. The Gospels are throughout the very handwriting of Nature, in the strictest sense, inspired, plenarily inspired, not in any preternatural way, but dictated by Nature herself.

I return now to what I proposed at the outset, and proceed to state the grounds upon which rests the idea of Jesus, as of all who have ever lived, the one Person without a peer.

The one thing to which I pray your attention as distinguishing him, and distinguishing him greatly from all others, is the entireness of his Self-abnegation. He had voluntarily parted with

self utterly, and was habitually at that elevation at which, as he is recorded to have declared, he could do nothing of himself, being filled full of God to overflowing.

For this representation of him, I do not rely merely upon his own affirmations respecting himself. Neither do I learn how entirely he had renounced self from his death alone and the godlike composure with which he met that horror. But I go back to the first authentic event of his history, to the very first step, by which he was ushered into public life, when he emerged from the deep obscurity in which he was born, and came forth fully before the world, — in a word, to his Baptism. And there I find written, as in legible characters, such a deliberate, unreserved, entire self-surrender as the history of mankind furnishes no other instance of. Would that I could now read it to you, so that he who runs might read!

Consider, I pray you. As he was a rational, human being, how could it be but that he must have meditated the course, upon which he then entered, with the deepest earnestness, long before he came to a decision and took that first step which brought him out fully before the world?

Furthermore, since, as all his recorded utterances show, he had full knowledge of the spirit of the time, — it was this, indeed, that moved him so deeply, — and as, moreover, he knew his own purpose, it must needs have been, that, from the very first, while he was yet in seclusion, it became plain to him, that to publish what was burning within him was to pronounce sentence of death upon himself, sure and swift. The truth that he had to speak could not be spoken without kindling a fire whose first victim would be himself: such was the pride and savage temper of the governing classes, the Priests and Pharisees.

Here, then, was the singularity of his position. Before any critical emergency, created by circumstances, had arisen, such as left him no alternative but to act (such as has made all other martyrs, compelling them to choose life or death upon the spot), while he was yet a private person, uncommitted to the course which he was led to adopt, and no force was bearing upon him but that of his own aspirations, he was, in simple obedience to that, to make up his mind to an early, shameful, and violent death. The decis-

ion was entirely in his own hands. No one was then thinking of taking his life. He was to give it up irrevocably of himself, without a thought of the possibility of any better fate.

How, then, could the first movement, the first act, towards putting into execution a purpose that involved his own inevitable destruction, the step that was to commit him irretrievably to so black a fate, — how could it be taken but with the utmost deliberation, with the deepest solemnity? What else could it have been but just what it was, a religious act, a profoundly religious act? When the whole country was moved by the appearance of John, flocking to that prophet on the banks of the Jordan, confessing their sins, to be bathed by him in the sacred river in token of inward cleansing, what could be more natural than that this universal awakening of religious feeling should so touch the young and tender heart of Jesus as to move him to take the occasion to devote himself publicly and irrevocably to that high Ideal, which, while it blazed with a celestial light, rayed down darkness and death upon his earthly future? Not merely to do what all the world was doing, oh, no, but with his whole soul in the act, did Jesus take that fatal step and go to the baptism of John.

And the way in which the baptism of Jesus is described, the boldness of the forms of speech by which the ecstasy of that era in his life is represented, reveals to us the profoundness of his emotion. How true is it, as Waldo Emerson has said, that the instant "our speech is inflamed by passion or exalted by thought, it clothes itself in images." Whence it follows, the bolder the images, the more intense is the flame of passion from which they issue, the more exalted the thought that inspires them.

When it is related that, as he came up out of the baptismal waters, Jesus saw right into the opened heavens, and a dove, the acknowledged emblem of peace, crossing the sphere of his rapt vision, was instantly glorified to his raised imagination, and transfigured into a symbol of the present God, and a passage of ancient Scripture came so suddenly to his mind, that it seemed to come by no volition of his, but from without, like an unearthly voice speaking, assuring him that he was uplifted into intimate, filial relationship to the Highest, — then, then, we see what a deep of heavenly emotion was opened within him, a depth of feeling which could

have been reached by nothing less than an entire surrender of himself to the Perfect Will, even when it willed his death.

Thus raised by the greatness and purity of his purpose into Sonship with the All Perfect, the peace of the Perfect, passing all understanding, the natural and inseparable consequence or accompaniment of so exalted a state of mind, welled up and inundated his being, causing an ecstasy that the boldest figure of speech could after all only inadequately express. Conscious as he was of the purity to which he aspired, would he have been exalted to such a pitch, and to the use of such bold imagery, if all had appeared bright and smooth before him, if the blackness of death had not rested on his earthly outlook, if he had not had the deeper consciousness of a perfect triumph over all the mortal fear and weakness through which he had struggled up to that great hour? At his Baptism, that first step towards actualizing his high purpose, the step that costs, he voluntarily and solemnly bade farewell to self once for all and forever.

Afterwards, early and late in his public career, it incidentally but all the more strikingly appears, how fully he had accepted the fearful conditions of his existence, and how irrevocably his mind was made up too meet a speedy and violent death.

Once, when a great crowd was following him, excited by the hope that he would prove to be the magnificent Messiah whom they were looking for, he turned, and said to them, in effect, "If you really mean to follow me, you must hate all that you hold dearest, your own lives even, and take your crosses on your shoulders and consider yourselves under sentence of death and on the way to the place of execution." Does not language like this undesignedly show that he held himself thus doomed?

Again, at an early period, do we not have a glimpse of his conviction that he was soon to die in the answer which he returned to those who asked him why he did not require his disciples to fast? "Can the guests at a bridal fast," he cried, "when the bridegroom is among them? But the time is coming," he added, "when the bridegroom will be taken away, and then they will fast."

As the story moves on, it grows more and more manifest that to him life was a pathway leading straight to a violent death.

And nothing, I think, so well accounts for the wonderful self-possession with which he followed that path to the dark end, — nothing so well explains his consummate presence of mind in the presence of his awful fate as the supposition that, having utterly renounced self, trodden it into dust under his feet, he ceased to be distracted by any selfish anxieties. With a death of torture and shame always before him, so far was any self-concern from rising like a cloud to blur his clear, broad vision, he met every emergency, every friend and every foe, hearkening to every cry of the outcast and the suffering, as if he had no thought of anything else. O friends, could we only do the same, — fling self behind us, blessed would be our eyes, for how much that is now invisible to us should we then see, and how keen and far-reaching would be our sight! And from what a host of meannesses and cowardly cares should we at once be delivered!

As the history proceeds, the impress of truth upon its details goes on deepening and deepening to the end. And upon no part of it is it more luminously visible than upon that which records the latter portion of that great life. The reason is at hand why it should be so. As Jesus advanced, as the opposition to him grew more bitter, as the fire he was kindling became fiercer, a force, which was at the first, in his early and secluded years, necessarily in reserve, came forth into action with extraordinary power, the native force of his great personality. Then it was, as the excitement that he caused grew ever deeper and wider, that he was put to a severer, and ever severer test. A young man, all alone, confronted with a ruthless, ecclesiastical authority, with all that was held to be respectable and religious in arms against him, face to face with brutal violence and a horrid death, then his personal strength came into play, — yes, it may be said, came into play, — for he bore himself through it all with no apparent effort, but with an ease, with a grace, that betokens a measureless exuberance of power, — with a new and original simplicity, the simplicity of Nature herself, at once moved to the very inmost of his being and yet in full possession of himself, — with such tenderness and such dignity: in a word, with such transcendent greatness of mind, that it was utterly impossible that such a phenomenon should be let die, leaving no trace in the memory of mankind. Let die! It

must have gone like the lightning of God into the hearts of many of those to whom it was given to behold the spectacle, and kindled them into a flame. Such an impression as it must have made could not be made, and those who received it, not be prompted, irresistibly prompted, to give it expression, and communicate to others in an enduring form what had affected them so mightily. Why, the personal disciples of Jesus, poor fishermen as they were, were ready to affront the most imposing array of human power, the most ferocious opposition, to suffer the worst that could be done unto them, to die, to die in flames of fire and on crosses, rather than hold their peace and refrain from making the world ring with his name. It is incredible, therefore, that some, that many among the multitude who saw and heard him, should not have been impelled to record in writing what was so powerfully moving. Had men forborne, the very stones would have leaped to shape themselves into legible characters in record of the wondrous story.

Do we not begin here to get some insight into the way in which the Gospels first came into existence, — how it happened, as Luke tells us, that many, many, took it in hand to write an account of Jesus? Not from the fancy of man, but from the irresistible force of Truth and Nature, sprang those first written narratives as a plant springs from the seed.

And what at first sight would seem to be an unfortunate circumstance proves to have been directly the reverse. The persons who undertook to put into writing the stories about Jesus evidently had but scant qualifications for the work. They were no rhetoricians. Their vocabulary was very limited. They knew nothing of the art of turning sentences. They had command of only the simplest forms of speech. They could color the story only after the rudest fashion. They could jot down barely such prominent particulars as caught the attention of such unpracticed observers. Thus, what they wrote, I reiterate, was the product of Nature rather than Art. The events narrated wrote themselves, finding in the writers only instruments, rude instruments, indeed; but on this very account, because they were rude, the working of Nature is only the more manifest. Why do we need to know when and by whom the Gospels were written, since they thus show

the unmistakable hand of Truth? Must we know when and where a flower grew before we can tell whether it be a flower or not?

But I am talking again of the Gospels rather than of their subject. It is difficult to keep the two topics apart. I think I will not try.

A short time before his crucifixion, we find Jesus on his way from Galilee to Jerusalem. But observe, not a word is said of his purpose in going thither. We are left to infer it. All that we read is that he went to Jerusalem, and that he told his disciples that he should be put to death there. But of his motive or object in going there not a syllable is whispered. So silent are the narratives on this point, so entirely in the dark are we left, that the French biographer of Jesus, whose book created such an interest some ten years ago, finding no hint of the purpose of that journey, suggests the very French surmise that Jesus went to Jerusalem for dramatic effect, to provoke his enemies to kill him! The only word that intimates that he had a purpose, a high resolve, in going to the metropolis is where it is said in Luke (ix. 51) that he "steadfastly" set his face to go to Jerusalem, implying that it was a settled thought, from which he was not to be diverted.

Is it not, however, plain, that, although his purpose is not mentioned, he went to Jerusalem just as the Apostle Paul afterwards went there, upon the same errand: to publish the truth? Mark how Paul declared his purpose: "And now, behold," said Paul to the elders of Ephesus, "I am going, bound by the spirit (that is, impelled from within), to Jerusalem, not knowing what is to befall me there, save that in every city through which I have passed, friends, moved by the spirit of truth, have warned me that imprisonment and trouble await me there. But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I may finish my course with joy, and the service to which I have been called, to publish the glad intelligence of the grace of God."

"There is something exceedingly majestic," says Sydney Smith, "in the steadiness with which the Apostle points out the single object of his life, and the unquenchable courage with which he walks towards it; 'I know I shall die, but I have a higher object than life, the zeal of a high duty. Situation allows other men

to think of safety. I not only must not consult it, I must go where I know it will be most exposed, I must hold out my hands for chains and my body for stripes and my soul for misery. I am ready to do it all?' These," continues Sydney Smith, "are the feelings by which alone bold truths have been told to the world, by which the bondage of falsehood has been broken and the chains of slavery have been snapped asunder. It is in vain to talk of men numerically: when the passions of a man are exalted to a summit like this, he is a thousand men. If all the feebleness and fluctuation of his nature are shamed away, you must not pretend to calculate on his efforts. Under the influence of sublime feelings, sometimes of liberty, sometimes religious, men have sprang up from the dust to shiver the oldest dominions, to toss to the ground the highest despots, to astonish ages to come with the immensity and power and grandeur of human feelings."

If the high spirit of Paul justly inspires such a burst of wisdom and admiration as this, in what words are we to express the sense of greatness which Jesus awakens in us, steadfastly pursuing his way to Jerusalem on the same high service, but, unlike the Apostle, knowing full well what was to befall him there, with his awful fate in full view all the time, although there came no warning voices of sympathizing friends, but the acclamations of an ever-increasing multitude welcoming him, as they fondly imagined, to a throne!

The Apostle's outlook was overshadowed only by a vague general idea of danger. Imprisonment appears to have been the worst calamity distinctly apprehended. He may not have been wholly without hope that the journey might not prove as disastrous as was predicted. But Jesus saw, and, with his knowledge of the deadly hostility which he had provoked, it required in him no preternatural illumination to see it, — he saw, and there was nothing else visible to him, that in going to Jerusalem to say and do there what he had said and done elsewhere, he was sealing his own fate over and over again at every step. He knew that the priesthood, having no legal power to put him to death, and no other way of compassing his destruction, would be sure to hand him over to the Roman authorities; and that nothing would satisfy the intense national pride of his enemies, stung to frenzy, as it was, by the

alleged pretensions of a miserable, Sabbath-breaking, wine-drinking Nazarene, the associate of infamous tax-gatherers and blackguards to the sacred character of the Messiah, — that nothing would appease them but his being overwhelmed by the shame of the vilest of deaths, death by crucifixion. Nevertheless, to Jerusalem he went, into the very thick of his infuriated enemies, with the horrible Cross right before him, never for a moment hidden from his view by any demonstrations of popular favor.

Again, Paul drew a mighty inspiration from Jesus, who trod the same path before him, and left it luminous with the splendor of his faith. "I can do all things," the Apostle once wrote, "through Christ strengthening me." But Jesus had no forerunner on that grim journey. He broke the path, marked only by the ever-deepening shadow which the cross cast before, — he broke the path the first, alone, with God. There were none on earth to understand him, and by their sympathy to comfort and strengthen him. He had in his own bosom, it is true, a support beyond all mortal aid. But, in his youth and utter loneliness, what exaltation of mind does it not imply, what cloudless clearness of vision, what indomitable faith, to rise to the Supreme Source of Life, and to keep at that elevation as in his native sphere, finding there all needed strength! While his heart was beating with the tenderest human sympathies, there was a great gulf between his thoughts and the thoughts of all around him. Devoted as they were to him, his personal disciples were so little aware of his high aims, that they were befooled by the fond fancy that he, poor man that he was, was going to make them judges and princes in Israel. And this idea it was, that he was the Messiah, who would shower riches and honors far and wide, which caused a constantly increasing throng of simple-minded country people to follow him on the road to the city.

How naturally do the incidents of that journey succeed one another! The crowd and the excitement so increased as he approached Jerusalem, and so tumultuous became the people, that he procured an ass on which he rode into the city, partly, as we may suppose, to avoid the pressure of the crowd, and partly, as the ass was an animal not used for any warlike purpose, to let it appear that, great and noisy as was the throng, it was no riot, no popular

insurrection that he was leading. As they moved on, the people broke off branches from the palm trees and threw them down before him, tearing off their very garments and spreading them under his feet.

Amidst this wild enthusiasm, he rode slowly on, wrapped in the profoundest solitude of the soul. Not for a moment elated by these imposing manifestations of popular favor, when he reached the brow of the Mount of Olives, where the city came into view, tears gathered in his eyes; he wept, for above the shouts of the people, there rung in his ears the approaching doom of his country. "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem!" he exclaimed, "how often would I have gathered you as a hen gathers her young under her wings, and thou wouldst not! Hadst thou known the things that belong to thy peace! But now they are hid from thine eyes, and the days are coming when thine enemies will surround thee and lay thee even with the ground and thy children within thee, and they will leave in thee not one stone upon another." The signs of the times were as legible to him as the most familiar prognostications of the weather, the morning and the evening red. He saw how righteousness, which is the life and peace of a nation, had vanished. The dead body lay there in its corruption; and to his clear vision, the Roman eagles were hovering over it, hungry, with whetted beaks, to rend it in pieces. "Where the carcass is," he said, "there the eagles are gathered together."

Upon reaching the city, he naturally went to the central spot, the most popular resort, the Temple. He found the ground, sacred to worship, encroached upon by a mob of traders, and turned into a filthy market-place where, amidst the bleating of sheep and lowing of cattle, money changers and cattle dealers were chaffering with strangers who wanted their foreign coin exchanged, or doves or sheep or oxen for sacrificial purposes. Seizing a piece of cord that lay at hand, he folded it up, extemporizing a whip, and with the commanding air, by which from the first all men were struck, he bade the people begone, exclaiming, "It is written, my house shall be a house of prayer for all nations, but you have made it a den of thieves." Backed by the multitude that were following him, and whose enthusiasm was heightened, doubtless, by this manifestation of reverence for the Temple, he was not for a mo-

ment to be resisted. The first intimation of his will sufficed. The traders fled precipitately, driving their sheep and cattle before them, and overturning their counters in their haste. What wrath this proceeding awoke in the Priests, the official guardians of the Temple, may easily be imagined. How could they tolerate this usurpation of their authority by this unknown person, this base Galilean! They demanded his authority, — who had empowered him. How he answered and silenced them, you know.

Thus boldly did he bear himself in the lion's den. He made no terms with those whom he knew to be his mortal enemies, sworn to destroy him. He paid them no deference. Daily afterwards, he made his appearance in the same place, where the people most thickly congregated. There he encountered Pharisees, Sadducees, and Herodians, and so confounded all comers who undertook to dispute with him, that no one ventured to question him, and so popular was he that the ecclesiastical authorities did not dare to attempt his arrest.

But, notwithstanding his enemies cowered before him, leaving him apparently in undisputed possession of the field, notwithstanding, to all appearances, he was becoming entrenched in the favor of the people, not for an instant was he blinded to the fact that the priests were destined to triumph, and that speedily. No signs of immediate success, however dazzling, no popular adulation, could hide from him the vision of a cruel and lonely death close at hand. With his knowledge of human nature, how could he fail to see that the confusion with which he had overwhelmed all attempts to ensnare him in his speech, so far from bringing his foes to a better mind, would only exasperate their malice and inflame it to the murder pitch.

How touchingly, for instance, is the state of his mind disclosed in that scene in the neighboring village of Bethany, where he lodged during this visit to Jerusalem! What an insight do we get into his thoughts in the manner in which he received the costly homage of Mary when she poured the precious ointment upon his person! When she broke the box, and the whole house was filled with the sweet perfume, it instantly struck his sense as the odor of the tomb. And, although no one there had the

poor so near at heart as he, yet when Mary's act was objected to as a waste, and the plausible suggestion made that the ointment might have been sold and given to the poor, so struck was he by the undesigned coincidence of the act with his near death, that he exclaimed, "Hush! Disturb her not! Let her alone! She is embalming me for my burial!" And note those added words, the more significant, because so slightly allusive,—"The poor you have always with you, but me you have not always."

Now it is not to be supposed that the narrators of this incident had any thought of showing how ever-present to his mind was his death. The incident is told, as indeed the whole story is told, not to make out a case, certainly not to make out a case in accordance with nature and probability, but only for the sake of its striking character. No comment is made. No explanation so much as hinted at. I have no idea that the narrators saw, at the moment, the deep pathos of the scene. Indeed, although, as Jesus predicted, the fragrance of that act of Mary's has filled the world, I do not believe its truth to nature has yet been fathomed.

How characteristic it was of Jesus to be struck by correspondences between the seen and the unseen, is evident on every page of his history. Equally evident is it how all unconscious the historians were that, in the particulars which they relate, they are laying open great deeps of feeling in Jesus, — the passionate, or, as Dr. Tyndall might call it, the *emotional* life of Jesus, that in him which is the key to so many secrets, to the origin and character and meaning of the Gospels, and to the extraordinary power and permanence of the influence which has wrought so mightily on the human soul, and determined the history of our race for ages.

This habit of his of noting resemblances between what occurred in his presence and his thought,— how impressively, because incidentally does it reveal the profound personal interest that he had in all that he said and did. When one's heart is full of any great idea, he finds everything hinting at it and echoing it. The soul thus possessed hears all Nature bursting forth into speech and song in response and accord. Around such an one, the lilies of the field and the birds of the air, the mountains and the hills,

break forth into singing, and all the trees of the forest clap their hands. Not from hearsay, not from any outward, preternatural dictation, but out of "the burning core" of that great heart of his came every word that Jesus uttered. But the authors of the Gospels never dreamed that they were showing that so it was with him. And yet how naturally, without any strained constructions, may we infer the untold from what is told!

What a revelation is there, to the same effect as the incident last mentioned, in those brief words that broke from his lips when he was at the table for the last time with his disciples! They have been the occasion of the most extravagant errors, of the most monstrous absurdities. Protestant theologians have been, not a little, embarrassed in the endeavor to explain them satisfactorily. The best that they have been able to say of them, in opposition to the doctrine of transubstantiation, is that they are a peculiarly bold figure of speech, an Orientalism. But in truth they are neither Oriental, nor Occidental, but purely Natural, a mode of expression profoundly human. Precisely so would any one have expressed himself, situated and moved as Jesus was at the moment. With that awful death close before him, such slight incidents as the breaking of a loaf of bread, and the pouring out of the blood-red wine, became portents, startling him with their ominous significance, accustomed as he was to see such correspondences; and so vivid were the images of torture and blood which the breaking of the bread and the streaming wine conjured up, that for the instant the bread and wine vanished from his sight. He saw not them. He saw only with the mind's eye. He beheld only his own tortured body and flowing blood, and he exclaimed, as he handed the bread and wine to his disciples, "Take and eat! It is my body!" "It is my blood!" Never again on earth, he said, would he touch a drop of the fruit of the vine. How could he, associated as it was with such an abhorrent image? I do not believe that he ate a morsel of the bread.

In what keeping this incident, thus viewed, is with the characteristic sensibility of Jesus, with his situation at the time, and with human nature, — is it not manifest? But where in the history is there a hint that the narrators were aware that they were unveiling the inner life of Jesus, or that they had the remotest

idea of the admirable consistency of the particulars which they relate, even oftentimes to the simplest forms of expression reported, with the natural working of our spiritual being?

But I am leaving myself but little time to mention certain other respects in which he, who was one with us all, was yet like no other.

Jesus stands by himself, far above all others born of woman, in that, such was his personal power, his extraordinary native force, that, in his presence and at his will, the possessed regained their self-possession, the blind saw, the lame walked, and, in one or two instances, the very dead started from their mysterious sleep, and he himself returned to life.

But these facts, the so-called miracles, and miracles they are in one sense, in the primitive sense of wonders, — these facts, natural facts, as I hold them to be, effects, illustrations, revelations, of the connection between our material and immaterial being, — these facts are, by numbers, regarded as fables so egregious as to cast a deep shadow of doubt over the whole history in which they are found.

In regard to these extraordinary facts, I can do but little more, here and now, than declare the strength of my own convictions. There are two considerations that have decisive weight with me.

In the first place, the way in which most of these wonderful occurrences are told puts it out of my power to doubt that they actually took place. They are narrated just as we should expect and require them to be narrated in the time and country in which Jesus lived, supposing them to be true. The agitation of human passions, precisely such as, upon this supposition, they must have caused, is undesignedly and unconsciously photographed in the manner in which they are related. Not more faithfully, not more truly inimitably, are the forms of fossil plants and animals stamped upon the substances on which they are found. This species of evidence is, to my mind, incomparably more powerful than the testimony given under oath of never so many honest and intelligent individuals, because it is evidence which no mortal man intended to give. In no instance is this evidence more abundant and striking than in the case of the most extraordinary event in the whole

history: the reappearance of Jesus alive on the second morning after his crucifixion. It is the involuntary emotions and misconceptions of the actors in that scene in the Garden, pictured in the different narratives with the artless frankness of Nature herself, that involve the great fact, bearing witness to its truth with an authority to which a voice from heaven could give no confirmation.

In the second place, those remarkable physical effects which illustrate the career of Jesus are attributable, and were by him attributed in the most emphatic manner, not to any magical charms or formulas, not to any peculiar gift of which he was conscious in himself, but to an immaterial force, confessedly of vast power, and native to the human soul: *Faith*, the first extraordinary manifestations of which that occurred took Jesus himself by surprise; and how profoundly he was impressed, by what he witnessed of its power, we may infer from the pointed manner in which he always directed attention to it, and from the bold and emphatic forms of speech which he used in describing it.

It has been long and widely taken for granted that the extraordinary events that marked the career of Jesus were expressly designed to accredit his authority. As I read his history, this is a palpable assumption, a representation of the miracles so-called entirely unwarranted by the record. Jesus never sought occasion to produce these remarkable effects. As I have said, they took him by surprise, in the first instance, and he rather sought to avoid them. He represented it as an evidence of the low condition of the people that they required signs and miracles in order that they might believe in him. It is true, he referred to them as proofs of his truth, but they were valid as credentials of his authority for this very reason, that they were not designed as such any more than his proclaiming the gospel to the poor, to which he referred in the same way, was so intended. He preached to the poor for the poor's sake, and not to prove that he came from God.

Accepting these wonders as true, I see in them a most cheering, most triumphant, and most needed demonstration of Spirit, the Hidden Life of all that is. Were that really believed in, we should have but little difficulty in believing that he who appeared

among men "in the power of the Spirit" could even awake the dead.

And can it be doubted that, if the extraordinary facts in the life of Jesus were received as *facts in nature*, as facts essential to a true philosophy of nature, it would radically affect our ideas of life and death, and neutralize the materialistic tendencies of physical science, were they a thousand times more pronounced than they are?

Once more, I can only briefly mention one other particular in which Jesus is pre-eminently distinguished above all the other leaders of mankind. He was far greater in his reserved than in his actual life. As men always sympathize mightily with suppressed emotion, this is a characteristic of him that, indefinable as it is, is of great power, because it is indefinable. We receive from the accounts of him the impression that the man was far more than his word, wise as that was, far more than his work, great as that also was. This impression is made, not merely by the facility, but by the wondrous grace with which he met all emergencies and rendered them his submissive servants. We feel that he was more than equal to any circumstances. He was always master, imperial master, of the situation, even when he was hanging in mortal agony on the Cross. And how informal was he withal, how little didactic! At every turn and touch, power gushed from his lips and his fingers.

The one simple conclusion is that he was a person apart and alone, above being ranked with the other great ones of the world. He stands out, a far advanced fact in the natural history of the human race. In him as in no other we have a revelation, realization, development, if you please, of the vitalizing and transcendent energy of Truth, when transmuted into personal power, incarnated and concrete, a new, unparalleled advance of the Spirit across and beyond the great physical mystery of our being, death. In him stands a wide open gate into the Illimitable, where science must reverently pause and confess her limitations. And it is not to the intellect first or chiefly that this wonderful Life is addressed. Through the quick sympathy of one and the same nature, it calls into action the best and the greatest in every soul of flesh, bear-

ing triumphant witness to the sovereignty of Spirit, of God in all and above all.

When facts, similar to those in the history of Jesus, at once original and natural, are shown us in the histories of other renowned persons, and as satisfactorily established, then shall we be prepared to rank them with him.

What think ye of Christ? The question of questions. "There is no doctrinal controversy of the church," says a learned German theologian, "which may not be traced back to a fundamental difference of opinion as to the person of Jesus." Strauss again was moved to write his elaborate life of Jesus, wherein Jesus is reduced to all but a myth, by the idea that there is no hope of a thorough reform but in eradicating what he held to be the false idea that reigns of Christ. Our radical brothers are of the same opinion. The idea of Jesus must be changed, they conceive. He must be put down from his high position, reduced to the rank of the world's great men. It is true, the idea of Jesus is of vital importance. But it is thus important, because it is, as I have said, a demonstration which has no parallel of the Spirit; because Jesus, not in his words alone, but Jesus awakening Lazarus, Jesus awakening himself from the grave, reveals to us its mighty potency. It is in vain that we magnify the spirit: our faith in it is feeble, so long as we are unable to recognize its energizing presence in those physical effects which Faith in it, as it dwelt in Jesus, once produced.

WILLIAM H. FURNESS.

THE SCOTTISH PHILOSOPHY.*

DR. MCCOSH tells us that his history of the Scottish philosophy has been with him a labor of love. We hardly need this testimony to a fact sufficiently obvious on every page. The crispness of the style, the accumulation of material from unfamiliar and local sources, the care in the analyses, and the whole heartiness of the presentation, unite to show the author's enjoyment of his work. This special interest in the undertaking has sprung both from the patriotism of the author, and from his confidence in the methods and many of the results of the Scotch philosophy.

The author's enthusiasm for his theme has not misled him. The subject was peculiarly suited to his genius. He is so thoroughly a Scotchman, so thoroughly a metaphysician of the Scotch type, so familiar with the materials with which he had to work, and to such an extent the master of them, that the success of the undertaking would seem to be insured from the start. To say that the author is a thorough Scotchman, is to say, indeed, that he is not without some amount of positiveness, perhaps even of dogmatism and prejudice. This we say with all respect for the race which we have always admired, and for the author who is thereby even better fitted for his work. To be led through the intricacies of Scotch metaphysics by so thorough a Scotchman, is like being guided over the heaths and among the hills of Scotland by a native of the soil. The very companionship has a charm, and helps us to identify ourselves with the objects of our contemplation. So far as we are competent to judge, the qualities of which we speak do not interfere at all with fairness of presentation. At least this is true so far as the systems under review are concerned. The national warmth of feeling, no less than the national honesty, serves here a good purpose. The author seems

* The Scottish Philosophy, Biographical, Expository, Critical, from Hutcheson to Hamilton. By James McCosh, D.D., LL.D., President of the College of New Jersey, Princeton. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers, No. 530 Broadway. 1875.

to take equal satisfaction in greeting a friend and grappling with a foe. He is thus under no temptation to misrepresent either.

We think, however, that the presentation of characters is less free from the effects of prejudice. His presentation of Hume, for instance, would hardly convey a true idea of his very remarkable character. Of this we can give only one instance. Hume, in his youth, wrote an interesting letter to a physician, in which he speaks of weakness rather than lowness of spirits. He had fallen into a state where his mind would not work. This had been preceded by hard study and thinking, and was acompanied by physical symptoms such as would more than account for it. He writes to the physician for his opinion as to whether he would recover the full use of his intellectual faculties. Of this letter Dr. McCosh says that it lets us see that "there had been an awful struggle and crisis." Hume had undertaken the improvement of his temper and will along with his reason and understanding. This is interpreted to mean that "he had endeavored to act the self-righteous and self-sufficient stoic." To reason from a year of depression in the youth of Hume, however caused, or from the fact that a son of Mr. James Mill, in order to escape a lingering death by disease, committed suicide, to the natural tendencies of the doctrines they held, seems to us hardly fair. Such reasoning is as unsafe as the reasoning from special providences. Accidents like those just referred to are liable to happen in the best regulated Orthodox families. The temporary depression of Hume is nothing to the gloom that haunted many a canonized saint, and the mania for suicide may be stimulated by the teachings to which Mr. Mill was most opposed.

In regard to the teaching of Hume, and even in regard to the importance and the extent of his influence, the author is more fair. If on the one page he speaks of "the importance of not allowing fundamental truth to be assailed," on the next page he tells us that, "in fact, all later philosophy springs directly or indirectly from the thorough-going examination to which the Scotch skeptic had subjected received truths."

Not only is the work, on the whole, well done, but it is a work worth doing. The Scotch philosophy fills an important place in the history of thought. Its importance consists largely in the fact that

it will long continue to be, in a general way, the philosophy of the average thinking man. It is an eddy in the great sweep of philosophic thought, but it is in the eddies that the drift-wood most accumulates. If it does not present the final solution of the problems with which it deals, it at least states them and describes them in an earnest and honest way, and thus does much to stimulate thought. It has helped to train many clear and strong thinkers, and will doubtless help to train many more. The history of Dr. McCosh cannot, of course, take the place of the more important works of which it treats; but it is instructive and interesting to see these works in their relation to the national life; to see that their authors are only first among equals, to see how the Scotch intellect aroused itself afresh with every generation to grapple with the most difficult questions of thought and life. It is not strange that the author tells the story with pride and pleasure.

It must here be noticed that all Scotch metaphysicians do not belong to the distinctively Scottish school. Dr. McCosh mentions three peculiarities which he considers to mark this school. The first is that it proceeds on the method of observation; the second is that it employs self-consciousness as the instrument of observation; and the third is that, by the observations of consciousness, principles are reached which are prior to and independent of experience. These principles are very true as far as they go; but we think they do not quite reach that which is most peculiar to the Scotch school. To these three marks we should desire to add a fourth, namely, that the principles which it exhibits as prior to and independent of experience are such as common men would at once recognize as those which underlie their own thought. In this is found the significance of the term "common sense," that fills so important a place in the Scotch philosophy. Dr. McCosh objects to the word as equivocal, meaning, as it does, either a faculty or set of faculties common to all men, or that good sense which is comparatively rare. We agree with him, that it is not the best word that philosophy can use to express fundamental beliefs. At the same time we think that no word could better express the position of the Scotch school. The object of this school is to transfer to philosophy the crude forms of thought prevalent in common life. For this purpose the term "Common Sense" was chosen

with a perception of its fitness almost accurate enough to be called instinctive. It expresses at once the position taken, the end aimed at, and a justification of the whole procedure. We do not regard the equivocal character of the word as objectionable. Indeed, to our mind, the two meanings of the word seem very closely allied. The common sense, which is the rare endowment that we distinguish as "good" common sense, is simply a purer or more intense form of the crude, practical habits of thought and judgment prevalent among all men. At least, the equivocation, so far as it exists, illustrates very well the attempt of the Scotch school to unite two widely different things, namely, the every-day thought of man and philosophy.

We cannot better illustrate our meaning than by referring briefly to the principal stages in the history of this philosophy. Of course, our treatment must be extremely general, and we will refer our readers to the work of Dr. McCosh for the interesting material which he has so carefully collected.

The Scotch philosophy, according to Dr. McCosh, may be considered as fairly taking its rise with Francis Hutcheson who lived in the first half of the eighteenth century. Hutcheson discussed very pleasantly, if not very profoundly, matters of philosophic interest, especially those connected with morality and beauty. He took the world as it offered itself to him. Neither philosophical nor religious skepticism would seem to have crossed his path. He represents the epoch of simple faith. We may call it the period of innocence, in which the mind had not tasted the fatal fruit of the tree of knowledge, — that knowledge which claims that all we can be sure of is our ignorance. The soul had not yet awakened to find itself naked and alone.*

In this case the disturbing influence came not from without. It was the clear Scotch intellect which was to offer to the unquestioning Scottish faith this fatal fruit. It was David Hume through whose hand this strange element was introduced. It would prob-

* Of Hume's system Reid says, "If this is the philosophy of human nature, my soul enter thou not into her secrets! . . . It is surely the forbidden tree of knowledge: I no sooner taste of it than I perceive myself naked and stripped of all things, — yea, even of my very self." Hegel uses a similar figure.

ably be safe to call him the most clear-headed of Scottish thinkers. He was certainly one of the clearest thinkers of modern times. If we apply the tests suggested by Dr. McCosh, we should hardly consider him as belonging to the Scotch school. Indeed, the great effort of Scottish thought became henceforth an attempt to expel from itself the influence of his system. It recognized this at once as foreign and hostile to itself. Even were it not for this fact, the influence of Hume is so bound up with all later European thinking that it would be hardly fair to regard him as belonging to any school. Scotland, Germany, France, and England are alike indebted to him as the stimulus or the source of their best thinking. Kant himself tells us that his philosophic activity was roused by him; Comte acknowledges his immense indebtedness to him; English thinkers of to-day are recognizing in him their master. In Hume we see what can be accomplished by clearness and accuracy of thought. The lines he drew correspond exactly with the lines that divide our mental faculties. Every division he made became from henceforth a line of battle. Perhaps there never lived another thinker who recognized so accurately so many of these natural divisions, so many points of permanent strategetic importance. Whether it be faith in the natural world, religious faith, faith in causation, faith in miracles, or theories in regard to the nature of virtue, opposing hosts still range themselves, and the fighting still goes on, according to the plan of battle drawn up by Hume. Thus he formed one of the great epochs in the history of philosophy. Henceforth the unconscious naturalness of crude common thought became for the philosophic mind as impossible as perfect innocence became impossible after the fall. If this natural faith is still held, it must be held consciously, it must be held by conquest, it must be held, too, shorn of some of its chief elements. It can thus never again be what it was.

We can here refer merely to the position taken by Hume in regard to our knowledge of the outer world. This position was that we have no knowledge whatever of the existence of any outward world. All our perceptions are, to use a term which came into use later, subjective, and we have no power to reach anything beyond these. Both Reid and Hamilton, though in this Dr.

McCosh appears to follow them, are, we think, wrong in their view of the basis of the skepticism of Hume. The view is, that Hume starts with the assumption that our perception of the outer world is mediate rather than immediate; that is, that we do not perceive objects directly, but perceive only mental impressions, and from these infer an outward world; and that, holding this position, it is easy for him to deny the validity of this inference. These writers hold, therefore, that all that is necessary to confute this skepticism is to propose a different theory of perception. The truth is, that Hume, in his examination, starts from the most common sense view of immediate perception. He describes the ideas of common men who believe that the perception that they have at one moment is identical with that which they had at a previous moment; in other words, who believe in the "identity of their resembling perceptions," and in the fact that "their perceptions are their only objects," that "the very image which is present to the senses" is "the real body." This, he says, is the position of all the "unthinking and unphilosophical part of mankind." He shows that this view must be given up, and that we have to admit "that our perceptions have no more a continued than an independent existence." He then passes to the philosophic view which distinguishes "betwixt perceptions and objects, of which the former are supposed to be interrupted and perishing, and different at every return; the latter to be uninterrupted." But this "new system" he affirms to be only "a palliative remedy," containing "all the difficulties of the vulgar system, with some others that are peculiar to itself."

The reason for the view of Hume's skepticism taken by Reid and Hamilton would seem to be, that both accepted Hume's statement in his later and more popular essay now entitled "An Inquiry Concerning Human Understanding," and in particular the section in regard to the academical and skeptical philosophy, instead of turning to his earlier and more profound work, "A Treatise on Human Nature." Indeed, Reid quoting from the first named essay says, expressly, "The passage now quoted is all that I have found in Mr. Hume's writings on this point." Yet it is the earlier and fuller work that displays, not only the doctrine as it first arose in the mind of Hume, but also the reasoning which upholds

it. The real basis and starting-point of Hume's skepticism we conceive to have been no theory of perception, but the denial by Locke of innate ideas. This denial he pushed to its extreme. If we have nothing in the mind save what comes through the senses, it is easy to place a watch on the senses, and thereby to determine what is in the mind. Locke undertook to do this, but his watch was a careless one. Hume did the same thing more thoroughly.

Reid undertook to lay again the foundation of simple, natural faith, which the skepticism of Hume had overthrown. Reid is on the whole clear-headed; his style is simple and direct; yet his treatment of the matter of perception must be somewhat obscure, since all Sir William Hamilton's wonderful powers of analysis fail to determine exactly what his position was. At least, Sir William Hamilton was obliged to surrender the view of Reid's system, which, with the most unhesitating affirmation, backed by the most terrible sarcasm, he at first maintained against Brown. The account of the position of Reid given by Dr. McCosh is, we think, clearer and more correct than that given by Hamilton. It is certain that Reid imagined himself to be taking the position held by the common mind. With a mildly sarcastic reference to the division between ordinary and philosophic thought made by Hume in a passage which he had just quoted, Reid says, "On the one side stand all the vulgar who are unpracticed in philosophical researches, and guided by the uncorrupted primary instincts of nature. On the other side stand all the philosophers, ancient and modern, — every man without exception who reflects. In this division, to my great humiliation, I find myself classed with the vulgar."

But the attack of Hume was only the final and decisive act of a prolonged intellectual movement by which the vulgar notion of perception had been forever banished from philosophic thought. Reid undertakes to occupy the old ground; he claims to rear again the overthrown foundations of natural faith. He fancies that he has done this. But there is between his view and the popular faith an immense difference. The vulgar thought fancies that sound, color, taste, and smell are matters of real perception; that the rose is red, just as we see it; that the air is full of music when we listen to sweet sounds. No theory of perception that gives up these elements can claim the authority of the popular

faith in the manner in which Reid, and especially in the manner in which Hamilton, claims it. Reid distinguishes as Locke did between the primary and secondary qualities of body. Unlike Locke, he makes the distinction that of objective and subjective. The primary qualities of bodies alone belong to them. These are extension, divisibility, figure, motion, solidity, hardness, softness, and fluidity. These, according to Reid, are the real objects of perception. Our senses "inform us what they are in themselves." Of color and sound and other similar matters our senses "inform us only, that they are qualities that affect us in a certain manner, that is, produce in us a certain sensation." This is only a dumb and colorless imitation of the popular idea of perception.

But even this position, a bare and barren imitation of that popular faith which it would restore, could not be long held. We must pass over intervening fluctuations of belief in the Scotch school, and hasten at once to survey its final crisis. We have seen the skepticism of Hume, sweeping away the natural basis of common faith, and Reid attempting, with but half success, to rebuild the ruined structure. A second and yet a more destructive attack, however, awaited it. The "tidal wave" of skepticism, leaving bare for a season the shores of Scotland, flooded those of Germany, then flowing back again, mighter than before, it swept away the slight foundations that had been laid meanwhile. In other words, the skepticism of Hume became reinforced by that of Kant. Kant wrought it into a system; and though he derived from Hume more than he had occassion to admit, though his skepticism was less consistent and thorough than that of Hume, yet, being wrought into a system, it became a thousand-fold more powerful. It was the regular army, moving in trained order, instead of a body of militia, valiant indeed, but untrained and unorganized. The strategetic genius was still that of Hume, but the army was created and organized by the genius of Kant.

As Reid undertook to lay again the foundations of popular faith after the ravages of the skepticism of Hume, so Sir William Hamilton undertook to lay afresh these foundations after they had been again disturbed by the skepticism of Kant. The skepticism of Kant, perhaps because less original, was less consistent and thorough-going than that of Hume. Where Hume left no place

for belief in the reality of anything outside of one's self, Kant postulated, as the ground of our perceptions, the existence of a something of which we could know absolutely nothing, save the fact of its existence. This moderation of doubt left his position much stronger than that of Hume; for, however men have amused themselves by questioning the reality of an external world, probably no one has ever doubted it, even in thought. Hume himself does not pretend that this extreme skepticism was a reality to him, or that he expected it to be to any one else. The modified skepticism of Kant, however, can hardly help forcing a certain conviction of its truth, at least, so far as its general substance is concerned, from any thinking mind that fully understands its basis. The difference between what Kant dropped and what he retained of the skepticism of Hume is this: It cannot be proved that an outward world exists, neither, on the other hand, can it be disproved; thus, if one holds this belief, he need not fear that the contrary should ever be established. It is not so with beliefs in regard to the qualities of this world. It can be proved that nothing that is furnished by our own sensations can form a part of this external existence; this includes not only color and sound, but much, at least, of what is reckoned among the primary quantities of matter. The conceptions of form and extension, for instance, are more indirectly, but not less really, than color and sound the result of our own sensations.

Sir William Hamilton felt the power of the skepticism of Kant, but still he undertook to maintain against it the Scottish doctrine of "Common Sense," and the popular notion of perception. He affirmed this common sense doctrine of perception with even greater boldness and directness of utterance than Reid. He insisted on immediateness of perception. He denied that the existence of the outward world is either suggested by or inferred from the impressions of our senses. He maintained that we have, in perception, a direct knowledge of the external world. He maintained that this is the testimony of common sense, that is, of the natural and instinctive belief of man. The testimony of common sense, he insisted, could be discredited only in one way, namely, by its conflict with itself. If it could be proved to be in any respect contradictory, it would lose all its credit; but this, he insisted,

had not been done. Those who accepted the existence of the external world on the authority of an irresistible instinct, while at the same time they denied that we have any direct knowledge of its existence, knocked away, he insisted, the ground from beneath their own feet. They claimed the authority of natural belief in regard to one point, while they denied it in regard to another; but if it is proved untrustworthy in one respect, it can be trusted in regard to nothing else, for, *falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus.* Thus bold and absolute is his claim. The unthinking popular faith in perception seems to be established again in all its completeness. The philosophy of common sense seems to stand fairer and more complete even than it was left by Reid.

We think that nothing, however, can be more disappointing than the discovery of how little reality there is behind this fair show of words. Reid, as we have seen, affirmed that in regard to the primary qualities of matter our senses inform us what they are in themselves. Hamilton, by referring to language used by Reid in another connection, denies that he could in this mean to be understood literally. The position of Hamilton is that the objective and subjective elements are united in all our knowledge; the only difference between the primary and secondary qualities is, that, in our knowledge of the former, the objective element preponderates; in our knowledge of the latter, the subjective. According to this position, our knowledge of extension is partly objective and partly subjective. We confess that for ourselves we attach no meaning to this distinction. We can understand what is meant by knowing what extension is in itself, and what is meant by the denial of this knowledge; but how the two elements can be united we cannot imagine. The only manner in which we can conceive it possible for the subjective and objective to be united in different degrees is this, that, for every change or difference in the external, shall be a change or difference in the internal, but that any mental state, made up directly or indirectly of sensations, can have any resemblance whatever to an external object, or that one such mental state should have more or less of such resemblance than another, is a proposition that seems to us meaningless. Looking at the matter from another point of view, complex ideas or perceptions can be analyzed into two elements of which we can

say that one is objective and another subjective; but the idea of extension is too simple to be thus analyzed.

Hamilton's bold affirmation of direct perception reduces itself, in his presentation of it, to this: that we have a direct knowledge of objects that are in contact with our body, but that of these objects in themselves, or of any of their qualities in themselves, we have no knowledge. If the doctrine of perception, as held by Reid, looks bare and barren compared with the natural faith which it would represent, what shall we think of this doctrine as held by Sir William Hamilton? At least, it is obvious that the strategetic importance of the position is wholly imaginary. The arguments by which Hamilton fancied that he had overthrown the stronghold of his antagonists recoil with full force against himself. He urged against them, that, if the natural belief of man be shown to be false in one particular, it cannot be trusted in any other. But, according to his own view, this natural belief, so far as perception is concerned, is false on almost every point. Men have naturally the same confidence that they perceive objects as they really are, that they have in their perception of these objects as existing. Moreover, they have the same confidence that they perceive objects directly through sight that they have in their perception of objects through touch. We are thus met by the very relation which, according to Hamilton, can alone prove the untrustworthiness of the natural faith of man; the utterances of this faith are in conflict among themselves. Men's faith in perception affirms that objects exist with forms, with colors, such as we behold; our reason affirms that this is impossible. The two utterances contradict one another, and thus, according to the *dictum* of Hamilton, neither can be believed.

Thus, as was stated above, we have in Sir William Hamilton the natural conclusion of the Scotch school. He certainly closes worthily the line of thinkers to which he belonged. Cousin's history of the Scotch school of philosophy seems very incomplete as we look at it now. Not only does the story break off unfinished, but the most commanding figure of the whole is wanting. It is "Hamlet" with neither the fifth act nor the hero. Hamilton was a man literally of commanding ability. We feel at this distance of space and time the wonderful charm of his personality. His learn-

ing was marvelous, but less marvelous than his perfect mastery of it. The old thinkers live on his pages. Especially does Aristotle, no longer dry, scholastic, and antiquated, meet us with the freshness of a contemporary, and solve for us difficulties which have seemed peculiar to our time. But with all this, Hamilton was rather a teacher of philosophy than a philosopher; and still more a champion than a teacher. He seems never to have forgotten the allegiance that he owed to the Scotch school of thought. It has been well remarked that his bitterness towards Brown sprang largely from the fact that he looked upon him as a traitor to the cause. He seems also never to have lost out of sight the bearing of any theory towards religion. His biographer thinks it strange, that, while the Scotch burghers, who had control of the university, were always suspicious that Hamilton regarded religion too little, Mill should accuse him of making his philosophy bend too much to religion. This contradiction, we think, illustrates rather the narrowness of his townsmen, than the obtuseness of his critic. In one sense, certainly, no one can think too much of religion; but religion is best served by truth, and truth is best served by freedom and fearlessness of thought. To give a single example, Hamilton's explanation of the law of causation could probably have sprung from nothing else than his desire to rescue the freedom of the will, by a sudden flank movement, from the hands of its enemies. He seems then to us above all a champion. His war cry was the old one, "Pro aris et focis." As a champion, he stands among the noblest, "without fear and without reproach." But from this very fact it does not appear strange, that, with all his learning and all his mental power, he should have made few permanent contributions to philosophic thought. Indeed, of all his pet metaphysical notions, dear to him because they were his own, or yet dearer because he had unearthed them from the forgotten lore of the past, very few, we think, will be found to have any enduring value. His theory of immediate perception we have found to reduce itself, on examination, to the most insignificant proportions, and to be, by his own reasoning, left without basis. The theory which in his thought was involved in this, namely, that the mind is present in the whole body, and thus perceives directly every sensation where it occurs, is refuted by the sim-

ple fact that we feel a prickling in the foot when the upper part of the nerve is pressed. His theory that perception and other mental acts are merely modifications of consciousness, he seems himself to surrender where, to show that the mind may be unconsciously modified, he urges that "consciousness cannot exist independently of some peculiar modification of the mind; we are only conscious as we are conscious of a determinate state. To be conscious we must be conscious of some particular perception," &c. His theory that belief in the law of causation results from the impotence of the mind will doubtless take its place among the curiosities of metaphysical speculation. His doctrine of the relativity of knowledge, as he used these words, has accomplished little save to furnish to the school to which he would be most opposed an armory from which they may draw their choicest weapons. The antinomies in regard to the infinite with which he loved to play, nearly all grew out of the impossibility of treating, as if it were limited, a body which, according to the terms of the definition, has no limits. When we have named these points, we believe that we have named the more important of those that would be considered in a special manner peculiarities of Hamilton's philosophy. In spite, however, of this poverty of original results, the works of Hamilton are so full of enthusiasm and learning, so full of the enthusiasm of learning, they present distinctions so clearly and sharply drawn, they are so stimulating to the thought, that they may serve better than almost any other to introduce the young mind into the department of study to which they belong.

In order to mark more definitely the position of the Scottish school, it becomes now necessary to take, for a moment, a broader view of the whole theme. Besides the arguments referred to by Hamilton, which had been used to prove that our sensations cannot really represent external objects, that thus we can have no real perception of such objects, is one that seems to us more convincing than any other. It is that in perception the mind is active, not passive. The object stimulates activities within the mind, which being within it are peculiar to it. If we may suppose a piano to be gifted with consciousness, and the sounds made by touching the keys to represent the content of its consciousness, all that it could

know of the outward world would be that certain influences outside of itself excited within it certain musical notes; of the nature of these outward influences it could know nothing more. Such is the relation of our minds to the external world. It was here that Kant left us, face to face with the thing in itself, of which we know nothing save the bare fact of its existence. The position is one dreary enough. The mind feels itself in the presence of a universe in which it is a stranger. Everything about it is so foreign that it can have absolutely no communication with anything. No wonder that it is repelled by this state of things, and that it should seek to escape from the inexorable logic that has brought it to this pass, and to re-establish on something like the old basis a free and confidential relation with the external world. This is what Hamilton undertook to do, and we have seen with what poor success.

But here as elsewhere the wished-for result can be reached only by going forward. The process must work itself out. The attempt to stay its course, to set it back to an earlier stage, can only prolong the discomfort which we seek to escape. While Sir William Hamilton shrank back, Hegel pressed forward and led on the process to its completion. A reference to the figure we have just used may help us to comprehend the nature of this forward step. Suppose the piano which we have gifted with consciousness, not merely to have its notes excited from without, but to have also produced from within its own nature dreams, if we may so call them, of airs and harmonies, in which its real being expresses itself, and in which it finds its joy. Now, when a player, pressing the keys, produces within it a series of chords forming a musical creation more perfect than any of which it had conceived, though of like nature with those with which it had rejoiced itself, it would still have no notion of the appearance of the player; it would know nothing of his hands, with their delicate structure and skilled motion, but it would recognize outside of itself something kindred to itself.

This extravagant supposition may, at least, illustrate the forward step taken by Hegel. "We know nothing of the world outside of us," cried Kant. "We do know that it conforms to the laws of intelligence," answered Hegel. This, at least, may help to make

clear his position that the world outside of us is objective thought. This removes the strangeness in which we found ourselves. It matters not what may be our theory of the origin of our forms of thought, whether they have been created by the influence of external things, or whether they are the results of a pre-established harmony, in either case we recognize an identity between the inner and the outer. There is an intelligence embodied in the universe kindred to that which is conscious in ourselves. The recognition of this simple truth, with the results that flowed from it, is that which gives to Hegel his position as the real successor of Kant, in the development of philosophy. The failure to recognize it, the timid holding back instead of the bold advance, is that which makes Sir William Hamilton, with all his genius and learning, occupy in the history of philosophy that subordinate position which we have seen to belong to him; and which, indeed, makes the Scotch school, in general, the representative of a reactionary movement in the history of thought.

We cannot close without a single remark in regard to the contradiction which we found to exist, even according to the system of Hamilton, between the natural beliefs themselves, but which Hamilton avowed would be the falsification, and the only possible falsification, of them all. We find that this contradiction exists simply between the superficial assumptions of the unthinking, and the results of careful and scientific thought; and that in every such case of contradiction it is to the results of thought that the faith is transferred. From thought itself there can be, in the nature of things, no appeal. Whoever would discredit it must use arguments which show his faith in it. The contradiction, then, has its place and its solution. Whatever thought fairly disproves must be given up. Whatever thought postulates as essential to its own processes can never be proved indeed; but will never be seriously doubted.

C. C. Everett.

SOME BOOKS AND AUTHORS THAT HELPED ME FROM ORTHODOXY TO UNITARIANISM.

If ever a book was a providence to a human being, "The Life and Letters of F. W. Robertson" were such to me. The volumes fell into my hands immediately after their publication in this country. It was at the close of a (I can scarcely do otherwise than say terrible) vacation, the whole of which I had spent wrestling with doubts and questionings over things which I had been taught to believe were the very fundamentals of religion. I had read half a dozen volumes on the evidences of Christianity, and all the other books I could find that held out any hope of being able to give me light or rest; but all to little purpose. Attempts to get help from conversations with friends had failed, and worse than failed. I went back to college. One more year of study remained before I should be ready to enter upon my divinity course. The anxiety with which I looked forward to that year, it may well be conceived, was intense; for I felt that, unless light came to me before its close, I could not conscientiously enroll myself in a theological seminary as a student for the ministry. True, I was known already as preparing for that work. Indeed, the church of which I was a member had seen fit to license me to preach, and I myself had gone so far as several times to occupy pulpits. All this, of course, greatly increased the pressure that was upon me. Somewhat before this time my attention had been called to Mr. Robertson, and I had been greatly fascinated by his character and such of his writings as I had seen. But on my return to my studies the newly published "Life and Letters" fell almost at once into my hands. Truly they were a godsend. I think I never read any book with such eagerness and delight. They were food and drink to me for weeks, nay, for the whole year. When the next summer came, thanks to these volumes more than to any other one agency, I was no longer in doubt as to whether I could conscientiously enter the theological school. Not that my doubts were gone. Not that he had brought to me a solution of all the problems that troubled me. Not that he had

discovered to me a system of theology that by any means fully met my wants.

What had he been able to do for me? As nearly as I can analyze it, he had done, at least, these two things.

First, he had taught me not to let my doubts concerning some things cause me to let go all. I must discriminate; I must set stakes; I must "strengthen the things which remain, that are ready to die." Naturally, doubt is contagious. Tolerated with reference to one thing, it tends to communicate itself to others. This is unquestionably the *dangerous* thing about doubting, that it is liable to degenerate into general skepticism. But Mr. Robertson was a great believer. He doubted widely and profoundly; but not half so profoundly or widely as he believed. He drew the lines carefully but firmly round about those things which were fixed and beyond doubt, and set his feet upon these as upon an eternal rock. There was no negative, indifferent, or essentially skeptical condition of mind ever to be found in him. He only doubted because he must, and so much as he must, and so long as he must. He doubted, that he might believe more intelligently, more really. The fact that he found himself compelled to doubt concerning some things, only made him hold the more firmly to all things concerning which he was not compelled to doubt. The lesson he taught me in respect to this was invaluable. I shall never forget the impression made upon me, the first time I read it, of this powerful passage from an address delivered by him before the Working-man's Institute of Brighton: "It is an awful moment when the soul begins to find that the props upon which it has blindly rested so long are, many of them, rotten, and begins to suspect them all; when it begins to feel the nothingness of many of the traditionary opinions which have been received with implicit confidence, and in that horrible insecurity begins also to doubt whether there be anything to believe at all. It is an awful hour — let him who has passed through it say how awful. . . . In that fearful loneliness of spirit, when those who should have been his friends and counsellors only frown upon his misgivings, and profanely bid him stifle doubts which, for aught he knows, may arise from the fountain of truth itself, to extinguish, as a glare from hell, that which, for aught he knows, may be light from heaven,

and everything seems wrapped in hideous uncertainty, I know of but one way in which a man may come forth from his agony scathless, — it is by holding fast to those things which are certain still: the grand, simple landmarks of morality. In the darkest hour through which a human soul can pass, whatever else is doubtful, this at least is certain. If there be no God and no future state, yet, even then, it is better to be generous than selfish, better to be chaste than licentious, better to be true than false, better to be brave than to be a coward. Blessed beyond all earthly blessedness is the man who, in the tempestuous darkness of the soul, has dared to hold fast to these venerable landmarks. Thrice blessed is he, who, when all else is drear and cheerless within and without, when his teachers terrify him and his friends shrink from him, has obstinately clung to moral good. Thrice blessed, because *his* night shall pass into clear, cloudless day." That passage rung like a bell in my soul from the moment I read it. It was a voice of God. I am not aware that any other passage, from lip or pen of human being, ever did so much, in times of my deepest need, to hold me in moral and spiritual poise, to keep me from any tendency to drift into indifference, recklessness, epicureanism, the deadly "habit of doubt," as this.

Secondly, Mr. Robertson taught me that the most fearless searching for truth, and the stoutest doubting, may consist with the purest character, the noblest life, and, what is more, the profoundest piety. Up to this time I had never been able to break away from the dominance of that idea, which is the strongest bulwark of orthodoxy, that to doubt is sin. In all the teaching I had ever received from Sunday school, and pulpit, and religious literature, no idea had been more steadily and uniformly insisted upon than this. This dogma, therefore, had long been my most galling chain. For, the stern, inevitable fact was, I did doubt. Many of the teachings of othodoxy were such that, as the years went on, and I came to look into them more carefully, I simply *could* not, by any effort, believe them. I was absolutely compelled to doubt concerning them, or else stop thinking. What a relief, therefore, came to me in reading the life of one who had found himself driven into doubts almost identical with my own, and yet who had struggled through them all to firm faith, with his

conscientiousness, his devotion to duty, his adherence to truth, his love, his reverence, his piety, only purified and strengthened by the struggle! When I closed these precious volumes I breathed free as I had never done before. A weight heavier and more crushing than I can tell, had gone from my soul. I no longer believed that honest, earnest doubt or questioning was sin. I *could* not, with the life of F. W. Robertson before me. From that time I saw that the noblest heroism may be the heroism of doubt; and that the truest following of him who proclaimed himself "the Way, the Truth, and the Life" may, and often must, lead through what to the superficial on-looker seems fearful skepticism. The name of "rationalist" became no longer the hideous thing it had been before. The word "infidel" lost much of its terror. "Skeptic" and "heretic" came to have entirely different significations from what they had formerly had. And how could it be otherwise, when I saw on every hand, throughout the whole English-speaking orthodox world, the epithets "heretic" and "skeptic" and "rationalist," and even "infidel," heaped in mountains upon one whom I found myself compelled to pronounce loyal to Christ, and all that Christ and Christianity stand for, as few men have ever been loyal? From that time forward to the present day, more and more I have habituated myself to ask concerning any charge of infidelity or rationalism or atheism, or anything of the kind, made against any man, "From what source does it come?" before daring to allow it to have even the weight of a hair against him.

For much else am I indebted to Mr. Robertson; but I have said enough for my present purpose. Doubtless my judgment is somewhat biased by the great service he has done me; but I cannot regard him as other than one of the very greatest and most truly inspired of religious teachers. If any man in our times has looked into the deep things of God, if to any has been vouchsafed the "Vision of God," if any has found the Holy Grail, it seems to me it is he.

> "This earth he walks on seems not earth,
> This light that strikes his eye-ball is not light,
> This air that smites his forehead is not air,
> But vision."

Strange as it may seem, I have to name as next after Robertson, in value of service rendered me, in helping me from darkness to light, Mr. Ruskin. I became a reader and admirer of Ruskin's works about the time I first made acquaintance with Robertson. From that time for five years, there was no author I read more. I can describe only very inadequately how he helped me. Indeed, for a long time I was scarcely aware that he was helping me. But now, as I look back over the road I have traveled, and analyze carefully the influences that have been working, openly or secretly, to bring me to the place where I now stand, — from the old bondage to the present freedom, from the night to the morning, — I can clearly see that the writings of the great "Prophet of Art," and of more than art, must have a leading place. I think his influence upon me has been much the same as Carlyle's, only more tonic. Carlyle always thrilled and stirred me wondrously; but, so far as distinctively Christian principles are concerned, he always left my feet standing on thin air. Not so with Ruskin. His teaching has ever seemed to me exactly Christian: and yet, particularly in his later works, it is Christian in a sense far more harmful to so-called "orthodoxy" than open anti-Christianity would be. It is true, Ruskin made his fame as a writer on art; and most of his works have been on art, or, latterly, on political economy. Only one of all his books, and that a very small and in every way inferior one, has a religious subject. Yet, after all, no writer of our times is more essentially religious. He carries the religious spirit into art and political economy and everything else he touches. He is a born prophet. He is the Hebrew Elijah transplanted into the midst of the finest culture of this nineteenth century, and set to the business of art-criticism, plus the [in his eyes] still more important business of righting the evils, generally, of modern society. Granted that he is impulsive, inconsistent, passionate, in many things impracticable and a very Don Quixote, still it remains none the less true that he is one of the most finely cultured, original, penetrating, brave, sympathetic, sternly honest, reverent, and in every way powerful of writers. He is a terrible iconoclast, wielding a perfect Thor hammer against the conventionalities and popular idols of the day. Yet, after all, he is as full of the spirit of admiration as of the spirit of destruc-

tion; as appreciative and worshipful of everything that seems to him excellent, as he is savage against everything which seems to him false and unworthy.

Whatever his influence morally and religiously has been upon the age (and for one I cannot believe it has been small), at least upon me I am sensible it has been important. I think no writer ever revealed to me with such power the strange folly and sin of all that range of things found in the churches, which may be characterized as "tithings of mint, anise, and cummin," to the neglect of "the weighter matters of the law, the judgment, the mercy, and the faith." Many and many a thing in connection with religion, which I had previously held to with the utmost tenacity, as something vital, I found myself, after reading him, little by little letting go of, and first becoming surprised and then ashamed that I had ever held to it, seeing so plainly as I did now, under his tuition, how evidently it was only a bit of "mint" or "anise," of ceremonial or symbol or creed, and not at all an essential thing in Christianity. This I am sure is one of the ways in which Ruskin helped me from bondage towards freedom. No other author ever made me feel as he did the infinite meanness of theological squabbles, sectarian shibboleths, church flummeries, and all those things which lie on the surface of religion, but touch not its divine heart of love and worship. Finally, I think, he did more than any other writer to impress me with the fact of the almost necessary poisonousness of all established "orthodoxy:" I mean, with the fact, that, just so soon as any system of truth has got itself thoroughly formulated, and has battled its way, through one means or another, to general acceptance, and so has reached the position where it labels itself as "orthodox," and, assuming the purple robe and scepter of authority, sits down for the receiving of unchallenged homage, it has got to the point when, whatever it may be theoretically, practically it is false and not true, slavery and not freedom, death and not life; and this all the same whether it be a system of art or philosophy or ethics or religion.

The writer who was next most helpful to me, after Robertson and Ruskin, was George Macdonald. His little work on the "Miracles of Our Lord" gave me some light. His charming little volume of "Unspoken Sermons" I read with sensible profit,

especially the sermon about "The Consuming Fire." But it was his novels that did most. These, as they fell upon my path, seven or eight of them in succession, during the three years of my theological study and the year following, were oil upon troubled waters, or rather a very divine hand, which, just because it conducted me in peaceful, quiet ways, where scarcely more than the faintest echoes of polemical fifes and drums were heard, was able to do not a little, as I can see now, to lead me forward to accept and rest in the liberal faith of which Mr. Macdonald, in all his published books, is so effective a preacher.

I think he was helpful largely, perhaps mainly, as painting for me in clear outline, at the time when I had become thoroughly dissatisfied with the old, and yet had not attained to a distinct view of a better new, the kind of religion that I had long in darkness been groping after. As I read his pictures of a Christian minister's work, in the "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood," and of Christian home life, in "The Seaboard Parish," and his portrayal of such Christian characters as David Elginbrod and Robert Falconer, I found myself constantly saying to myself with delight, "At last I have found one who has represented almost exactly my ideal of true Christianity, — one who has written out for me, in orderly form, my confused dream of years." In this respect his influence with me was much the same as Robertson's.

I confess it seems a little strange to me that the three writers whom I find myself compelled to mention first in this paper, as being most helpful to me in finding my way from "Orthodoxy" to "Liberal Christianity," should be men none of them controversial or distinctively theological writers, and, at least, two of them ministers in so-called "orthodox" churches. I think the natural supposition would be, that, of course, it would be some of the well-known champions of the faith into which I have come, that would influence and assist me most. And yet, when we come to look carefully, I think we may discern two or three reasons why it should have been as it was.

In the first place, truth is deeper and broader and more subtle than any logic can ever be. And especially is this the case with religious truth. I think that most men of deep religious nature, or keen religious intuitions, have always a sort of instinctive feel-

ing, even when they have built the strongest possible wall about any system of religious truth, that, after all, somehow, something more is needed: the wall they have built is only an inadequate reliance, a thing that, though it now looks firm and strong, may yet, ere they know, melt away into thin air. Who that has thought and felt at all profoundly, has not found that attempts to pack away any best religious truth in formulas and dogmas and systems, though the attempts may accomplish something, and doubtless something useful sometimes, yet, after all, are but too likely to prove, in the main, mere futile efforts to lock up sunshine in oak chests? The moment it is locked up, it is no longer sunshine.

I think it was a slight tinge of this distrust of argumentation, and the logical method of getting at truth, that operated, in part, to keep me from receiving that aid, from the polemics of the faith towards which I was advancing, which it might have been expected I would have received from them; and that opened my mind and heart to receive the same truth from prophets and seers like Robertson and Ruskin and Macdonald, who did not so much argue as announce.

But there was another reason more important still why such men as these last named were able to help me more than perhaps any of the out and out liberal writers.

I suppose it is natural for the human mind to put itself in an attitude of defense whenever it comes into the presence of a known enemy. Certainly, I always found myself putting myself more or less distinctly on the defensive whenever I came into contact with a theologian of known liberal views. The reason for it is plain.

My earnest desire was to remain in the church and the faith in which I had been reared. My friends were there, my associations were there, my hopes were there. I only began to doubt concerning that faith by degrees, and as I was driven to it by my own mental necessities. Naturally, my reading and thinking would, for a long time at least, have for their leading object the banishing of these doubts, and the strengthening of the old foundations. For years I read almost exclusively orthodox writers, with the hope and expectation that I should be able to dissolve my doubts, and find peace and rest in the old theology. It was only natural,

therefore, that when I took up a book in theology of a liberal character, my mind should assume a hostile attitude, and so place me in the most unfavorable possible condition to be affected by it. To be sure, as I came to be aware of this fact, I tried hard to guard against it, and I am sure to a measurable extent succeeded. But yet human nature is human nature. I do not conceive it to be within the bounds of possibility for the human mind to be quite as clear-visioned to see what it wishes to blink as what it wishes to see. Forever the desire influences the judgment, guard we against it never so strongly.

This, then, was probably the leading reason why openly liberal writers, — such as Unitarians, Universalists, and Free Thinkers, — did not assist me more, especially in the early part of my struggle. I met them in arms. But when I came to men who wore the name "Orthodox," and were connected with orthodox denominations, it was very different. Then my mind instinctively in large measure laid aside its antagonism. They were not so far in advance of me but that I could reach their hands. And eagerly I stretched forth my hand and took theirs, fondly hoping that they would be able to conduct me to ground within the enclosure of the beloved old faith, where I could find rest. It is what writers have in common with us that gives them their hold upon us. So it was what these men had in common with me that gave them their hold upon me. If they had been further advanced, they would have been able to help me less. They started me toward liberty, they unchained my feet, they taught me that I might think. But this done, and done thoroughly, the rest would almost certainly follow in due time.

My little child, as is natural, is afraid of a stranger or a strange animal. But I find that having been in my arms a while in the presence of the stranger, or having played about for a time under a nurse's care in sight of the strange creature, she loses her fear, and will approach one or the other with perfect calmness. So men who stand within the pale of orthodoxy, and yet are so heretically liberal as many are to-day, know not how many infant "rationalists" they are playing the nurse to. Certainly, it was some of this class of men who carried me in their arms, and held me by the hand, until I had grown so familiar with the sight of

freedom and sincerity in thought and inquiry, that it was impossible for me ever to be afraid again.

So much, then, for the three writers that, as I think, did most for me in my years of mental struggle. I would not, however, have it understood that others, and many others, were not of very great service to me. Going back to the very earliest, I am not at all sure but that Combe's, in its time and way remarkable and masterly little work, on the "Constitution of Man," read and reread by me with profound interest when a mere boy, was the original egg from which the "viper" of my subsequent "rationalizing" was hatched. Coming down to time later, "Ecce Homo" was a book that took hold of my mind with great power. I read it and studied it, and made a careful and extended abstract of it. I think it was the picture that work gave me of Jesus, that more than anything else first started me in the direction of distinctive Unitarianism.

Dean Stanley was of great service to me: so were Maurice and Jowett, and others of the English Broad Churchmen. The life and writings of Dr. Arnold of Rugby did me especial service in more ways than one. Then, when I was prepared for them, came Channing and Dewey and Noyes and Hedge and Clarke and Martineau, and Theodore Parker, the works of all of whom were invaluable to me. These helped me to complete the work which the others had so essentially aided in getting under headway. When the others could conduct no further, but were about to leave me, — where shall I say, in heretical orthodoxy? in orthodox rationalism? in liberal bondage? in Unitarian Calvinism? I do not know how to describe it, but when they had helped me on to the place where they themselves stood (wherever that was), and were about to leave me there, — then came these last-named writers, Channing, Clarke, and the others, and rendered me service that was at once timely and invaluable, in way of guidance out of the theological *nowhere* into the firm and restful *somewhere* of distinctive Liberal Christianity or Unitarianism.

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

Of our American poets who were born before the opening of the present century very few remain. Pierpont, the fearless iconoclast, the friend of liberty and man; Hillhouse, the finished scholar and accomplished gentleman; Drake, whose "American Flag" is as deathless as Freedom's banner itself (alas! that he should have been so early called); Percival, of exhaustless fancy and unbounded attainments; Halleck, like his own Bozzaris, —

> "One of the few, the immortal names,
> That were not born to die;"

Brainard, the sensitive, sweet spirit; Wilcox, who, had life been spared, might perhaps have become our American Cowper; Mrs. Sigourney, with her melodious versification and her purity of heart, — these are all numbered with the past. The author of the "Buccaneer" yet lingers; but he long since bade adieu to the haunts of the Muses, of whom he was once the favored foster-child. The veteran Bryant still plucks for us now and then a flower from the groves of Parnassus. Long may he remain, a bond to unite us with the past, an evergreen that fadeth not!

One of our brightest and best has lately joined the great company of the departed. Charles Sprague, the graduate and ornament of our Boston schools, faithfully devoted during a long life to toilsome and most unpoetical pursuits, gave his leisure to high culture and the great masters of all time. In the words of another, he "dared to acknowledge his homage to the Nine, in the very temple of the money-changers; and enjoyed at the same time the most favoring inspirations of the former, and the unlimited confidence of the latter." Highly valued in all business relations, simple and unassuming in his manners, cherished and beloved as a genial companion, the idol of his home, his death, even in advanced age, is deeply felt. As an author, we can no more forget him than England can forget her Collins and Gray; for he has rivalled them in their own peculiar province.

"The Shakespeare Ode" is a noble poem, and we think it his master-piece. The composition of the ode requires a rare union of great qualities: genius of a high order, boldness of metaphor, skill in versification, a delicate susceptibility to musical expression, all are requisite to success. Our author, by a single stroke of his pencil, sets before us the leading characters of the great dramatist, and they once more live again. If this be in any sense reproduction, it seems more like a new creation. Not more vividly are the passions portrayed in "Alexander's Feast" or in Collins' famous Ode. Few poems have so felicitous a close. Referring to the political separation of England and America, now fortunately succeeded by their literary union, our author writes, —

> "Still o'er the land shall Albion's sceptre wave,
> And what her mighty lion lost, her mightier swan shall save."

"The Centennial Ode," although showing less imaginative power, is yet a graceful, polished, and highly finished poem, containing many passages of great beauty. The description of that land which our fathers were wont to call their home is in our poet's best vein: —

> "Their own fair land, refinement's chosen seat,
> Art's trophied dwelling, learning's green retreat;
> By valor guarded, and by victory crown'd,
> For all but gentle charity renown'd."

The plea for the "red man" is a touching episode, vividly portraying the sorrows, wrongs, and sad fate of the Indian. The oration on American Independence also contains a very fine passage on the same subject. Wherever liberty was outraged, and the rights of man invaded, Sprague's soul was all on fire, and blazed out in trope and metaphor, the natural language of passion and deep emotion.

In wealth of illustration, in keenness of satire, in epigrammatic point, in that variety which is a continual feast, "Curiosity" will compare favorably with any American poem, and the author need not have blushed to read his own lines after "The Rape of the Lock." Opening with the curiosity of the archangels, the poem depicts our first father, as

"Sense turned giddy with the new delight,"

when he beheld

"Another self, queen wonder of the whole."

But, alas! for the "mystic apples," and the tree which "in fatal beauty grew," —

"And roused the ruling passion of her soul."

Alas! for the

"Universal lot,
To weep, to wander, die, and be forgot."

In coming down from allegory to actual life, how strikingly and naturally he describes the wonder of the boy, and his puzzling inquiries! And then the omnivorous character of this curious spirit, eager alike for the noble and the base, the divine and the fiendish, is most skillfully depicted: —

"Life's follies, glories, griefs, all feed the flame."

The "pious myriads," flocking to hear the sensational preacher, have not lessened with the lapse of time. Rather are their mouths additionally distended, and their ears more like those of their prototypes. Cowper writes, —

"O Italy! thy Sabbaths will be soon
Our Sabbaths, closed with mummery and buffoon."

Sprague has it, —

"Cant's veriest ranter crams a house if new,
When Paul himself, oft heard, would hardly fill a pew."

The demoralization of the stage is denounced with all that severity which we might expect from one who had again and again exerted himself to raise the character of the legitimate drama. There —

"Fool Harlequin usurps Apollo's throne."

There too —

"Sin holds carnival, and wit keeps lent."

And again, —

"Our daughters turn from gentle Juliet's woe,
To count the twirls of Almaviva's toe."

The press next claims the notice of our satirist. The daily sheet with its —

"Births, deaths, and weddings, forgeries, fires, and wrecks,
Harangues and hail-storms, brawls and broken necks;"

the "ruffian slanderers," —

"Who trail their slime through every walk of life;"

the "cruel eulogists" with their "maudlin praise;" the party hacks, the false critics, are all drawn to the life. But the nobler offices of the press are recognized with cordial praise: —

"Still lifts the press its arm abroad,
To guide all-curious man along life's road;
To cheer young genius, pity's tear to start,
In truth's bold cause to rouse each fearless heart;
O'er male and female quacks to shake the rod,
And scourge the unsexed thing that scorns her God."

Our author's satire and his humor walk hand in hand. Witness the sick man in his easy-chair: —

"And let two dogs beneath his window fight,
He'll shut his Bible to enjoy the sight."

And the votary of Mammon, "the least erected spirit that fell from heaven," is most graphically depicted: —

"How cold he hearkens to some bankrupt's woe,
Nods his wise head, and cries, 'I told you so;
The thriftless fellow lived beyond his means,
He must buy brants, — I make my folks eat beans;'
The kindly throbs that other men control
Ne'er melt the iron of the miser's soul;
Through life's dark road his sordid way he wends,
An incarnation of fat dividends."

We might go on quoting gems from this poem almost *ad libitum;* for we can recall very few productions, even of our best writers, which contain so many notable passages. We must content ourselves with the lines on the "fond delusion," if such it be, that the loved and lost are still around us: —

"A tender creed they hold, who dare believe
The dead return, with them to joy or grieve.
How sweet, while lingering slow on shore or hill,
When all the pleasant sounds of earth are still,
When the round moon rolls through the unpillared skies,
And stars look down as they were angels' eyes,
How sweet to deem our lost, adored ones nigh,
And hear their voices in the night-wind's sigh!"

The extraordinary favor with which "Curiosity" was greeted, on the occasion of its delivery before the Phi Beta Kappa of Harvard, in 1829, was a well-deserved tribute to its merit. The Englishman who pilfered the whole poem, and published it as his own, however deficient he may have been in morals, yet showed his appreciation of literary excellence.

The poem on "Art" is remarkable for its exuberance of imagery, its play of fancy, and withal its exquisite finish. It is itself a perfect work of art, but art eclipsed by the poetic soul which shines through it. It recalls to mind Ben Jonson's beautiful tribute to poesy: —

"But view her in her glorious ornaments,
Attirèd in the majesty of art,
Oh, then how proud a presence doth she bear!"

Not even Moore, in his brightest moments, ever lavished his jewels in more reckless profusion, —

"Admiring beauty's lap to fill," —

than has our author in this exquisite lyric.

Many of Sprague's shorter poems evince the strength and purity of his domestic affections. "The Family Meeting" can never be forgotten while the family relation lasts. No sermon could speak so strongly to brother and sister too, as the concluding lines of "The Brothers:" —

"Shoulder to shoulder let us stand,
Till side by side we lie."

In "The Winged Worshipers," the devotional feeling is incidentally, but most strongly and beautifully, inculcated in the words addressed to the "Blessed wanderers of the *upper deep:*" —

"They have no need of prayer;
They have no sins to be forgiven."

Sprague, like other successful authors, was a man of constant, unvarying toil. Nor is this any obstacle to excellence, provided one keeps his faculties in equipoise. The man of affairs, who has his daily conflict with the world and with his fellows, becomes the man of keen discernment and sound judgment. And Horace tells us, —

"Scribendi recte sapere est et principium et fons."

The banker-poet of England was a polished writer, whose works showed a high degree of refinement, adorned as they were with pleasant imagery and graceful versification. Our banker-poet added to these gifts fire and pathos, and, as we believe, was blessed with a higher inspiration.

In conclusion, the question naturally arises, How will our early poets fare in the distant future? It was estimated in the days of Scott, Byron, Campbell, and their compeers, that ten thousand lines of good poetry were the average annual production; five thousand is perhaps a liberal allowance for the present degenerate days. But with that estimate the future Aristarchus has a gigantic labor before him. Jeffrey, in an article in "The Edinburgh Review," in 1819, referring to the centenary of that date, says, "Then shall posterity still hang with rapture on the half of Campbell, and the fourth part of Byron, and the sixth of Scott, and the scattered tythes of Crabbe, and the three per cent of Southey." Making all due allowance for the enormous increase in our literary treasures in the next hundred years, we are confident that the anthology of the close of the twentieth century will contain at least "The Shakespeare Ode" and one or two of the minor poems, and that the critic of 1975 will yet have a kind word for Charles Sprague.

JOHN RUGGLES.

THE YOUNG MAN'S DREAM OF LIFE.

A BACCALAUREATE SERMON. BY REV. JAMES WALKER, D.D.

"And he dreamed yet another dream, and told it his brethren, and said, Behold, I have dreamed a dream more; and, behold, the sun and moon and the eleven stars made obeisance to me. And he told it to his father, and to his brethren: and his father rebuked him, and said unto him, What is this dream that thou hast dreamed? Shall I and thy mother, and thy brethren indeed come to bow down ourselves to thee to the earth? And his brethren envied him; but his father observed the saying." — GENESIS xxxvii. 9, 10, 11.

HUMAN nature is substantially the same now as in the days of the Hebrew patriarch. What is related of Joseph, — his father's manifest partiality, the fine clothes, and, above all, the two vainglorious dreams, as they must have seemed at the time, — would be too much for the patience of most elder brethren. The bowing of the sheaves was bad enough; but when he dreamed again, and made not only "the eleven stars," that is, all his brethren, who, with one exception, were considerably older than he, but also "the sun and moon," that is, his father and mother, do him obeisance, it was too much even for the doting fondness of Jacob himself. Accordingly we are told that "his father rebuked him, and said unto him, What is this dream that thou hast dreamed? Shall I and thy mother, and thy brethren indeed come to bow down ourselves to thee to the earth?"

The bold and confident aspirations of the stripling, as he stood in the family group, and told his dreams with so much simplicity, and we are tempted to add with so much imprudence, must have offended against oriental notions of propriety even more than they would against ours. In the East, to the present day, immobility reigns; the future is expected to be merely a repetition of the past: experience, therefore, is wisdom, is everything; age is looked up to with reverence; "elders" is another name for "rulers." But with us it is not so. Among the western nations, and especially among those of the race to which we belong, there has grown up from small beginnings a spirit of progress. Truth and

right are looked for, not in the past, but in the future; and under the influence of this habit of thought, popularized and made universal, we cannot wonder that what is called the spirit of progress should often degenerate into a passion for change and reform. Some writers are fond of charging the whole movement, with all its good and all its evil issues, on the Protestant Reformation; but they mistake one of the effects of the cause for the cause itself. The movement began long before, and the Protestant Reformation was neither more nor less than one of its important results. And it is still going on. Reactions there have been, and will be, on the surface; but the deep under-currents are the same as heretofore, betraying themselves, when excessive, in contempt for everything that is old, in disdain for experience and for the wisdom derived from experience. Hence, there is but too much ground for the complaint of one of the most liberal and just thinkers of the present century, that "the young man of to-day measures himself with the man of many years; before his school-days are over, the boy thinks and declares himself equal to his sire. This notion of equality of minds is carried so far that the judgment of eighteen has as much authority as that of fifty; and the reasoning of a day-laborer, on a question of policy, is considered as decisive as that of a statesman whose whole life has been passed in the midst of public affairs, or of a student grown gray in thought."

But there are two important considerations which the persons who are fond of dwelling on this topic are apt to overlook. In the first place, they forget how differently young men are educated now than formerly. Education, meaning thereby artificial and systematic education, is not intended to supply the place of natural ability, or to train minds which otherwise would not be trained at all; but simply to facilitate and expedite this training, and make it more thorough and comprehensive. Thus understood, it may be said in a certain sense, and to a certain extent, to be a substitute for experience: the thoroughly educated man is, in some respects, as old at twenty-one as the uneducated at thirty or thirty-five. Why wonder, then, that he should speak and act as if he were as old? Why deliberately apply these forcing processes, and afterwards affect to wonder and complain at the obvious and necessary result? Why multiply the arts of bringing forward

and pushing forward young men into society, and afterwards affect to wonder and complain at finding them where you have chosen to put them? Again, it is to be considered, that, in this country at least, many of the objects and pursuits, which once took up and occupied the exuberant ambition and activity of young men, have failed almost entirely. Only a very few can go into the army: the well educated are not busily engaged here, as in some other countries, in making their way at court; neither is there demand here for that high refinement, for that elaborate though superficial culture which is expected in an aristocratical constitution of society. What, then, are our young men to do? Failing other objects of interest, is it at all wonderful that they should turn to politics or reform? that they should mix with their elders in important social action, or undertake to act by themselves, though at the risk of sometimes intermeddling with matters beyond their years?

However this may be, it is certainly natural that those who are just entering on life, and those who are soon to quit it, should differ in their views of life itself. The reason is, that the latter know what life is; they know it through and through, from actual experience; they know its early promises, and how far these promises are likely to be fulfilled, and how far unfulfilled. On the contrary, those who are just entering on life see but a single phase of it; the rest is hearsay, theory, conjecture, imagination. Like Joseph, they dream what will happen to them: awake or asleep, it matters not, still it is a dream, — the young man's dream of life. And this is my subject; not inappropriate, as it seems to me, either to the occasion or the place. Be assured, however, in the outset, that I have not selected this subject with a view to treat it lightly or satirically or irreverently. I believe that the young man's dream of life may come to pass, as in the case of Joseph; nay, more, that the dream itself often works its own accomplishment. Neither is this all: I believe there is often more wisdom, and more dignity, and more humble trust, in the young man's dream of life, than in the old man's philosophy of life. What I am anxious to do is simply this, — to call your attention to a remarkable discrepancy in these dreams; to impress you with the fact, that, while some of these dreams are true to our

nature and our destiny and lead to nothing but good, there are others which are false to our nature and our destiny, and lead to nothing but evil.

To the last-mentioned class belongs the dream of a life of ease and pleasure and self-indulgence.

The great law which applies to other dreams holds good also here: every man's dream of life is shaped and determined, for the most part, by his constitutional tendencies, and his antecedent habits of thought and experience. For this reason, it is chiefly among such as are born to wealth, and brought up amidst luxury and abundance, that we look for the mistaken anticipations of life of which I now speak. Up to the present time, theirs has been a life of ease and pleasure and self-indulgence, and they are fain to believe that it will be so to the end. But they forget, in the first place, the rotatory nature of family fortunes, at least in this country. With us, the law of inheritance and the distribution of property are such that a rich man son's can hardly expect anything more than to have his way made easy in the beginning, and to be helped a little afterwards; with the danger, too, that this expectation will take just so much from his self-reliance, and from his earnest and determined preparation to help himself. Even here it is not impossible, I know, that a family should continue rich through several generations; but it is only on condition that they continue distinguished for habits of thrift and frugality, thus excluding the thought of a life of ease, pleasure, and self-indulgence. Moreover, this is not the rule, but the exception to the rule: the rule is vicissitude; while one goes up, another comes down, not requiring, as it has been found by experience, more than three, or at most four, generations for the wheel to effect an entire revolution. If a class of young men, anywhere collected together in this country, could look forward to what will be their relative social position thirty years from this time, it would lead them to attach much less importance to what their relative social position is now.

Assuming, however, that a young man were sure to retain the means of a life of ease, pleasure, and self-indulgence, he cannot learn too soon that this is not the way to happiness, to true and lasting content. Self-indulgence is not self-satisfaction. The

unwary are misled by a term which does not mean what it purports to mean. In point of fact, self-indulgence is not the indulgence of self, understanding thereby a man's whole self, but only of a part of self; it is not the indulgence of his whole nature, but only of part of his nature, and that the lowest; often, also, to the damage, and sometimes to the ruin, of his higher nature. What we call self-indulgence is not indulgence of self, in any proper sense of that word, but rather of this or that low or sordid passion which threatens the degradation and perhaps the ruin of self; and it is probably the secret consciousness of this fact which constitutes that drop of bitterness and self-reproach which is always found at the bottom of the cup of pleasure.

Still the best antidote to dreaming of a life of ease, pleasure, and self-indulgence is found in a serious and thoughtful glance at its actual results in other men. It is not merely that they wake up at length, and know it to be a dream; for this is no more than what sometimes happens in respect to worthy and generous aspirations; but with a most important difference: in the latter case we do not regret the dream; we feel we are the better for it. On the other hand, there is no weariness and disgust of life like that which gathers over the spirits of a broken-down man of pleasure, who has found out, when too late, that his is that laughter in which the heart is sorrowful, and his that mirth the end of which is heaviness. With no relish for vice, and no confidence in virtue, the best that can be expected from the old age of such a man is a decorous conformity to conventionalities, for which there is left to him neither faith nor heart. One thing, however, he will never do — and what could better illustrate and enforce my present argument? — under no circumstances whatever will he recommend it to his children to follow in his steps.

I am not inculcating a new doctrine. You are familiar with it as set forth in one of the most impressive apologues for which we are indebted to pagan wisdom: I mean, the Choice of Hercules. It has also been confirmed and consecrated, and adopted into the higher relations of the Christian life, in the account which the gospel gives us of our Lord's Temptation in the Wilderness. Both belong to a large class of exhortations and examples, intended to

kindle the imaginations of youth in favor of a life of labor for noble objects, and against a life of indulgence. But if this is right and wise for men in general, it is doubly so for us, — for you. In the old world, and under a widely different political and social constitution, an order of men is found, who are not only raised by birth and position above the necessities of labor, but surrounded by elegant and refined amusements and society, and other objects of interest, to fill up their time, and supply the place of regular and serious occupation. By their numbers, and the prestige of rank, they are also able to give a sort of dignity to the life they lead, to make it an object of respect, or, at least, of desire or envy. But here another state of things prevails. It is doubtless premature to speak of what will be in a remote future, but this much is certain: neither our institutions, nor the general condition of the people, have provided as yet for such a class of men. Here, therefore, whoever dreams about a life of elegant leisure, will soon find himself to be out of place; with but little to occupy or interest or grace his leisure; with no privileged order to keep him in countenance, indeed almost alone, for if he turns for companionship to others as idle as himself, he will often have to put up with very poor companionship. In short, who does not know that in this country it is hardly considered respectable to be a gentleman, and nothing else?

Not much better is the young man's dream of a life of selfish ambition and worldly success.

The error before described pertains for the most part, as I have intimated, to minds naturally irresolute, and enervated still more by easy and prosperous circumstances; that of which I am now to speak belongs to persons the very opposite in both character and condition. It belongs to men who are conscious of their strength; who chafe under the restraints and limitations imposed upon them by what they regard as their hard lot; who cannot bear to see others, every way their inferiors except in the gifts of fortune, stand higher than they do; who start, therefore, with a determination to reverse this state of things, come what may. And this tendency is not necessarily lessened — in some respects, indeed, it is stimulated and quickened — in an educated young man. The energies which before were latent have become apparent; experi-

ence and reflection have had the effect to make him more keenly alive to the unequal distribution of external facilities and advantages, and he is apt to say to himself, "I have not only the abilities, but also the education, necessary to the struggle. I am at the bottom of the ladder now; but I will be at the top before I die, or die in the attempt."

Now this is a dream; here as well as elsewhere. Nothing is more common than to exaggerate, if not entirely to misconceive, the advantages resulting in this respect from our free institutions. Liberty, in the largest and best sense of that word, is, at least, in its essential nature, merely a negative, and not a positive good. It takes off restraint; it removes obstacles; it makes it impossible for a single man, or a privileged order of men, to hinder the progress of society, or of individuals, against their will. Still it must not be counted on as supplying the place of this progress, or of the knowledge, ability, and effort necessary thereto. Our free institutions do not, and cannot, work the miracle, or rather the contradiction, of making everybody to be first: there must still be gradations in society; so that when the boys in a common school are told, as they often are, that any one of them may become President of the United States, the appeal is not only made to a vulgar motive, but the whole is founded on a palpable fallacy. Because the way to the highest distinctions is open to all, it does not follow that the highest distinctions are within the reach of all. In the practical working of the freest institutions of government and society, the great popular advantage is not that the highest distinctions are within the reach of all, but that competency and respectability are within the reach of all. And this should satisfy all. To expect more is to dream.

Nevertheless, I do not condemn it merely because it is a dream; nor yet, because it is a dream of ambition. Ethical writers have raised the question whether ambition is a virtue or a vice; but, simply considered, and strictly speaking, it is neither one nor the other; not even self-love. Simply considered, it is the desire of power, of the power which mind has over matter, and over other minds, and takes its character of virtue or vice, of selfishness or philanthropy, according to the purpose and spirit by which it is animated. Thus a lawyer or physician or clergyman may be

ambitious of excellence in his profession, merely with a view to greater usefulness in his profession; in which case his ambition does but measure the intensity of his desire to do good. Indeed, I cannot see the consistency, and I am slow to believe in the entire sincerity, of those who talk about wishing to do good, and yet fail to manifest, and perhaps affect to disclaim, all wish to enlarge their means of doing good. Look at these men, and then deny, if you can, that much of what passes for aversion to ambition on moral grounds is but an after-thought to excuse a real and culpable indifference or indolence. Neither the spirit of Christianity, nor the letter of Scripture, forbid ambition, considered merely as a desire to extend the means, and the sphere, of one's influence. We are told, it is true, that "whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." This language, however, as the connection shows, is not intended to rebuke ambition simply considered, but selfish ambition, — anxiety for outward and worldly distinction and success, — precisely the position I have taken above. To dream of a life of selfish ambition, of outward and worldly distinction and success, is as unwise as it is unchristian: not, however, as I have said, because it is a dream, for every anticipation of coming life is of the nature of a dream, but because it is a noxious dream.

It is so, in the first place, because a young man starting under this illusion is almost sure to forget what constitutes true worth: which consists in deserving, and not in obtaining, success. Again, it makes success to depend, not upon what he does or can do himself, but upon what others think of what he does, thus putting it out of his own power, in any proper sense of that word, and looking for it to the uncertain and ever-shifting caprices of the multitude. I am not calling your attention to imaginary evils. Travelers assure us that the faults or defects in the people of this country, by which a foreigner is most struck, are these three, — an unmanly solicitude about what their neighbor will say; a spirit of unrest, tending to fill the best life with petty annoyances, and taking from the best character the grace of repose; and, above all, a disposition to estimate everything, even their abilities and virtues, not according to their real, but according to their marketable value. And it is in this community, and amidst these ten-

dencies, that your lot is cast, that you are to live and act, with a moral certainity of falling into the national fault, if you begin by committing the national error; if you begin by looking forward to wealth and office, or to leadership in some clique or in some new movement, as if life had nothing better or safer to promise. Notwithstanding the general, the almost universal, diffusion of the means of material comfort, notwithstanding the boasted and real benefits of popular education, and the actual prevalence of a higher standard of thought and character, it is alleged, and I am afraid with but too much reason, that there is less contentment, less real happiness here, than in most other countries. This does not happen, as some have supposed, because we aim too high, but because we do not aim aright. In laying down our plans of life we dream of incongruous things, of things which are as uncertain and inconstant as the winds, or can only be obtained by means which are destructive of peace and self-respect. Leave these things to others, who are willing to pay the price for them; who are willing to cringe and fawn and crawl. It is enough if you are able to say, and say with truth, "I have not these things because I sought them not, because I desire them not, because I have what is better."

And this leads me to consider dreams of life of another character; which, though dreams, are nevertheless true to our nature and destiny, and do us nothing but good, whether they ever come to pass, or not.

First among these I would mention the young man's dream of extensive usefulness, wrought out with unsullied honor, and crowned with a good name.

It is highly creditable to human nature, that, when men begin to dream of what they are to be and do, they almost always picture their future course as a highly beneficent one. Call this castle-building or what you will, no matter whether it ever comes to anything or not, it proves thus much at least, that the first preferences, the natural leanings of the bulk of mankind, are in favor of what is noble and good. But soon, under the experiences of life, at least in the case of many, a change is apt to come over the spirit of this dream: they begin to distrust it, to be ashamed of it, to turn it into a jest. When this is the result of repeated disap-

pointment, and treachery on the part of others, it is more an occasion of pity than rebuke; but not so when it takes place in consequence of a decay of virtue in the individual himself. In a majority of cases, especially among the young, the change may be traced, I suspect, to the indurating effects which habits of frivolity and guilty pleasure have on the human heart: all the generous aspirations of the soul are swallowed up and lost in "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life." A multitude of discourses have been written on the bad effects of early dissipation; but the most mournful among them all, because the most radical among them all, is this moral skepticism, this tendency to destroy all interest and all faith in goodness, and in doing good.

There is no reason why any one should despair of being constantly and eminently useful, who has a disposition to be so. It is a vulgar error to suppose that wealth or station or genius are necessary; very different has been the condition of most of those whom mankind have hailed as their deliverers and benefactors. Even the Lord of Life took the form of a servant, and chose his disciples from among the humblest classes, though with the promise and clear foresight that he and they should soon sit on thrones, and give laws to the world. To realize the fondest dream of single-hearted, unostentatious beneficence, nothing more is required than to have it always uppermost in your thoughts to do the good thing, or say the good word, which the occasion suggests and invites, — to counsel a friend, when a word or a look may be sufficient to decide the question of his whole life; to lift up your voice for the weak and the wronged; to have the courage to be consistent and moderate under the pressure of popular excitement; and in general to win men through the gentle and quiet influence of a good example. Even professional usefulness would seem to have but little to do with what is commonly understood by professional distinction. Who is the useful clergyman? Not necessarily he who preaches what are called "great sermons," but he who is looked up to by the young and the old as the father of his flock; the umpire in all differences; whose presence in seasons of distress is as that of an angel of mercy; whose influence is also felt in education, as manifested not only in the schools, but in the taste and manners

of the people, and even in their roads and dwellings, so that a stranger cannot drive through the village without being impressed with the evidence that a wise and good man has been there. Nothing, I repeat it, is needed for all this, so far as it depends on man, but the disposition. The only quality of mind for which Oberlin, the Protestant pastor in the Ban de la Roche, can be said to have been distinguished, was an earnest, straightforward purpose to do good; and the memorial of what he did is immortal.

The eyes of Christians are open, at length, to the full significance of the teachings of the gospel on this subject. "Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant." Hence the principle of genuine philanthropy was never so active in the community as at this moment. You see it everywhere; in the perilous and self-denying course of the foreign missionary, bearing the blessings of Christian civilization to the most benighted parts of the earth; in the outcry of indignation at the neglected condition of a mercenary soldiery, and in the unprecedented efforts to mitigate their sufferings. You see it also, nearer home, in the thousand forms of that sensitive and restless compassion which extends its regards to the humblest and most abject; to children in factories, to the poor debtor, to the discharged prisoner, to the maniac pauper, to the squalid misery collected in large cities, — "which pries," as it has been said, "into the stores and water-casks of every emigrant ship, which winces at every lash laid on the back of a drunken sailor, which will not suffer the thief in the hulks to be ill-fed or over-worked." Men are beginning to feel, as they never did before, that there is an important sense in which every one is his brother's keeper. Moreover, this service, which men have been content to regard hitherto as a part of duty, is beginning to be regarded as a part of greatness. The military hero and the intellectual hero have long been worshiped: the claims of the moral hero are beginning to be recognized. A dream, do you call it? But the success, far beyond the most sanguine expectations, which has attended many philanthropic enterprizes, and the glory which has crowned it, show that it is a dream which is every day coming to pass. Merely as a dream

also it makes a man better and happier, for it raises him above himself; and, even if he falls a martyr to it, how much better to fall here than on the field of battle where, as the greatest captain of the age has said, the horrors of a victory are only exceeded by the horrors of a defeat?

One word, in conclusion, on the young man's dream of progress in knowledge and virtue; his dream of self-perfection.

There is a sect of Christians, who derive their name from holding the doctrine, that every one can and ought to become morally perfect in the present life. I am disposed to regard this as an idle and a mischievous dream; but it is mischievous from the circumstance that they look upon perfection as an acquisition, and not as an aim: it is a perfection which belongs to here and there one, and not a perfectability which belongs to all. Let no one reject or dismiss the dream of perfection in the last mentioned sense, on the ground that it pertains to enthusiasts alone. If there ever was a person not to be classed with enthusiasts, it was Dr. Franklin; yet he tells us in his autobiography that, when he was a young man, he conceived the arduous project of making himself morally perfect; and, from the manner in which he insists on the details, it is plain how much importance he attached to the attempt. In its most general signification, this dream of self-perfection simply expresses the fact, that, not being satisfied with the actual, we hold up before us an ideal good. As the artist holds up before him an ideal beauty, which he strives to copy and make his own, so the Christian holds up before him an ideal self, which he strives to realize. A life without these ideals would be stagnation and moral death. And besides, what can be more explicit than the teachings of the New Testament on this point? "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." "Till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the fullness of Christ."

This, then, is the application of what I have said, which I would impress on those especially who are worshiping with us for the last time. You have dreamed of many things while you have been here. If you have dreamed of a life of ease and pleasure and self-indulgence, or of a life of selfish ambition and worldly suc-

cess and display, I beseech you to dismiss the thought from this moment. All such dreams are false to your nature and destiny; they are utterly unsuitable and impracticable in this country; and under the most favorable circumstances they can only end in self-dissatisfaction or self-contempt. But you have dreamed of better things than these, — you have dreamed of a life of usefulness, and of a just and honorable fame. Even in the midst of levities and indiscretions, which have filled the hearts of those who love you with inexpressible concern, you have yet dreamed of a future career that would satisfy the best expectations of your friends, reflect honor on the place of your education, and help to uphold the institutions and liberties of our common country. Some of you have marked out for yourselves a line of conduct which will lead to eminence in business or in the secular professions; some of you propose to devote yourselves more exclusively to scientific pursuits, in the hope, and with the purpose, to extend the bounds of human knowledge for human good; some of you have made up your minds to give yourselves, more immediately and more entirely, to the great ministry of humanity, and to the Church of the Living God. Reverence these dreams of your youth. Make your future lives the fulfillment of these dreams. Remember, you are not to live for the past, for that is gone; nor for the present, for while I am yet speaking that is also gone: but for the future, which is all before you. And, if faithful, you have the promise of help and of victory, from that mysterious and awful and all-sustaining Presence in which you will act and live.

EDITORS' NOTE-BOOK.

CENTENNIAL DAYS.

THE Seventeenth of June has come and gone, bringing its crowds, its pageants, its profusion of eloquence, a whole new literature of Centennial history, poetry, biography, and even of personal controversy, with a revival of interest in all that has ever before been written or said concerning the event and the actors in it, and in the relics of the conflict. What Webster put into the mouth of John Adams as the fit ritual of patriotism, "bonfires, illuminations, banners, and the ringing of bells," have had ample observance. Such homage as processions, speeches, cheers, and decorations could yield to the heroic memories of Bunker Hill have been lavishly bestowed. Massachusetts has never seen such a pageant as that which the streets of her capital last week witnessed. Beyond expectation, the country has been moved and thrilled by the associations of this celebration. The response of the press from every part of the land shows deep and earnest interest in the occasion, and a general revival of strong and generous national feeling.

We have little sympathy with those who are constitutionally weary of these Centennial observances. However much may be extravagant or fantastic in some of the modes of celebration, or in the utterances of enthusiastic orators, there can be no question that the spirit of genuine reverence for the heroic qualities which the achievements celebrated portray, and of earnest love of country are aroused and intensified. The liturgy may be rude, but the lessons are set forth and enforced. We are glad to see that the opportunities of public speech have been so generally used in the interests of sound principles of national policy and public morals; as well as to promote that good feeling between the different sections of the country, the increase of which is one of the most urgent conditions of our future security and progress as a people. We are aware that it is easy to overestimate the importance of even such hearty demonstrations of renewing fellowship and con-

fidence as have been everywhere manifest in connection with the recent celebrations, but they are at least evidence that the old wounds are healing and the old animosities softening in the presence of new conditions, and in the wakening memories of a common heritage of heroic sacrifices and good attained through sacrifices. And the new fellowships and the old memories join to make the sentiment of a common national life, and a common future, more welcome and more abiding. When the Maryland regiment silently laid that floral shield upon the beautiful monument reared to preserve the memory of Charlestown's fallen sailors and soldiers, it was not only accepted as a most graceful token of restored fraternal relations between North and South, but it woke responsive feelings in thousands of hearts all over the country, which will do much to make them beat together henceforward in the consciousness of a common life. Perhaps the best result of these Centennial days will be the growth of a new sense of nationality, and a profounder recognition of the blessedness of that necessity that binds us together as one people.

A HALF CENTURY OF UNITARIAN LITERATURE.

In the first article of the present number of this review we present our readers with one of the most welcome and delightful utterances of Anniversary Week, choice clusters from the vintage of a lifetime's planting and training. We are glad to know that the Unitarian Association will soon publish, in pamphlet form, a verbatim report of the addresses at its semi-centennial celebration, including among others the noble speech of Dr. Hedge on the "Relations of Science and Faith" which has already appeared in "The Christian Register," and Dr. Hosmer's tender and beautiful tribute to the memory of departed fathers and brethren of our faith. In advance of this publication, we are glad to give our readers below large portions of the excellent address of Rev. Mr. Foote on the topic of "Unitarian Literature." We commend them to the forthcoming report for several admirable papers from which we would gladly quote, or publish entire, did space permit. The week was rich in the thoughtful discussion of important themes, as it was pervaded by the spirit of

harmony and good fellowship, and freighted with many precious memories and sacred and inspiring associations.

THE RISE OF UNITARIAN LITERATURE.

We live in the age of the written word. Christianity itself, indeed, has been called the Religion of the Book. The printed page, instead of materializing thought, gives it wings. Nothing is so dead as a dead book; nothing is so alive as a living one. If we came together to-day merely to build a monument out of the former kind to our fathers' memory, the more we could find the worse it would be for us, for we should only cover their graves with a heavier cairn. But what we commemorate in Unitarian literature to-day is of another sort than this. The monument builds itself, as the river commemorates the fountain which is its source.

When the Unitarian-minded leaders drew closer together for organized action, half a century ago, not only denominational literature, but *American* literature as well, was in its swaddling-clothes. It was in the days when "The Edinburgh Review" was superciliously asking, "Who reads an American book?" and our people were calling eagerly for Americans to write books for the world to read. And yet the elements were all ready to combine when the crystallizing hour should come. In Unitarian theology, indeed, there was a rich crop before the half century opened. The controversial period was drawing to a close when the period which belongs to literature in the larger sense began. That controversial epoch was a fiery time. To the men of my own generation it is a tradition growing somewhat dim in the past. Only those of us whose turn of study has led us into the dusty pamphlet-literature have walked over the ashes of those fires, and have found that they still hold both heat and light. The vivid and poetic pen of the son who has lately drawn, with loving and living touch, the portrait of a sainted father (never to be forgotten where Unitarians meet for quickening fellowship) has painted that stormy background for Dr. Gannett's early manhood so clearly and so justly, that it will be fresh in your recollection to-day. The battle shifts its ground with each new generation, and neither the questions which are asked nor the answers which are given are the same for the sons that they were for the fathers. Dr. Channing's eloquent sermon at Baltimore, with its challenge to the Orthodox mediatorial system, survives in literature by the power of its author's genius. The sound and solid reasoning of the elder Ware against Prof. Wood's exposition of the Calvinistic doctrine of human nature — perhaps for the very reason that it did its work so thoroughly — is less known. The pungent writings of laymen like John Lowell, the peaceful plea of Noah Worcester, did their work in their own generation. Out of the literature of pure controversy, the chief document that survives to continued influence is that masterly Statement of Reasons, which has

never been answered except with a sneer, as if those who agreed to its reasoning had nothing better to show than Reasons for Not Believing.

Dr. Hedge well said, at a meeting of this Association, fifteen years ago, "If the alternative be a rich and sound literature, or a rich and powerful sect, give me the literature. For permanent effect, for a mission unceasing, of life to life, give me a literature." Already, when he spoke, our religious community had a theological and religious literature of which any Christian body in this country might be proud; but the years have brought their unfailing harvests, — not least from his own pen. The nature of this commemoration, however, requires me rather to dwell on the earlier than the later time.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO BIBLICAL KNOWLEDGE.

It falls to others, in the order of to-day's proceedings, to speak of the personal influence of the youthful scholar Buckminster, of the acute and bracing teacher Norton; but we should recognize here how much to their inspiration is due the glow of light which Prof. Noyes cast upon the Old Testament and the New by his masterly translations, and the clear, lucid expositions of the Commentaries of President Livermore, Dr. Morison, and Prof. Folsom. The successor of Buckminster, Dr. Palfrey, who has brought this nation in his debt in many services on the field of national affairs, and, as the historian of New England, laid a solid course on the foundations of the theological scholarship of our body in his "Academical Lectures on the Jewish Scriptures and Antiquities," and his "Lowell Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity." And the great work of Andrews Norton on the "Genuineness of the Gospels," the ripened fruit of the mind of one of the strongest reasoners and most accurate critics who have ever discussed that great theme, — a work of which no less a literary critic than William H. Prescott said that "it presents, on the whole, one of the noblest specimens of scholarship and elegance of composition to be found in our youthful literature," — stands as the noble monument of a Christian scholar and a bulwark of positive faith, and remains as the incentive to high and studious toil for students of this generation.

THEOLOGY AND CHURCH HISTORY.

It is the glory of thinkers that, though they are the pride of a school of thought, they do not belong to it in any narrow and exclusive way. We cannot pin a mere denominational label on the ripened fruits of the mature studies of our scholars; and many of those on the broad field of letters which belong most entirely to our school of thought, — which really sprang from it, and would not have come into being except for it, — entirely elude any such classification. But if we could show no others except the beaten gold of that volume on "Reason in Religion," whose author teaches us how religion may be reasonable without reason

ceasing to be religious; the theological and ethnic studies which have treated "Ten Great Religions" and the "Truths and Errors of Orthodoxy" in a spirit at once of sympathetic appreciation and insight, and of loyalty to a rational Christianity; the argument for "Christianity as the Religion of Nature," which rests the claims of our religion on the eternal basis of the facts of human nature; and the strong statement of its evidences by the same author, in his volume entitled "Christianity and Science;" the historical studies of the "Half Century of the Unitarian Controversy," and of the "Church of the First Three Centuries;" the "Hours with the Evangelists," which rapt a lofty and devout spirit into high communings; the wealth of learning which is hived in that work on the "Doctrine of Immortality," with its "bibliography," the most elaborate monograph that this country has produced; the thoughtful studies of one of our younger scholars on "Orthodoxy and Heresy in the Christian Church;" the treatise on the "Science of Thought," which has made logic as attractive as poetry, and wealth a flashing cimeter with flowers, — we might surely rest content.

I can do no more than simply refer to the stores of scholarly studies which have made our periodical literature rich and generous with contributions from the most thoughtful minds in our body, in the many volumes of "The Monthly Repository," "The Christian Examiner," and now "The Unitarian Review and Religious Magazine."

BIOGRAPHY AND HYMNOLOGY.

If they were cold, — that former generation of Unitarian believers, — it was as the Alpine summits are so: because they are near the sky, in the serener light of calm upper heights. And as on them bloom the rarest flowers, so did the saintliest virtues flourish in those characters. The literature that includes the memoirs of Henry and of Mary L. Ware, that of William Bourne Oliver Peabody, and the Life of Ezra S. Gannett, which has been said by an Orthodox critic to be "as ointment poured out;" that has produced manuals of devotion, like "The Altar at Home," and Dr. Furness' "Domestic Worship;" that contains treatises of practical religion, like Dr. Clarke's books on "Prayer" and the "Doctrine of Forgiveness," and Dr. Sears' on "Regeneration and Immortality;" that instructs its children in ordered religion by the wise counsels of Henry Ware's "Formation of the Christian Character," and Dr. Eliot's "Early Religious Education, considered as a divinely appointed Way to the Regenerate Life," — cannot be said to lack both evidences and helps of the religious life.

There is no surer index of the religious sentiment of a communion of believers than the breathings of its devotion which have taken upward wing in hymn and sacred song. A hymn is as free as a bird. It rises from its nest in this man's croft or that man's pasture, and loses itself in the blue above; and its song drops down healing into listening hearts,

who never think to ask whence it rose. If the springs of song were dry in our communion, it might, indeed, indicate that no dews from heaven fell upon us. But, as a fact, the student of hymnology in some future generation will find that the body of American Unitarians have contributed some of the richest and sweetest strains to the Christian harmonies of this century, as Dr. Putnam has abundantly shown in his "Singers and Songs of the Liberal Faith."

Hymn-books and hymnals, which dare not bear the heresy of the names of these poets, admit the orthodoxy of their devotion; and their songs help the faith of many a church where their opinions are under ban.

PREACHERS.

The preaching of Dr. Freeman, almost bare in its simplicity, lacking the charm and grace which commended every product of the genius of his successor, Greenwood, yet impressed its own simple seriousness and perfect transparency and absolute loyalty to the plain verities of the New Testament, and disregard of anything but truth in the pursuit of the truth, on the very fiber of the intellectual nature of the younger generation of preachers. At that day, the pulpit was the most exciting power of the community. The newspaper was in its infancy; the modern "lecture" was unknown. And when Buckminster's brilliant star heralded the era of a new order of Christian eloquence, wherein a chaste and lucid style clothed thoughts of classic beauty, and expressed a rational piety with equal dignity and grace, he led a whole constellation of preachers, many of whom, being yet present with us, happily, forbid our speaking freely of them, and whose thoughts have saturated the minds of all progressive religious teachers of our time. The logic on fire of James Walker's grand and massive vindications of the spiritual nature of man, and matchless statements of the law of Christian duty; the high vision of Follen; the earnest piety of the sainted Ware; the undefinable power of personality which wrought in Ephraim Peabody's discourse, alike in the quiet reserve of his silence and the weighty simplicity of his speech; Dr. Greenwood's Sermons of Consolation, which have spoken to many afflicted souls, with the voice of his own life and of the text of one of its most beautiful discourses, "Come up hither,"— these, and many others which I forbear to catalogue, have their place secure among the most perfect examples of writing, "drawn from the pure well of English undefiled," as well as for yet higher qualities of spiritual and moral truth.

And when we turn to the living, it is with the hope that the deep-thoughted author who has looked into "the Heart of Christ," the eloquent author of "Restatements of Christian Doctrine," the beloved preacher to our University; the poet-preacher of "Nature and Life;" the poet-preacher of the West Church, who has set forth the Christian Body and Form and the Christian Spirit and Life; and he who "obeys

the voice at eve, obeyed at prime," still gazing on the face of Him who is the life of the world, and who, through all the succession of his studies in the Gospels, has steadily sought to lift the "veil," and bring that life to bear on the world in its full power, — may yet bring other fruits of their Christian studies to our treasury.

Chiefly among the living, in this hour, do we remember with gratitude, and follow into his retirement with the benedictions due to a revered teacher, that Nestor of our communion, who laid the foundations broad and deep for the philosophy of our school of religious thought, in his discourses on Human Nature, and whose plummet has sounded the problem of Human Destiny. If our religious school has produced no ponderous System of Theology, such as the patriarch of Princeton, Dr. Hodge, has published in three mighty tomes, we can rest content with Dr. Dewey's gift to us of a system of theology, not ground and baked and dried into well-crusted loaves, but the sifted golden grain of thought, — the seed-grain for thought and life.

For how much the name of Channing stands in the history of spiritual thought in this modern time, we are not yet far enough away from him to tell. The mountain cannot be measured at its base. But enough we know, to be sure that the sublime harmonies which his touch has wakened vibrate in the human breast, and are likely to sound further and deeper than we yet know. Perhaps you have seen, in Switzerland, how in the Lake of Geneva the turbid glacier streams that come rushing down, stained with the granite dust that has been ground away from the face of the everlasting hills, purify their waters in that deep, calm, inland sea, till they are an intense, sapphire blue, like the crystal sky; and when they rush forth again from it, no vestige of any earthly admixture is in their living, flashing waters. So it has seemed to me that, in the deep, calm breast of that saint and sage, the streams of Christian truth which poured into our century, all stained with the soilure of ages of grinding controversy, and darkened by long disputes, grow pure and still beneath the brooding presence of the living God; and the heaven of the regenerate human spirit answers back to the heaven above it, till the waters of life which flow forth from that consecrated soul are pure with refreshing and healing power for the thirsting hearts of men.

SCIENCE AND TRADITION.

If our literature ever seems to look askance at the attitude of the "scientific church," it is not at its reverence for the facts of things, — for it claims to have a like reverence; it is not at its spirit of investigation, — for we hold that it can find out no dangerous secrets. It does so at what seems the temporary danger of oversloughing the spiritual nature of men. Our literature, as a Christian body, speaks with all the strength of conviction that certain truths are established already by their own kind of evidence, — an evidence sufficient, though different

from that of microscope or blow-pipe, — and that no man can ignore these truths without serious spiritual loss. It does not undertake to prejudge the issue of current scientific speculations; it holds that certain facts of religion belong in a different province, and cannot by any outcome of such theories be overthrown. It affirms the existence and character of God, as not an open question; and the answer to prayer; and the hope of immortality; and the fact that Jesus Christ speaks with a mighty power to confirm faith on all these points.

Our literature indicates a body of thoughtful Christian students and thinkers, standing between two extremes of religious thought. There have always been those who would not allow for the law of development in human history, and the new needs of new times; who have stiffened theology into final statements which wrapped and hid the inner heart of Christian truth in stiff swathings of rigid dogma, and have deadened Christian life by forbidding any alleviations of encrusted tradition. And there have always been those who refused to allow the past or great example their due authority, who would solve tradition and record in the ever-flowing, ever-new stream of the present, all-sufficient Spirit. These are in danger of flouting the inherent needs of humanity, and shutting their eyes to the stubborn fact that every spirit hath "its own body," and that everything which has ever really nourished the human soul has a spiritual meaning. Now, between the purely ecclesiastical spirit of the stiff, old churches, and the reaction against it which is sometimes thought to be a characteristically American spirit, the literature of this body, which President Kirkland rightly named "the unsectarian sect," has steadily voiced the larger and more generous spirit of Christ.

BREADTH OF FELLOWSHIP.

We refuse, however, to give up our birthright in the thoughts and words of those our brethren who have in some cases gone out from our fellowship into other Christian bodies, where we doubt not that they exert a generous influence for good. And we could not forget if we would, nor would we put out of sight if we could, our claim to what belongs to us in the writings of men of genius and eloquence who have parted from us on the ground of the Christian attitude of the Unitarian body, and seek to organize a freer fellowship than that Christian liberty into which we and they were "free-born." We hold that, so far as the influences of the transcendental school of thought have opened new spiritual horizons to the outlook of our American Christendom (as we rejoice to recognize that they have done, and feel that they have wrought mightily for good in ourselves), it has been largely due to the alliance which Liberal Christianity has made possible to them with historical faith. We do not expect to be left without the present Spirit of God, because we believe in the lordship of Jesus Christ. We hail with joy every help to a rising faith, and to a spiritual religion of humanity,

which our brethren may find for this seeking age, which surely needs all the spiritual light which it can derive from any quarter. We claim all their faith in the living God, all their trust in his present Spirit, all their free alliance with the spirit of truth and progress, all their harmonies with the present and the future, all their noble voices of cheer to the human soul, as belonging to the literature for which we speak, — born of it, breathing its breath, instinct with its life; while we recognize, with them, that their dissonances from the faith and life of Christendom belong to another type of thought and feeling from that of Unitarian Christianity; and we hold that these are not a legitimate evolution from this, nor that the Christian school which disclaims responsibility for them is thereby disinherited of its literature or its future.

OUR SHARE IN AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Our literature! in a broader way we can stand before the American nation to-day, and claim the largest share in the authors whose glories illumine the last third of its first century of national life. The historians, who either taught or listened in our churches, — Palfrey, Bancroft, Motley, and Prescott, and Parkman; the poets, through whom the breath of our life has burst into song, — Bryant and Longfellow, Emerson and Holmes, Lowell and the Quaker singer, who belongs with the same goodly company; the silver-tongued orator, who set the fame of New England in stately speech for fifty years, and he who has but now spoken for the minute-man of Concord; the shy and sensitive genius of Hawthorne, the essays of that master of speech, whose prose is music and whose verse is wisdom. Do not these, to mention no other names in this distinguished fellowship, justify us in claiming that American literature in the wider sense has been largely fed from the fountains of liberal Christianity?

If to day the ideas which the fathers taught are proclaimed in churches which would repudiate their names; if Broad Church and nominal Orthodoxy harvest from the seed which they sowed, without paying the price, — still it must stand as the verdict of history, that those men stood in the pass of obloquy and peril that the Church of America might be at once Christian and free. The whole movement of Liberal Christianity was a protest against unworthy and degrading views of the Divine character. That the movement was needed is sufficiently proved by the fact that there is not a church in the land which has not modified the tone of its teaching in this regard since the movement began. And the valuable service of the movement fifty years ago to the other branches of the Christian Church is now fully recognized by the wisest "discerners of the spirits" in those churches themselves.

It does not fall within the scope of the subject assigned to me to enlarge upon the literature of our brotherhood beyond the sea, or to do more than speak the name which is in all our thoughts as one of the fore

most representatives of an intuitional and spiritual philosophy in the English tongue, — the honored name of James Martineau.

CO-WORKERS.

But I cannot close this rapid survey of my theme without reminding you that we are not left to our own impressions of the value of our literature, in estimating what it is and what it does. It is not merely that we recognize the ideas which have been familiar to us as "household words," now proclaimed in every Protestant body with a certain novelty, from their contrast with the creeds and symbols in whose setting they are framed. We should rejoice that the apostolate of a good book is not limited by the conditions which hamper the spoken word; and should remember that we cannot have a patent for ideas, or put a mark on them, like the broad arrow which denotes the property of the English navy, so as to entitle us to reclaim them wherever found. It is out of the witness of those who have acknowledged the debt that we establish the claim. When we read the hidden thoughts of men the current of whose lives is revealed by their biographies; when we find men like Robertson and Rowland Williams recording their studies, for example, of Dr. Palfrey's work on the Old Testament; still more when we find how far and deep the spiritual appeal of Channing has penetrated; when we see one of the leading journals of Great Britain paying its tribute, in one of its latest issues, to "the great work" which he has done, "in searching again for the very roots of religious thought;" when we see Frederick Robertson contemplating "Dr. Channing revolving round the central light in an orbit immeasurably nearer than ours," — we have a right to value the testimony. Above all, when we see Bunsen, whose mediating spirit stood pre-eminently in his time between the discords of knowledge and faith, between German theological learning and speculation and English sense and piety, saying in his "God in History," "Channing" is revered as "a grand Christian saint and man of God; nay, also, as a prophet of the Christian consciousness regarding the future. . . . Channing is an antique hero with a Christian heart. He is a man like a Hellene, a citizen like a Roman, a Christian like an apostle."

By evidences of which these are but as driftwood on a mighty stream we are entitled to believe that, far beyond the Christian organization to which we belong, the true fruits of the literature of which we have spoken will more and more manifest themselves in something far wider than our own denominational life. It may be that as he who to-day seeks the grave of England's greatest architect stands under the dome of the grand cathedral which he reared, to find in place of statue or epitaph the simple yet sublime inscription, "Si quæris monumentum, circumspice;" so, in other ages, those who look for the true memorial of the thought and impulse of our Christian builders on the temple of the age to come, though they may not find nave or transept walled off into a

denominational conventicle, shall stand amid more hopeful and more helpful doctrines, beneath the arching dome of a more soaring faith in God, in a temple shaped as of old in the image of the Crucified; and shall read, as the best testimony to the power of the Father's word and deed, the same inscription, — Si quæris monumentum, circumspice."

BROADENING OUT.

That is the aspiration for us of "The Liberal Worker," a Western religious journal, whose exceeding latitude of doctrine and earnestness of spirit make it hard to be characterized by any less comprehensive terms than those which it has chosen for its name, though on the second page we read, "Devoted to the promulgation of 'Liberal Christianity.'" Our friend wishes that "The Unitarian Review" "would broaden out a little." We gratefully respond to this generous wish for us, and feel quickened in our own aspirations for increase of spiritual diameter. While the prairied vastness of religious view and affiliation that belongs to our Western contemporary may be beyond our scope, we should certainly rejoice in any extension of vision and range which did not imply shrinkage of conviction, or ultimate decline of altitude, or the endangering of definite purpose and spiritual integrity. The ancient device of cutting the bullock's hide into strips does not strike us as a fit example to be followed in laying out the bounds of the city of God. We recall the admonition of the peril of tenuity that besets those who are trying to cover too much ground, and the moral of the fable of the Frog.

Seriously, we shall spare no pains to make this review as broad as the spirit and the work of Liberal Christianity, seeking the help of the best thinkers and workers in every department of religious study and activity. It has even seemed to us that the number complained of by our friend, opening with the Half Century Address of Dr. Dewey, and containing the generous and profound paper of Prof. Everett, on "The Known and the Unknowable in Religion," was itself no unworthy specimen of such breadth.

We say, too, that it is well worthy of Christian men to sympathize with all good work done for righteousness and human well-being in the spiritual range of life, whether it calls itself Christian

work or not. We ourselves aspire to be "liberal workers," and rejoice in every true word spoken, and every good work undertaken, for the enlargement of the best life of men, whether we approve or not some of the affirmations or denials of those in whom we recognize with glad sympathy a sincere and earnest spirit.

Only, we have our distinct place and work, truth in which we profoundly believe, a purpose to accomplish, and methods to carry out that purpose, in which we trust. That others do not share our purpose and faith cannot make us careless concerning them or willing to abandon them. Our liberality is not large enough to allow us to pretend to be indifferent whether one stands with us doing our work, or against us striving to undo it; helping to establish what we serve and honor as the highest truth and sorest need of humanity, or criticizing Christianity and impeaching it as the enemy of human progress.

Broaden out, and deepen down, and stretch upward and on into larger thought, completer truth, and more effective service of the spiritual wants of men, we hope this review will go on to do more and more, in our hands and in the abler ones of those who shall conduct it hereafter; but, "devoted to the promulgation of Liberal Christianity" as it is, we trust that no yearnings for a wider fellowship, no sympathy, however hearty, in the aims of those who accept different views and adopt different methods, will disturb its loyalty to what it cannot but hold to be highest truth, or confuse its aims and scatter its fire in the ranks of that truth's defenders.

MRS. CORNELIA LORING.

This name, which tells so much to those who knew her, takes us far back to a young woman who, in the fullness of health, in the freest intercourse with nature, and with such helps as men and books and the early experiences of life could give, has already been drinking deeply from the fountains of divine truth. She has learned not only how to deny, but how to forget herself, till it has become her ruling passion to serve her fellow-men. No duty that comes before her is too small, no office that she can render is too difficult or too repulsive for her. The beauty of her own spirit imparts dignity and beauty to any office that she may perform. When

she enters a poor man's home, she goes as one standing on the same level with those whom she finds there in suffering and want. But lowly as she is, she illuminates that home by her loving presence. They who live there respect themselves more and feel new motives to strive for something better, because she, in her ministrations of charity, has made herself one with them. When the occasion requires it, she can be very severe in the truthfulness of her dealings with them. There is nothing in the world that cuts so keenly to the quick as the love which, in seeking our highest good, goes directly to the heart of the disease and lays it open, that healing agencies may come in.

Among rich and poor she is the same gentle, earnest, self-forgetting spirit. She always has some good object before her, and is always at work. But her activity has no mark of restlessness about it. There are those whose inward unhappiness drives them into constant exertions for others in order that they may forget themselves. But she *always* forgets herself in the thought of others. An inward principle of life is always prompting her to action, and in that beneficent activity she finds her rest. And so, as has been very beautifully said of her, "her perpetual motion is also perfect peace."

No one is more quiet in her activity, but there is in her countenance and bearing something that gives the impression of reserved strength. Little is said by her about doing good, and yet the very atmosphere which she carries with her is full of its spirit. She enters into no labored discussions, but a few modest, decisive words going directly to the point, — perhaps a single question, or a gentle touch of humor, dissolves our specious theories, and sets us to thinking again, it may be, to some better purpose. Her presence acts as a magnet. It reveals to us our own hidden faculties. She sometimes says very bright and happy things, but she suggests more than she says, and thus calls out in us powers of thought and expression which we did not know that we possessed. We are touched by her quiet enthusiasm, and made alive with emotions, sentiments, affections, which enrich our natures and give a better meaning and motive to our lives.

Such is the portrait that is brought before us by the thought of her whose name stands at the head of this article. Her child-

hood and youth were spent in a retired country town. Her character and early attachments were formed there. Her mother, a sister of President Kirkland of Harvard University, died when she was very young. She grew up as a child of nature. She loved the fields and woods and hills and quiet walks, and moved among them as in her native element. The sense of beauty in her was there awakened, and kept alive. In the grace and freedom of her outdoor life, but amid many cares and trials at home, she learned the great lesson of self-forgetfulness, and of disinterested devotion to the good of others. She was first married to Mr. George A. Goddard, a Boston merchant. After a few happy years of married life, he was suddenly killed by a fall from his carriage, in 1845, and with her a period of heavy afflictions followed. But her sorrows never made her selfish; they only taught her how to sympathize more tenderly with others. Every blow and pang that fell on her heart seemed only to make her more earnest to do what she could to relieve the sufferings and add to the happiness of all whom her influence could reach.

It was during that time, twenty-seven years ago, that the following language was suggested by what she was passing through: "Here is one in the midst of the struggle. Earthly supports are withdrawn, and its dearest hopes extinguished. Each blow as it comes seems as if it must crush the heart on which it falls. There is an agony of suffering. There are doubts and perplexities, — fears which at moments fill the earth with a chilling darkness. Through it all there are sometimes far-off glimpses of a divine repose, — sighings after a peace which is at last to visit the weary spirit. And then darkness closes in again, and a new chill comes on as if it would freeze up the very fountain of life. But above it all is the love of God, bathing the mountain-top and reaching down with peaceful rays to greet the pilgrim who is toiling up the painful ascent. It is not often in this world that we see one emerging from all darkness and resting in perfect peace, every doubt hushed, every wayward impulse subdued, every earthly affection harmonized in the all-controlling love of God, but here is a steadfast progress upward towards that blessed consummation."

A single incident belonging to that period may give a better idea

of her than any general remarks. It was a dark, cheerless, rainy day. She had been walking more than two miles through the mud and rain, to inquire about a lady whom she had never seen, and who had been incidentally mentioned to her. A widowed mother, a hundred miles away, was dying of consumption, and her great anxiety was lest her two young daughters should be left friendless and homeless. Our friend came to say that though she had no money then to give, she had a home, where she would take these orphan girls under her care, and do what she might think would be best for them. Her offer was thankfully accepted. She visited the mother and made her last hours comfortable in the knowledge that a wise and generous and kind provision had been made for her children. And most faithfully and loyally was the promise kept by her and those dearest to her.

This was only one of the many acts which gave employment and happiness to her life. She came out from her afflictions refined and strengthened, with a deeper tone, and a richer harmony of thought, activity, and emotion pervading her whole being.

In 1850 she was married to the Hon. Charles G. Loring, of Boston, a leading member of the Boston bar, a hospitable, generous, upright man, who identified himself with the best interests of society, and took a foremost and enthusiastic part in whatever measures might be needed to help them on. He gladly recognized her great qualities. He looked up to her with loving encouragement and admiration as he saw her engaged in her unpretending and beneficent labors. He gave her his sympathy and confidence, but used modestly to say that in her field of self-denying charity he could think of himself only as her pupil, following after her from afar.

She was as wise as she was disinterested. Her fine intellectual, as well as moral, faculties had all been trained and kept in action. There was a natural sympathy between her and every humane enterprise. She had a particular drawing towards undertakings which were yet in their infancy, and which had not had the opportunity to commend themselves to the good will of the community by years of successful exertion. New methods of usefulness were always growing up around her. Her home was a centre of benevolent activities reaching out in all directions, and taking in

matters as widely apart as a hospital for women and children and measures looking to the higher and better education of women. And so perhaps as much and as efficiently as any lady among us, for the last twenty years, she has been connected with the most effective and beneficent movements of the day.

No one lived in a truer domestic privacy. She was a most truthful person, — seeing through, and intolerant of shams. But she entered into no strife. Her voice was not heard in the streets through which she walked with so intent a purpose. And all the while no claim of private friendship was forgotten. Her pathway through life was marked not more by her interest in measures of extended benevolence than by her loyalty to old friends. When the dark day came to them she was sure to come with it, and no one who has not known her at such times can tell what healing and comfort came with her. And when the times of their rejoicing came, she was there to gladden their hearts by sharing their joys with them, even though the occasion might be one which must have reminded her of what had been wanting to her, or taken away by some untimely sorrow. It seems strange that so gentle a life should be so strong and fill so large a space. Honored, respected, and revered as she came to be, she was even more loved by those who knew her best. While they mourn her loss as of a public benefactor whose wise and untiring efforts for the highest good of others is apparently withdrawn, they grieve most of all for a personal friend who entered, as no one less truthful and unselfish could, into all their joys and griefs. Well might a lady in speaking of the losses which the hospital for women and children has recently sustained, say, "Within the same week there died at Florence another warm friend and helper of the hospital, and of every other good thing, — a lady whose life seemed a pledge that right and love should triumph: who was so generous, so wise, so gentle, so unselfish, that I have no words to tell my admiration."

OF THINGS AT HOME.

Our Anniversaries have come and gone! The golden hours of our fiftieth centennial have passed. We have prayed, we have sung, we have spoken. We have taken sweet counsel together. We have recounted the deeds of the past, and looked forward to the future. We have lamented our mistakes, cherished our best aspirations, widened our hearts in fellowship to the whole world, and sat down loyally at last at the feet of our great Master, Jesus Christ. We have only one wish to express, and that is, that all this emotion may not vanish away, that it may remain with our churches, and that this autumn they will practically celebrate this semi-centennial year, by a contribution which shall not be unworthy of it. Will our members and people remember this?

PUBLICATIONS.

We have received a copy of Rev. O. B. Frothingham's sermon called "The Despotism of Faith." It is a clear and well-defined statement of the conflict that is going on at the present day. The first distinction is well put, — that the battle is not "between religion and science, but between theology and science." We sincerely believe it to be so with the largest thinkers of the world, but unfortunately there is a wide class of mere knowledge-tasters, who, without much sentiment, know just enough to reject everything which they do not see with material vision. We would rather rank ourselves among the meanest and humblest intellectually, who yet have faith in something beyond this earthly spectacle, than among those who deem they have knowledge of the secrets of nature, and yet find no soul in her. Mr. Frothingham speaks truly of the highest office of religion, as developing an unselfish love and reverence for all humanity. He asks if the pre-eminence which we give to these feelings should be called "despotism." He answers eloquently, "One might as well speak of the despotism that the sunbeam exercises over the malignant vapors of a marsh; that pure air exercises over the poisoned atmosphere of a close room; despotism of the dawn over the night." He goes on justly to speak of the mischief which the ancient church has caused from the beginning by its assumptions in regard to salvation, but he neglects, perhaps inadvertently, to say that she car-

ried with her all the time also those grains of true religion gathered from the great Sower, Jesus, and has cast them here and there, of which we see the ripening at the present hour, and in the dim future. It is the divine legacy of the Mother Church which enables him to-day to speak so feelingly of "heavenly states of affection and desire, of undisturbed serenity, of sweet peace, of mild radiance of joys to be obtained, not by knowledge or philosophy or brilliancy, but by faithful love and service of the best things." He laments, justly, that religious tyranny which would have every man feel the same emotions towards Jesus; but if one side of the religious house is sincere and commendable, as we believe, in its calm and more distant reverence for him, it must give the other side credit for an equal amount of sincerity, and award it also due respect. In closing, he speaks of one great sentiment of religion as Sympathy. We quote the following passage: —

"The next great sentiment of religion is sympathy. Not the sympathy of kindred blood or personal affection or common interest or mutual concern in a cause, but the wide fellow-feeling of one human being towards another human being, merely by virtue of a common origin, experience, and destiny. Religion speaks of men and women as children of a heavenly Father, heirs of immortality, members of the same family, visible and invisible. Language like this is addressed, indeed, to the imagination; it has no meaning to the critical understanding, and is easily reduced to nonsense when interpreted by the rules of common sense. But it is very noble language nevertheless; when used reflectingly, it never fails to bring human relations before us in a way as tender and touching as it is solemn. Though only a sentiment, the sentiment is so large and elevating that all duty is transfigured by it; a hue of romance is spread over the details of ordinary existence; ignoble things are touched with nobleness; base things are invested with a kind of dignity; homely things catch a gleam of beauty, and even wicked things are associated with grandeur and made objects of pity and hope. Let who will call this 'sentimentalism,' say that morality is business, needing hard facts instead of soft fancies, that the relations between man and man must be reduced more and more to arithmetical rules, and made expressible in the form of mathematical equations; we shall persist in declaring with increasing assiduity and strengthening emphasis, that this poetic and ideal view of human nature has its place and value, and is of prime importance in glorifying and gladdening the duties of life. As the practical mathematician must be an ideal mathematician in order to be a practical one, so the faithful servant of duty must study the laws of the upper spheres. Emerson's fine saying, 'Hitch your wagon to a star,'

conveys in a single line the whole of this great principle. Though it was only in vision that the apostle saw the sheet let down from heaven, with four-footed beasts of the earth, and wild beasts, and creeping things, and fowls of the air, he remembered from that moment to call no creature common or unclean."

TAXATION OF WOMEN IN MASSACHUSETTS.

Mr. William Bowditch has sent us his valuable pamphlet on this subject, which has commanded much attention from the clearness of its style and the reasonableness of his argument. He makes some important points in regard to the "Declaration of Rights" of our fathers, doing away with the assertion, that, because women had nothing to do with framing the Constitution, they had no share in its political rights. Women were held as slaves in Massachusetts, like men. They were in like manner persecuted for their religion. The "Declaration" emancipated them from both kinds of tyranny, as well as men. This shows that the term "all men" refers to mankind, as Chief-Justice Shaw implies, when he avers "that slavery was abolished, if not before, by the 'Declaration of Rights.'" Mr. Bowditch argues that the word "people" in the Constitution must also refer to women as well as men, although women, in general, had no more voice in framing the Constitution than those particular women who were freed from slavery by it. Mr. Bowditch takes in survey our laws of taxation, saying that Congress taxes the women of Massachusetts millions of dollars every year, and asks whether women have ever given any consent to it. We may say to them, he says, as King George's ministers said to the Colonists, "You are as much represented in Congress as the eighty thousand adult males in the state who are also disfranchised." They will reply, "Because you have wronged other people is no reason why you should tyrannize over us, and these men may, if they please, all become voters: we cannot." We may say again, "We tax you for the common defense and general welfare of the United States." They will reply, "We prefer to judge for ourselves about what is or what is not for the general welfare."

Speaking of Harvard College, Mr. Bowditch says there are ninety-two scholarships there for the aid of poor students. The total income is about twenty-one thousand dollars. It was a man

who planned twenty-two of these scholarships, but the money by which they were established came from a woman tax-payer. No young woman of the state, however scholarly, can hope to receive any aid from the bounty of this large-hearted woman. A subscription has just been started for a new medical school at Cambridge. The largest single subscription is from a woman tax-payer, and yet women who study medicine are obliged to go to Paris or Zurich to get their degree. He pithily remarks, "About all that Harvard can now do for the higher education of women is to be willing to certify, after an examination, that they have been able to obtain a good education elsewhere." He adduces facts, in regard to manufactures, to prove how much woman do towards creating wealth, and thinks it safe to say they own one tenth of the property of the state. If they have the right to acquire property, why should they not be able to protect it?

The supreme court holds to-day to the taxation of women without representation, making no allusion to the "Declaration of Rights," as in the case of Miss Wall, of Worcester, brought before the Legislature. Yet, Mr. Bowditch says, the Legislature is as much bound to respect the "Declaration of Rights" as any other part of the Constitution. He quotes Judge Parker's far-sighted words, "Neither will any course of years or legislative acts or judicial decisions sanction any apparent violation of the fundamental law clearly expressed or necessarily understood." We recommend this pamphlet to the attention of all candid and thoughtful persons.

M. P. L.

OF THINGS ABROAD.

THE JUBILEE MEETING of our English friends appears to have been a great success. Our readers will undoubtedly see full reports of speeches in our religious papers, but we would also offer to them our sincere congratulation for so happy a celebration of their semi-centennial.

The new measures were accepted, to the satisfaction of all concerned: the appointment of jubilee fund lectureships,— by which liberal views of Christianity will be disseminated throughout England, — the choice of a corresponding-secretary, and the election of three ladies on the council of the society, Lady Bowring,

Miss Mary Carpenter, and Miss Anna Swanwick. Mr Martineau's speech, saluting the foreign guests, was admirable of its kind. He managed to say something pleasant and brotherly of each country, without flattery, drawing their various representatives into fellowship, and rising into a noble strain of aspiration and good hope for the world. Holland, Switzerland, Germany, Paris, and Italy responded through speeches or letters, and even far-off Iceland sent words of congratulation. Dr. Briggs, from our own country, spoke the cordial words which he knows so well how to say. Mr. Ierson said some fitting words about the importance of true simplicity of public worship. Mr. Channing, in an earnest address, spoke seriously of the revival movement, saying there was "a sublime reality about it." He disliked its theology, but when we saw so many people moved, it should lead us to new exertions for our fellow-men. Mr. Crosskey made a very able speech in regard to the policy of the Association with reference to their publications. It was certainly broad enough to satisfy any of our brethren, and yet profoundly Christian. At the soiree of the Association, Dr. Aspland spoke encouragingly of the work which they had already accomplished in the Church of England, and the importance of having faith in our own power, and Mr. Fretwell welcomed the foreign representatives, not "because we believed exactly as themselves, but because they knew like ourselves the importance of cultivating a truly religious life." There were also addresses upon "Liturgies in our Churches," the Sunday School, and other subjects. Long may our brethren feel the stimulus of this anniversary.

BOOKS.

The Rev. Dr. Beard has translated from the French a valuable book written by Prof. Etienne Chastel of the University of Geneva, called "Christianity in the Ninteenth Century." Our limits will not allow us to make much of a survey of the book here, but it is certainly written in a candid and liberal tone, which must recommend it to the attention of thoughtful and fair-minded readers. The author takes a review of Catholicism through all its various political and social evolutions, in France and elsewhere, and then comes down to Protestantism, tracing its different phases of legalism, torpor, and evangelicism, being careful to give every

actor on the scene full justice for his deeds and motives. The part which will interest us, perhaps, is his fairness and sympathy towards us Uuitarians. We quote an interesting passage from the book, which leads us to wish to know more of a foreign writer who can so well appreciate our position in the religious world: —

"Unitarianism, in the struggles which it had to maintain in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries against orthodoxy, and in the eighteenth against anti-Christian doctrines, had, like Arminianism, contracted an argumentative character more appropriate to the wants of controversy and defense than those of edification. It lacked that unction, or, as has been said, that grain of mysticism necessary to a real religious influence. Such it shows itself in Priestley and Belsham. In the period of revival its intellectualism passed for coldness, for dryness, if not for lack of devotion. People went so far as to see in it an ally, an accomplice, of French incredulity. It was denounced from the pulpit and stigmatised even in Parliament; capital punishment, suppressed in 1792 in regard to other Dissenters, was down to 1813 maintained, though the law was a dead letter, against its followers. More Unitarians than one, — Priestley among others — pursued by the popular animosity, sought a refuge in America. But this was a salutary crisis for Unitarianism. In that country it underwent a still further transformation. A young ecclesiastic, whom we shall by-and-by meet with among the most eminent Christian philanthropists of our age, W. Ellery Channing, placed in Boston at the head of a Unitarian congregation (1803), infused into his preaching from the first a religious tone full of life and warmth. Far removed from the dry and dialectical method of the English Unitarian preachers, he kept himself, as far as he could, free from all party spirit, accepted that denomination only when he saw in it a title of unmerited reprobation. Seeing Unitarianism rejected from all congregational pulpits, denounced to the crowd as a system 'impious, monstrous, let loose by Satan for the ruin of souls,' Channing thundered in his turn against the 'Protestant Papism more irritating than that of Rome. With the gospel in his hands, he proved that the two favorite dogmas of Orthodoxy, the deity of Christ and the expiation of sins by his blood, both injurious to the highest perfections of God, were unknown to Jesus himself. During fifteen years he maintained the struggle with firmness. But as soon as it was calmed, free henceforth to yield to the impulses of his heart, he occupied himself with feeding his flock with the sanctifying principles of Christianity, and with pressing the applications of it with the penetrating unction which characterizes his discourses and his writings in general. Preached with so much impressiveness, Unitarian Christianity took in America a rapid flight, the number of churches increasing every day. At a later time, a sojourn which Channing made in England and on the Continent, the valuable relations he there formed, the propagation

of his works, the just renown which his social writings acquired, extended his influence far and wide, and thus there was formed a new Unitarian school, more bold than ancient, but also more attractive, more living, more prolific, the ascendency of which, more and more marked even in the bosom of the national churches, presents in Protestant dogma a new and considerable step in advance. What church would now venture to propose to its members the rigid adoption of the old Trinitarian symbols, especially since the discovery of the Sinaitic manuscript, as previously that of the Vatican, confirms the objections of old raised against those symbols, and justified the Unitarian translators whom Orthodoxy had accused of falsifying the sacred text?" (Pp. 130–132.)

Another little passage we quote, because it shows that a candid outside observer believes that we are doing something more than merely cultivating ourselves, — that we are not only making our mark upon the world around us, but accomplishing good through foreign missions.

"The Unitarian party, by its severe monotheism, makes itself respected by the Jews and the Moslems; it finds favor with those of the Hindoos and Japanese whom contact with Europeans detaches from their national beliefs, and gives birth among them to Theistical sects, of whom some are very near deserving the title of Christian. Christian Liberalism (Unitarianism) in its turn, by its unshaken principles of equity and justice for all, dissipates prejudices still too much spread against Christianity. By the broad access which it opens to inquiry and science, it gains the sympathy of spiritual philosophers, and paves the way for a new Catholic reform. Finally, by its love of progress, by the enlightened use which it makes of Scripture, it extends a hand to neo-Judaism, and by its influence disposes it to more and more substitute for the hard formalism of the old law the penetrating unction of the evangelical morals."

DOMESTIC SERVICE FOR LADIES.

An interesting controversy has been going on in "The Echo," an English paper under the management, we think, of Miss Frances P. Cobbe, on the subject of household occupation for young ladies of refinement and education. In the early days of our history, we needed no theories or extravagant experiments to prove the healthfulness and dignity of household work for women, for our means were limited, "servants" were rare, and not only the daughters of educated families did the light house-work, at home, but young girls came in to assist, and felt nowise degraded by it. The increase of riches and luxuries, we fear, has

made us now much like our English country-women, who, though they will row a boat, and walk like Trojans, will no more touch a broom than our fashionable young man will condescend to take care of his horse, or hold it, if he can afford to have a flunkey to sit behind ready with his arms folded.

The most noticeable letter in "The Echo" on this movement is signed "A Peer's Daughter," probably Lady Barker. She says, "I have never known a lady of culture to whom even the ordering of the dinner in her own household was not an unpleasant task." The writer in "Women and Work," who comments upon this letter, thinks the "Peer's Daughter's" acquaintance must be rather a limited one. She goes on, however, to say herself, that it is difficult to see how domestic service in the highly civilized societies of Europe can ever be made a sphere for refined and cultivated women. She mentions Mrs. Crawshay, a lady of wealth and position, who is well known now in England as actually trying the experiment. She asks some questions which we should consider rather invidious in this country, as to whether the young women Mrs. Crawshay employs in her household are actually gentlewomen, and hints that they probably belong to the tradesmen class, "to whom domestic service is fitting." The experiment of a rich and benevolent lady, she thinks, cannot found a new order of things in the social sphere. "It is easy," she says, "to talk about the duties of a servant, but classes and sexes must sink or swim together. What should we think of physicians and clergymen's sons being valets or footmen?" We should be glad, we say, if some of them were as good as an honest valet. A valet is generally contemptible or worthy according to the man he serves. But that is not the only kind of domestic service to be obtained. We have known many a college-bred youth who was not ashamed to drive a gentleman's horse for him, keep his barn, and take care of his garden, in order to make out his university tuition, and who respected himself, and was respected by the family. The writer cordially wishes this domestic service might be possible for women; for there are, she says, "nine hundred thousand more women than men in Great Britain, to whom marriage is impossible."

Let us now see what Mrs. Crawshay herself says. She has published a little pamphlet called "Domestic Service for Gentle-

women." The positions, she says, taken by ladies in her household are those of cook, ladies-maid, kitchen-maid, dairy-maid, and upper house-maid. They wait upon themselves, she says, far more than ordinary upper-servants do. Besides these five "lady-helps," as she calls them, she keeps six ordinary servants. When there happens to be extra work, it is her habit to put down on paper early in the morning what is to be done, leaving it to the young ladies how they will arrange it. Perhaps half a dozen visitors may be coming unexpected. The ladies will go and make beds and sweep and put spare rooms in order, while a strong house-maid will follow to scour oil-cloths and such like places, on her knees. She says it is a pleasure to thank them for doing this extra work, without any questions or fault-finding on their part. She took hold of the broom herself to show a young lady how to brush an oil-cloth, but her pupil soon learned to do it better than herself. She seems to have been desirous to simplify work also, in spite of her retinue of servants, and particularly to prevent them from making work and ordering their inferiors as all common and ignorant servants do. The young ladies were required to black their own shoes. The footman would have rebelled if he had been expected to do it for five more persons. They procured, fortunately, those little bottles of polish with cork and sponge which enabled every lady to brighten her own shoes without soiling her fingers. We may smile at these little discoveries, but we must remember that we are dealing with a country and community which has been perfectly over-ridden by servants. We may question the wisdom of this lady keeping so many, and making a hotel of her house, but that is not our business now. Considering that she does wish to live in this style, we desire to appreciate her well-meant efforts for the good of her sex. She says, very sensibly, "that there is no particular virtue in a lady blacking shoes, but as a protest against work in itself being a degradation, such occupations occasionally have their use. She speaks of one instance, as illustrating in these young ladies that absence of pride, so observable in ordinary servants of large households, who are continually asserting that such things "are not their work," and wanting in true sympathy for their mistress in her emergencies. Some heavy work was required; the family had been away, and the common domestics failed to appear at the right time. "The

ladies armed themselves with buckets and flannels, and, locking the hall door, proceeded to try their powers of scrubbing." A little house-maid was distressed at seeing them, saying she would sit up late to do it herself, which whole scene the mistress thought was honorable to the house-maid, and proved the devotion of the young ladies.

Mrs. Crawshay goes on to say that there is a "scarcity of servants in England, and a superabundance of starving ladies." What can be more natural than to make one evil cure another? This new movement, she thinks, would be very objectionable if the ladies employed were thereby to lose their "refinement, accomplishments, or knowledge of current literature." This, she thinks, would be the fault of the *padrona*. It is for her to see that they lose none of their attractions. She asserts, that, owing to their superior intelligence, they get through work much faster than ordinary servants, and their refinement prevents them from making so much dirt, while the wear and tear of furniture is much less. Ladies' maids, she says, disarrange their mistress' clothes partly from carelessness and partly to make her dependent upon them. The young lady who waits upon herself is careful to put everything where she may find it, making her independent of assistance. She speaks of one way of keeping up the good social position of these ladies, by sending them to concerts, or any public amusements, and putting them in the best seats.

We have here, in short, the experience of a noble and generous woman, earnestly desiring to serve her sex. Her theory may be too good to be carried into practice generally, but the women of England should be none the less grateful to her, for her grand aspirations, and her actual achievements. If this movement could be so far successful in a large foreign establishment, how much more so might it be in quiet New England families with us who are worn out by the short-comings of ignorant domestics. In fact, it has already been tried with success in many a charming household we could name, not to speak of those valuable letters on domestic service and experience given to the public some time ago by Miss Louisa Alcott, and the noble pictures of true home life on the pages of Mrs. Whitney and Mrs. Diaz, which bear the stamp of having grown out of reality.

M. P. L.

REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

Recent Theological Publications in Germany.

1. Six years ago, in the pages of another review, we had the pleasure of welcoming a new dictionary of the Bible, to be edited by the famous Prof. Daniel Schenkel, with the aid of a large number of the most eminent Biblical scholars in the different German universities. The preface of the work was modest, and the promise was only of a manual, for practical use, in one or two volumes. But these writers were full of their theme. They could not be superficial. They could not treat such topics in too concise or hasty phrase. And the result has been that the work has taken much larger scope and proportion, and has gone on to five goodly and solid octavos, making in all nearly four thousand pages of closely printed matter, in double columns, and telling almost everything about the Bible, and the times and lands and men of the Bible, that any one will care to know. The forty-first number, just issued, completes the work, and the touching "nachwort," by the editor, is the counterpart and answer to the manly promise of the first pages. Four of his most valued contributors, Rothe, Graf, Bruch, and Hitzig, have not lived to see the end of the work which they made so much a labor of love. For in the work of this large company, upon this "Bibel Lexikon," there has been throughout substantial harmony, in spite of the different theological preferences and critical opinions of the contributors. Rationists and Lutherans have worked well together, and there has been no tone of quarrel or dispute between Assyriologists and Egyptologists, between orthodox and heterodox. First, and above all things, in these pages, appears a love of truth, without fear, without apology, without party spirit, without equivocation. Other Bible dictionaries have articles as full, as learned, as ingenious; but we know of none in any language so absolutely candid and independent, in which the writers are so free from all trammels. This makes the highest value of the volumes. They use the latest information, and they withhold nothing from prudence or from regard to its bearing on the creed or the prejudices of the churches. They believe in letting the faithful know all that any wise men have said about the sacred volume, in giving to the congregation all that the academy know and teach. Their dic-

tionary is for priests and people, — "für Geistliche und Gemeindeglieder." It popularizes the knowledge of the expert and the initiated.

To catalogue only the striking articles which have appeared in these five volumes would make a long article in our review, — still more to analyze their contents. Schenkel's contributions alone would fill a volume. The last important article (Zungenreden), "The Gift of Tongues," is from his pen, and it examines with a faithful candor the Biblical statements, and what the best critics have said, admitting that the subject is obscure. Are the utterances only unmeaning rhapsody, or are they "other tongues," the languages of foreign nations, which the people could not understand? Is the word which Paul objects to in his warning to the Corinthians the same rapture which amazed the multitude at the famous Jerusalem Pentecost? Does the tongue-speaker speak to the crowd, or only dream aloud, like a man half mad? This article, in which the German rationalist agrees with Irenæus and Tertullian, gives a fair idea of the spirit and method with which the whole work has been conducted,— in the short articles as well as in the long articles.

The "illustrations," not very numerous, are in the right place, and maps are not wanting. The work closes with a beautifully engraved new map of the Sinaitic peninsula, and a queer colored map, with diagrams, from an old Hebrew picture of the world and its kingdoms. The tables of contents are well arranged, with the name of the writer joined to the title of the article. The number of "errata" is very small. Altogether, high as our expectations were raised by the prospectus of the Lexikon, in 1869, they have been exceeded by the finished work, which is in the highest degree creditable to the industry, care, learning, honesty, and courage of its editor and its contributors, and ought to bring in a reward of large profit to its enterprising publisher. Brockhaus has issued no work more timely.

2. Almost simultaneous with the closing of Schenkel's dictionary, we have the beginning of a new work of the same kind, under the editorial charge of Prof. Edward Riehm, of Halle, with the assistance of a goodly company of distinguished professors from the other universities (Handwoerterbuch des Biblischen Alterthums für gebildete Bibelleser). Prof. Schrader, who wrote many of the best articles in the other work, is also a contributor to this; and the second "Lieferung," which lies before us, has several able articles from his pen, on Assyria, Babel, Babylon, and the Babylonish Tower. He will probably have charge of the Assyrian and Chaldean department,

and it will be impossible to find a more competent teacher. This dictionary will not cover so much ground as the other. It proposes only ten numbers, of ninety-six pages each, making in all a thick volume of about one thousand pages. It is too early now to pronounce upon its merit, as only two of the numbers have appeared. It has, however, many more illustrations than Schenkel's dictionary, of scenery and pictures as well as of figures and implements. The article on "Leprosy" (Aussatz), by Kamphausen, is made clearer by engravings of the leprous face and foot, and by a striking group of the lepers near the Zion's Gate in Jerusalem. There are also very good articles on "Burial" (Begraebniss), and on "Balaam," and on "Architecture" (Bildhauerkunst), and on "Circumcision" (Beschneidung). The price of each number is about ninety cents of our currency.

3. Compared with most of the commentaries on Genesis which are studied in our theological seminaries, the first edition of Knobel's Commentary would still be easily superior, in scholarship, in sound reasoning, and in freedom. But in the recent acquisitions of antiquarian research, it had come to be susperseded, and a revision was called for. The third edition has just appeared at Leipsic, under the editorial charge of the famous Aethiopic scholar, Prof. Dillmann, who has made a new book of it, so that the former work would scarcely be recognized. There were not many mistakes of fact to be corrected; for Knobel was not a careless interpreter, and his knowledge was very exact. But there was a great deal to be added, and this Dillmann has added in short side paragraphs and essays, until the commentary is now up to the mark of what Assyria and Egypt have revealed, and what they have vindicated of the genuineness of the Patriarchal history. The place of Ur of the Chaldees is now better defined, and it is almost certain that Abraham and his posterity have as real a history as David and the line of kings, in spite of the mythical stories that cluster around the central fact. The deciphering of the Hieroglyphics has thrown a great deal of light upon the account of Joseph and his stay in Egypt, of which Dillmann avails himself. Light and darkness cannot be farther apart than such a commentary as this and those that are accepted in England and America as the work of scholars.

4. If Dr. Bernhard Graefe had obeyed the old Epicurean counsel, to keep good things until the ninth year, he might have escaped some of the sharp criticism which will follow his honest attempt to throw light upon the fulfillment of Daniel's prophecy in the birth of Jesus.

His doctor's degree was taken six years ago at Leipsic; and his dissertation on that occasion (die 70 Jahrwochen des Propheten Daniel Cap 9–24–27, in ihrer Beziehung auf Jesum Christum nachgewissen) is now printed for the mirth, more than the edification, of readers. He connects the mathematical statement of the Hebrew Chaldean, "one of the Magi," as he calls Daniel, with the star of Balaam, as with the star of the wise men. He thinks that the wide Messianic hope and longing, not only of the Jews, but of the surrounding nations, was largely created by this Danielic prediction. He deserves, however, the credit of opposing the millenarian fantasy, and of denying that any *second* coming of the Messiah is predicted in the Old Testament. But his tract, as a whole, takes altogether too much for granted, and has more of the credulous than of the critical spirit. Indeed, when mathematics gets mixed with Biblical interpretation, it makes fools of scholars as well as fanatics of preachers. All these calculations of times and half a time, of weeks, of years, and the like, are only new evidences of the absurdity of explaining prophecy by arithmetic.

5. A remarkable treatise on Philo as an interpreter of Scripture, by Dr. Carl Siegfried (Philo von Alexandria, als Ausleger des alten Testaments an sichselbst und nach seinen geschichtlichen Einfluss betrachtet) has just appeared from the press of Hermann Duft, in Jena. It is a thorough piece of work. The introduction goes over the often-told tale of post-biblical Judaism, the development of the religion from the time of the destruction of Solomon's Temple to the time of Christ. The first part of the book — which is in two divisions — shows the sources of Philo's allegorical method in his Greek and Jewish training; and the hermeneutic basis of this method in the Scripture itself. The second part of the book traces the influence of Philo, first, upon the later Jewish exegesis, and, secondly, upon the Christian style of interpretation. This part is very interesting, and less questionable than the speculations about earlier allegory. There is no doubt that the Fathers of the third century, Clement and Origen especially, were more disciples of Philo than of the Evangelists. But in our time the allegorical method is fatally discredited, and even the followers of Swedenborg deny that their master reproduces the method of the Alexandrian doctor and politician. Still Philo is a more intelligent critic than some who are quoted as authorities.

6. There are those who delight in brushing the venerable dust off from half-forgotten stories of the lives of holy men, of saints and monks and mystics. And the lovers of this lore will find pleasure

in the short sketch — panegyric rather, we may say — of the once famous Elias of Cortona, by Herr Heinrich Rybka (Bruder Elias von Cortona, der zweite General des Franziskaner-Ordens). A good many lies have been told about this excellent successor of St. Francis, and Herr Rybka thinks that it is time, like St. Luke in his story of Jesus, to make known the exact facts, and to sift the true from the false. One of the lies told was that Elias invented the story of the Stigmata of St. Francis, or perhaps made the stigmata himself upon the corpse of the saint, — that it was a pious fraud, justified in its sacred result. Rybka, however, admits that there is something strange in the hasty burial of the mendicant saint. He magnifies the work of Elias in architecture and in convent organization, but fails, after all, to show him as heroic or one of the great lights of the church in an age of corruption. That he labored diligently for the Order, and added much to its wealth and power, is beyond question; but Herr Rybka has not altogether discredited the assertion of Englehardt, in his magnificent article on St. Francis, in "Herzog's Cyclopedia," that Elias was "a worldly minded, vindictive, sly, and ambitious ruler."

7. Only seven years ago, a statue was raised in Worms in honor of the great religious leader who uttered in that city, on the 18th of April, 1521, the memorable words, "Hier stehe ich, ich kann nicht anders." Since that time more than one critic has ventured to question the genuineness of those words, and to doubt if Luther ever made the speech attributed to him. Even Schenkel's essay, in 1870, seemed to confirm these doubts, and to class the speech with the legends of Tell, and so many more which have taken a place with traditional myths, slight in foundation. But now comes Prof. Julius Koestler, and, after careful examination, decides that the evidence is in favor of the speech as genuine. His tract (Luther's Rede in Worms) is short, but it goes over the whole ground, and reviews all the testimony. He changes the order of the phrases, and will have it read, transposing the common reading, "I can do nothing else, here I stand," — "God come to my aid," instead of "God help me." Indeed, with the revival of interest in Lutheran studies, we may have as many various readings of his famous sayings as of the sayings of Shakespeare, and perhaps even a concordance to Luther's works. A good deal, no doubt, that has been attributed to Luther, as in the case of the Italian and Flemish artists, was the work of his disciples. The thought may be the thought of the leader, but the words are not always his. The German critical method is trying to many reputations.

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8. If any theological writer and teacher deserves words of affectionate remembrance, Karl Rudolf Hagenbach has that claim. For the abundance of his knowledge, the earnestness of his faith, the depth of his insight, were even surpassed by the sweetness of his soul, his warm love for friends and pupils, and the purity of his guileless life. None named him but to praise. He had the rare fortune of pleasing the men of all parties, the conservatives and the destructives, the dogmatists and the iconoclasts. His History of Dogmas remains the best manual in the whole catalogue of that class of histories. The Catholic goes to it, as well as the Protestant, for a fair statement of what the church has believed in the ancient, the middle, and the modern day. In a pamphlet of fifty pages, with a portrait, Herr Rudolf Stähelin Stockmeyer pays his tribute of love to the theologian and professor, and sets forth his virtues in words which those who knew him will not call extravagant, — his qualities of head and heart, and the great fame that he brought to the old city on the Rhine, which has the renown of so many learned men in the last three centuries. Basle never had a nobler citizen or a truer ornament than Karl Hagenbach. And his biographical memoir is a fitting New Year's gift to the people from the "Gesellschaft zur Beförderung des Gutes und Gemeinnuetzigen."

9. The habits of the lower creation have been brought so close to man, by Darwin and his followers, that it is now hard to draw the line between the brutes that perish and the soul that lives forever. The investigators are now more than ever bent upon identifying the language of animals with the rudimentary language of man, and pointing out the process in which the cries and the songs of the beast and bird, and even of reptile and insect, prophesy the articulate speech of man. Every help in understanding this primitive language is valuable. Herr H. Landois, in his "Thierstimmen," a volume of two hundred and thirty-eight pages, begins what will be a large work of this kind when it is completed. He shows in this volume how the "cold-blooded" animals communicate with one another, express their love and their joy, their fear and their warning: how spiders and crabs and oysters and fishes and snakes and turtles make known their wants, and utter their feelings to each other and sing to the Lord; what machinery they have in their vocal organs, how they sing with their bones as with their tongues. Another volume will tell how birds sing and chatter, and still another will tell how cows and dogs and horses and men talk together. Herr Landois is in no sense a theologian, and writes only as a man of science. But his expositions will

have much influence in establishing man's place in nature, and the origin of that remarkable human gift by which the child on earth draws near to the great Father in heaven.

Ueber das Wesen und den Werth des Wedischen Accents. Von Martin Haug. Muenchen. 1874. 8vo, pp. 107.

For more than thirty years the nature of Sanskrit accent, or more properly Vedic accent (for only Vedic Sanskrit is marked by accentual signs), has been the theme of earnest and often violent controversy among European and American orientalists. In 1843 Otto Boehtlingk published the first essay on this subject, and since then it has been discussed with more or less thoroughness by Aufrecht, Bopp, Benfey, Roth, Weber, and Whitney. The basis of all these investigations is the theory of accentuation set forth by native scholars in the *Prâtisâkhyas*, or treatises on Vedic phonetics, and elaborated by Pânini and other Indian grammarians. To European Sanskritists the chief stumbling-block has been the Indian doctrine of the so-called *Prachaya*-tone, in accordance with which a syllable having originally a grave accent is pronounced as an acute under certain circumstances not necessary here to specify. Even Prof. Whitney, who surpasses all his predecessors in the perspicuity and precision with which he treats the subject, confesses himself unable to solve the problem, and frankly avers that the difficulties arising from the recognition of a *Prachaya*-accent are so great and manifold that he prefers heroically to cut the knot, by denying its existence, than any longer to vex his soul with fruitless efforts to untie it. He accordingly brands the whole theory as a Brahmanical fabrication, at the same time declaring that he will sincerely rejoice at the success of any scholar who may be able to clear up the mystery and justify the pandits. To do this is the aim and object of Prof. Haug's monograph. Without attempting to follow the author in the details of his very full discussion of the topic, we may state, in general terms, the conclusions at which he arrives. He affirms the correctness of the Indian accent-theory, and shows that all the difficulties, with which European scholars have invested it, are of their own creation, arising from a misconception of the nature of the Vedic accent, and a misunderstanding of Brahmanical interpretations of it. Starting with a false clew, they have undertaken to explore the labyrinths of Indian speculation; and as they have gone on, untwisting the deceitful thread, they have found the way growing darker and more intricate, until,

"Puzzled with mazes and perplexed with error,"

they have come to regard the whole edifice as a work of Mâya, and themselves as the victims of diabolical illusion. Out of this confusion of their own devising they have tried to extricate themselves by discarding the traditional teachings, both as regards theory and practice, and even by changing the accentual signs of the Vedic texts, and introducing designations and distinctions wholly unknown to Indian phonologists. It is but just, however, to add that the better knowledge and clearer insight which Dr. Haug has brought to bear upon this obscure subject, are due, in a great degree, to peculiar advantages for obtaining accurate information, which other European Sanskritists did not possess. Six years' residence at Puna in India, as superintendent of Sanskrit studies, and intimate relations of friendship with the most intelligent pandits, enabled him to hear the recitation of the Vedas from the lips of *Bhattas*, or professional reciters of the sacred texts. To his great surprise he found that this recitation, which seems to have come down in unbroken tradition from ancient times, corresponded exactly with the notation of the accents in Vedic manuscripts, as well as with the theories of Indian exegetes and grammarians, which he had been taught in Germany to reject as untenable and incomprehensible. But, having thus discovered that his conceptions were radically wrong, he earnestly set to work to right them, and the results of his researches from that day are embodied in the present essay. He learned also an excellent moral lesson, invaluable to all critics, and especially recommendable to those Sanskritists who are inclined to be overhasty in contemning as mere vagaries the opinions of Indian scholiasts, whether they refer to questions of Vedic accent or Vedic interpretation. This moral lesson cannot be more forcibly expressed than in the admonition of Schelling, "Das worueber man stehen soll muss man *begriffen* haben, nicht er mit armseligen oder absurden Hypothesen wegerklaeren;" in other words, "Never set yourself above what you have not thoroughly comprehended, nor try to explain it away with paltry or absurd hypotheses."

In conclusion, Prof. Haug adduces examples from various dialects of the Chinese, and from ancient Greek, in illustration of his thesis, and thus opens a field of interest to the classical scholar. In this connection he mentions, with warm praise, the admirable treatise of the late Prof. Hadley, "On the Nature and Theory of the Greek Accent." The parallelism here indicated deserves further and fuller investigation, as it is not impossible that it might throw new light upon the relations of the early poetry of Greece to the sacred poetry of India.

E. P. E.

Revue des Deux Mondes, Table Générale. 1831–1874. Paris.

Of all the periodical publications of the civilized world, reviews, magazines, journals, the largest and the best, if the consent of scholars and cultivated men and women can decide the question, is the "Revue des Deux Mondes," now in its forty-fifth year. No other review appears so often, contains so much material, has so fine a variety or so distinguished a list of writers. The volumes of themselves make a considerable library, nearly three hundred large, thick, and closely printed octavos. All subjects here are treated, and in every style, theology, philosophy, history, science, art, literature, music, the drama, politics, home and foreign, the manners of civilized and of savage lands; all things of the two, or the hundred, worlds of earth and heaven. The *critics* of the review, such men as Planche and Sainte Beuve, are the very first in their calling. The greatest novelists of France have found in these pages welcome and wide audience. The great travelers have told here the story of their journeyings. A wide hospitality has brought together all kinds of opinion, conservative and radical, Catholic and rationalistic, positive and theoretic, yet with no discord of spirit, with no friction or clashing. Those who have read the review most faithfully are the warmest in their panegyric, and the wonder of it only grows as each number appears.

The wonder will not be lessened by the publication of this remarkable summary, a volume in itself of nearly five hundred large pages, the threefold catalogue, we might say, of a vast library. First, an alphabetic list of the writers, seven hundred and fifty in number, with the articles they have written, a list as illustrious as the list of the Immortals in the French Academy, including, indeed, a large proportion of those famous men. Then a larger analytical table of all the articles, arranged in fourteen classes, from "Literature to Travels and Ethnography." And, finally, a table of geography, in which all the countries on which articles have been written, whether upon their scenery or their natural history, or their political state, or their social customs, or their distinguished men, are classified. This huge index enables the happy owner of the series of the review (which has never been interrupted, even when Paris was besieged by foreign armies, and its people were half-starved, and which has always appeared promptly on the first and fifteenth of each month) to find in a moment any article he may wish to recall, or the discussion of any subject; for what subject has not been discussed? The preface to the volume tells us that there are still deficiencies, and that it is not

yet cosmopolitan and exhaustive. But one who has read the review for forty years will refuse to allow that modest avowal.

The Natural History of the Bible. By H. B. Tristram, M. A. Oxon., LL.D., F.R.S., &c. Pp. 518. New York: Pott, Young, & Co.

A very valuable manual, compact and full, interesting to read, and yet scientifically exact, and well illustrated with many woodcuts. The opening chapters give an account of the physical geography of the Holy Land, its geological and mineralogical features. Then follow admirable chapters on the mammals, birds, fishes, invertebrates and articulates, and on the trees and plants. Mr. Tristram is eminently qualified for this work, being a thoroughly trained scientific observer, and having passed nearly a year in Palestine, accompanied by a corps of competent persons, in the study and collection of the necessary material for this volume. It is an important aid to the Bible dictionary, and for use by teachers and advanced scholars in Sunday schools.

Christ and the World. Secularism the Enemy of the Church. By Rt. Rev. F. D. Huntington, S.T.D., Bishop of Central New York. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

This is a valuable pamphlet suited to the wants of the times. Twenty or thirty years ago, we might have said its advice was not needed, at least by Orthodox Christians. There was too much of a tendency among them to consider themselves as separate from the world, but in these days of rich churches, costly pews, great salaries, clerical lecture-tours, newspaper editing, and sensational preaching, the clergy as well as people would do well to take heed to these words. Some passages in this pamphlet are truly eloquent, as when the writer speaks of the uselessness of all the monkish asceticism of the past, and even of the present day, in some branches of the church, — the weakness of that self-righteousness which would avoid the world, compared with that divine love of Christ's true followers who pray not "to be taken out of the world, but to be delivered from the evil."

Secret of Christianity. By S. S. Hebberd. Pp. 210. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1874.

This small book undertakes a great task. The author sets out with the confession that the book has a grand ambition. It is no less than to depict the essential difference between Christianity and the old religions, and show how this has accomplished a moral work which those

failed to do. By a review of the Indian and Hellenic civilizations, he deduces a theory concerning Christianity, which he applies in chapters on the "Catholic Age" and the "Protestant Age." The conclusion is that the characterizing quality, or "secret," of Christianity is "antagonism;" that, whereas the several forms of paganism ran into excesses, and became self-destructive distortions, Christianity, by a system of repression, secures an harmonious, wholesome, and permanent development and growth. "For the first time, a scientific explanation has been given of the essential difference between Christianity and all other forms of religion. . . . This simple law of antagonism has explained every important element of Christian civilization, whether mediæval or modern. It is the real secret of Christianity."

Manual of Mythology: Greek and Roman, Norse and Old German, Hindoo and Egyptian Mythology. By Alexander S. Murray, Department of Greek and Roman Antiquities, British Museum. Second Edition. Rewritten and considerably Enlarged. With forty-five plates. Pp. 368. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1874.

This entirely admirable manual is to be commended without reserve as a work of reference in its department of knowledge. Handsome in typographical execution, and well illustrated, it presents the subject with excellent arrangement and great compactness, yet not drily. The contrast is great indeed between the lucid method of such a work as this, with its scientific explanation of the origin of the classical myths and its thorough use of the invaluable researches of Preller and Welcker, and the compilations like that of Lemprière, which treated those myths simply as a mass of extravagant and absurd stories. The portions of the volume which deal with the Norse, Indian, and Egyptian mythologies, are likewise based on the most recent and best authorities.

Life and Labors of Mr. Brassey, 1805–70. By Sir Arthur Helps, K.C.B. With a Preface to the American edition by the author. Pp. 386. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

This beautifully printed memoir of one of the great industrial kings of this age of steam and iron has been waiting on our table for notice, till now that we speak of it it is with the regretful sense that the author will no more write wise and thoughtful words for the readers who are also his "Friends in Coucil."

The life of Thomas Brassey was worth writing, and is well worth

reading, as a signal instance of great capacity and as great success in honest and serviceable work. Born at Buerton, in Cheshire, of middle-class parentage, he went early to live at Birkenhead as a business agent, and it was only when he was twenty-nine years of age that George Stephenson, meeting him and perceiving his powers, put him in the way of a contract for furnishing stone for a railway viaduct. The story of his rise from this plain beginning to vast wealth, even when told in the somewhat dry and reserved style of Sir Arthur Helps, is very remarkable. He became the most gigantic contractor of his time, employing in his peaceful works more men, and expending more money, than many a monarch squanders on the works of war, and all this in a spirit which should remove the reproach sometimes attached to his function. He laid out for others, in the course of his enterprizes, no less a sum than seventy-eight million pounds, of which he retained only three per cent as his commission. This, however, amounted in the aggregate to the snug sum of two and a half millions of pounds, which was greatly increased (though Sir Arthur tantalizes our curiosity by declining to state how much) by judicious investments.

Mr. Brassey's works are in every part of the world, in England, Italy, Denmark, Australia, the Argentine Republic, India, and the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Of course he was obliged to trust immensely to subordinates, and we know no finer example than he is shown to be of the true method of dealing with such, choosing them with discrimination, and then confiding in them.

The book is full of interesting information on subjects connected naturally with his life through his business, as, for instance, the description of the English methods of contract work, and the comparison of the characteristics of laborers in the different countries; but its great charm is in the glimpses which it gives of the true, manly, honest Englishman doing good work and achieving great success in upright ways.

The History of Greece. By Prof. Dr. Ernst Curtius. Translated by Adolphus William Ward, M.A. Vol. V. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co.

Prof. Curtius is perhaps the most eminent living Greek scholar, and, as a philologist, one to whom the higher education owes a great debt. As a university lecturer of unusual attractiveness, the writer well remembers the charm which he imparted to the subject of ancient art, on which we had the privilege of hearing him some years

ago; and no scholar is better fitted to narrate the story of that wonderful race who kindled, on a little peninsula and islands in the Mediterranean, the light of a knowledge, a poetry, and an art whence the world's civilization has sprung.

The history, of which the closing volume is now given us in the English translation, does not indeed supersede the great work of Mr. Grote, but it is a thoroughly independent work, by a scholar of quite equal authority. To look at Greek history by this additional help allows us to take a stereoscopic view of the subject, to see round it more certainly than when we trust entirely to Mr. Grote's guidance. A special advantage which Curtius possesses in this regard is in the prominence which he gives to discussions of the literary and artistic history of that marvelous people. In the perfect proportions of the work, also, the harmonious development of its various parts, and the absence of everything superfluous, it is like a Greek statue, and a product of high literary skill.

History of India. From the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By L. J. Trotter. Pp. 414. New York: Pott, Young, & Co. From A. Williams & Co.

Published and printed in England, by and for the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, this volume has the standard excellence of so many of the works which bear the imprint of that useful society. It is an excellent manual of the history of India, from the time of the Aryan Hindus to the death of Lord Mayo, compressed into little more than four hundred pages, yet not so concentrated as to leave no room for vividness of narrative and color in description. As the quantity of historical knowledge increases, and the mass of elaborate works is multiplied, the necessity of such careful and thorough handbooks is ever more apparent; and Mr. Trotter's work must hold a high rank among those of its class. It is enriched with a good folding map of India, and with many woodcuts.

The Thirty Years' War, 1618–1648. By Samuel Rawson Gardiner. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1874.

The series of handy volumes on "Epochs of History," of which this forms one, is excellent in the design, and, thus far, in the carrying out of the plan. Suggested, probably, by Mr. Freeman's valuable series of historical manuals, it well goes by the side of that, and in compactness, clearness, and accuracy hardly leaves anything to be desired. In this busy age, the present is so engrossing that the only

knowledge which many even well-read persons can obtain of the past is from works like the present; and the reading public are fortunate in having access to books which present information with the freshness and fullness of knowledge which results from their being written by masters in their several subjects. The Reformation and the Crusades have been treated in the preceding volumes. Mr. Gardiner well tells the story of that momentous drama, of which the average reader hardly knows more than the names of Gustavus Adolphus and Wallenstein, — a contest from whose ruinous effects Germany has only in our own day really recovered.

Ismailia. A Narrative of the Expedition to Central Africa for the Suppression of the Slave Trade. By Sir. Samuel W. Baker, Pasha, M.A., F.R.S., &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1875.

Sir Samuel Baker is, first, a sportsman; secondly, a traveler and discoverer; and, in the third place only, a philanthropist. When he recounts his hunting adventures, he writes *con amore* and grows warmly enthusiastic. There is somewhat too much in all his books of his conflicts with hippopotami, and his good shots at lions and wild elephants. Still he is a most courageous and indefatigable explorer, as his earlier books detailing his travels in Abyssinia and in search of the sources of the Nile abundantly show. He has, too, an Englishman's righteous hatred of the slave trade, whose horrors and desolations he vividly sets forth. This book is the account of a considerable military expedition which was sent to the upper Nile, under Sir Samuel Baker's command, and with co-operation of the Khedive of Egypt, to establish posts in the neighborhood of Gondokoro for the suppression of the infamous traffic in men. The fortunes of this enterprise, the innumerable obstacles attending it, its temporary success and subsequent failure on the author's return to England, with the reasons for the failure in the social condition of the people and the corruptness and real hostility of the Egyptian government, are shown us in this book, in a clear and vigorous way; with many helpful and some very astonishing illustrations. On the whole, the book is a somewhat depressing one, as exhibiting the magnitude of evil forces to be overcome in the civilization of Africa, and the hopelessness of any reliance on the native governments. We lose our faith in the likelihood of reforming her most dreadful evils by military force, and fall back upon the slower but more surely working forces of commerce, missionary effort, and the ameliorating influence of increasing intercourse with the civilized world.

Victor La Tourette. A Novel. By a Broad Churchman. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1875. Price $1.75.

This book is so good that it is a pity it were not better. It is a poor pretense to call it a novel. It is really a series of theological statements and discussions, strung together on the thinnest and filmiest thread of a story. This Broad Churchman of seventy-five years ago discusses the latest questions of philosophy and religion with a materialist, a Romanist, a Unitarian, and sundry Churchmen and Calvinists. These all are somewhat coarsely caricatured; the Catholic is dogmatic and violent, the Unitarian skeptical and indifferent, the Calvinists vulgar and vicious, the Episcopal bishop narrow and formal. The materialist alone is sensible and intelligent, though converted with a surprising ease, which is equalled only by the facility with which the others are silenced or confuted. We are bound to admit, however, that the differing views here presented are much more fairly dealt with than their representatives, and that rational Christianity is here presented with a good deal of vigor and clearness, and with evident sincerity and devoutness of spirit.

A Rambling Story. By Mary Cowden Clarke. Pp. 529. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1875.

This story "rambles" through a succession of scenes of beauty and loveliness; it has many glimpses of artistic and ideal life. Its opening scenes of the wood-embowered cottage almost smells of honeysuckle and rose. Its pictures of Venetian and Swiss life are most charming. If most of the characters could be left out, the book would be so much the better; for they are generally an artificial intrusion into scenes that are lovely till they appear. As long as one never asks whether it is true, reasonable, or possible, but only yields himself to its warmth and high color, the book is pleasant reading for an indolent hour, and by its open and large type is made easy and inviting.

A Passionate Pilgrim, and other Tales. By Henry James, Jr. Transatlantic Sketches. By Henry James, Jr. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

The stories of Mr. James have been greatly praised, but we confess that they are not at all to our taste. They are written with a good deal of power; and the easy flow of the style draws the reader on, — yet to no end worth attaining. The plots seem to have been forged by main strength out of sheer improbabilities, for the most part. The characters are uncanny, immoral; and when virtue is portrayed it

is made almost more repulsive than vice. There is little to make one better or happier in these tales; and such wisdom as they have to teach is of the sad sort of the book of Ecclesiastes.

The sketches of European scenes are more attractive. They indicate a keen, though we can hardly say sympathetic, observation of the sensuous and picturesque aspects of foreign life; yet the book is remarkable for the absence of any interest in many of those things which are best worth going abroad to see.

Caleb Krinkle. A Story of American Life. By Charles Carleton Coffin. Pp. 500. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

The war-correspondent, whose graphic letters made the name of "Carleton" familiar in every Northern home, has here depicted different scenes, — for the most part vividly, and with a truth to life. Caleb Krinkle is a "rapid grower." Before the reader is done thinking of him as "little White Hair," he appears as a man of many experiences, but unswerving integrity in all; in poverty and loneliness studying law, admitted to the bar and the best society; successfully established in profitable business, and fixed in domestic bliss; while to all the other many characters in the book the rewards of virtue or vice are meted with the precision, not of life, but of the old-fashioned model story. The book is unobjectionable, though it might have been better. The scenes and characters are homelike and healthy: the whole leaves a pleasant flavor of country living.

Spain and the Spaniards. By N. L. Thiéblin. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

This book is lively and interesting. It gives some graphic pictures of life among the Carlists, and depicts the simple and courageous elements of the Basque character. The meetings with Don Carlos smack somewhat of the newspaper interviewer, for which pages they were written. The writer describes his visit to Madrid at the dawn of the republic. His report of conversations with the Countess of Montijo, mother of Eugenie, Empress of the French, is the most attractive part of the book. The good sense, *naïvete*, and pith of her remarks upon Spanish politics and character is noteworthy. His account of the picturesque fête of the "Dos de Mayo," when the Spaniards rose against Napoleon and were massacred, is life-like and true to facts. His unfortunate necessity to prepare sensational articles takes him away, he tacitly confesses, from Madrid. It was too quiet. The people behaved too well. So he took himself off to Bayonne,

and got in among the Carlists again, marching with their troops, and having many adventures. He must keep up a high pressure in order to please "The New York Herald." He hunts up the noted curé and bandit, Santa Cruz, and pictures his courage and fierce brutality. He draws vivid pictures of the warlike priests among the Carlists. He speaks discouragingly of Protestantism in Spain, but justly praises the true republican spirit of its great towns. He says a true word for "Borrow's Bible in Spain," which is really the best book that has been written on the country. We think the author could write a much better book than this, as he probably believes himself.

The Lily and the Cross. A tale of Acadia. By Prof. James De Mille, author of "The Dodge Club," &c. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

A tale of love, and treachery, and of right finally prevalent over might; founded on a few incidents not greatly elaborated, but sufficiently sensational to excite and sustain interest; well told, and likely to add to the author's reputation as a story-teller. It is a story of the French occupation of America, and the scene is laid about Louisburg at the time when that city was the headquarters of French power. The principal figures in it are New Englanders, certain French exiles, French authorities of the place.

Nature and Culture. By Harvey Rice. Pp. 202. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1875.

Harvey Rice is apparently a young writer who has eaten too much general literature, and this book is the undigested product. It consists of six essays. Their subjects are, "Nature and her Lessons," "Woman and her Sphere," "Education and its Errors," "America and her Future," "Life and its Aspirations," "Mission Monument and its Dedication."

The last essay is an address delivered at the dedication of the monument which commemorates the inception, in the purpose of five young students of Williams College, of the A.B.C.F.M.

Which is my Likeness? By Cousin Kate (the late Miss C. D. Bell). London, Edinburgh, and New York: T. Nelson & Sons.

An excellent collection of simple stories, told by a mother to her children, in illustration of a portfolio of drawings sent to them by an uncle as a Christmas gift. Each story has a moral, which is not, however, made too prominent. Most children will see their own pictures

in some one or more of the stories; and, if displeased by the likeness, will find encouragement for endeavors to alter their characters. It is a book we can commend for Sunday-school libraries, as on the whole much better than the average of those that secure admission to them.

Fiftieth Anniversary of a Pastorate.

Under this title we have a beautiful thin octavo volume, giving an account of the very interesting services in Philadelphia on the completion by Dr. Furness of a ministry of fifty years. It contains Dr. Furness' Anniversary Sermon, the speeches delivered and the poems read on evening of January the 12th, and the correspondence on the occasion between Dr. Furness and the parish committee, all which are well worthy of being read and preserved.

The Centennial International Exhibition. A Lecture. By A. A. Livermore.

This is much the best statement that we have seen of the advantage to be expected from such an exhibition. It contains the results of a great deal of painstaking investigation, and careful, intelligent thinking, and is a store-house of facts relating to the improvements which have been made in this country during the last hundred years.

Bunker Hill Memorial. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

This charming little souvenir of the great events of the past is got up in very tasteful style, with pretty illustrations of the battle sites and houses of distinguished men; and it contains Dr. Holmes' lively poem of "Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill Battle." We presume this "Memorial" has been a welcome visitor in many homes at this anniversary time.

Report of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union. For the year ending April 14, 1875. Boston: G. H. Ellis, printer.

This report shows us a great amount of good done through social intercourse, lectures, classes, gymnasium, entertainments, and beautiful charities. Long may this Union continue to do good work for the lonely and friendless.

Our Religion, and the New Births which are Needed. A Sermon. By Rev. W. J. Ellis, of Nashville, Tenn.

This is a practical and vigorous discourse, aiming to destroy the false notions of many religionists in regard to what is really worth

having in this world and the next. We have no doubt it has answered a want, but we think that, as a sermon or tract, it would have been more effective if the language towards other beliefs were cast in a gentler mold.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

A Double Story. By George McDonald. New York: Dodd & Mead. 1875.

An Idyl of Work. By Lucy Larcom. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

Christian Missions. By Rev. J. H. Seelye. New York: Dodd & Mead.

Socialistic, Communistic, Mutualistic, and Financial Fragments. By William B. Green. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1875.

Biblical Standpoint. Views of the Sonship of Christ, &c. By Asa Wilbur. Boston: A Williams & Co. 1875.

Freedom and Fellowship in Religion. A Collection of Essays and Addresses. Edited by a Committee of the Free Religious Association. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1875.

Through the Year. Thoughts relating to the seasons of nature and the church. By Horatio N. Powers, Rector of St. John's Church, Chicago. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1875.

Fated to be Free. A Novel. By Jean Ingelow. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1875.

The French at Home. By Albert Rhodes. New York: Dodd & Mead.

Doing and Dreaming. By Edward Garrett. New York: Dodd & Mead. 1875.

Queen Mary. A Drama. By Alfred Tennyson. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

Exotics: Attempts to Domesticate Them. By J. F. C. and L. C. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

Eleventh Annual Report of the Overseers of the Poor of the City of Boston, for the financial year 1874–5.

The Ecclesiastical Institutions of Holland. By Philip H. Wicksteed, M.A. London: Williams & Norgate. 1875.

Deutsches Protestantenblatt. Bremen. [January to May.]

Reform. Bern. [January to May, 1875.]

Baptist Quarterly, for January. *The New Englander*, July, 1875. *Atlantic Monthly*, *Penn Monthly*, *Harpers'*, *Eclectic*, *Scribner's St. Nicholas*, Magazines for July.

UNITARIAN REVIEW

AND

RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV. AUGUST, 1875. No. 2.

OUR RELIGION AT THE CLOSE OF THE FIRST QUARTER-CENTURY FROM ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS.

ARE there any books in our New Testament collection the genuineness and authenticity of which have escaped all questioning, and which we may use as original documents in a confidence that we shall be unchallenged? Undoubtedly there are still many Christians to whom this inquiry will be a surprise, possibly an offense, as if to propose it were to cast doubt upon the history of our religion, and to allow an altogether undue importance to what they regard as an unreasonable and mischievous skepticism. They cannot understand how any right-minded and sincere disciple of Jesus can carry any questioning about the date, authorship, and value of any writing of the New Testament beyond the little catalogue in which the "antilegomena," or "books spoken against," were enumerated. They insist that such questioning is for the most part a revival of old doubts, or the fantastic work of recluse scholars who must always be devising some new thing, and who might find a better employment for their ingenuity, and that

the wise course for those who are set for the defense of the gospel is to take no notice any more of such historic doubts, and regard the canon of the New Testament as practically settled. And yet, on the other hand, there is in our day an increasing number of sincere men and women who will very heartily welcome such an inquiry as what their own lips were already framing. They see that, whatever our wishes may be, a question is never closed so long as one competent and sincere person has anything to say about it, and that declaring it closed does not close it any more than a proclamation that the eruptions of Vesuvius had come to an end would make the sides of that volcanic mountain an eligible place of residence. Earnest and able men, who claim to be and are good Christians, are discussing the history of the books of the New Testament, writing works upon the canon, addressing the general public upon the subject in magazine articles, publishing anonymous volumes upon "Supernatural Religion," or upon "Literature and Dogma," analyzing and comparing the Synoptics, contrasting with them the Fourth Gospel, studying this Fourth Gospel in connection with Philo and the remains of the Gnostic Theosophies, criticising very keenly the book of the Acts of the Apostles, unsettling this and, one is glad to add, settling that. We may not like all this stir, but it is a fact just the same. It may make a deal of hard work for Christians who would add manliness and knowledge to their faith; but our religion has always cost something, and always will. We may wish that scholars would still, as of old, write in Latin, and that Latin might be to the mass of mankind even more a dead language than it is; but what has been written has been written, and not in Latin, but in German, French, English, Dutch; and have we not much of it in the newspapers every Monday morning, as well as from the pulpits on Sundays, and is there anything for us now save to study our religion in that light of life, which, one is glad to remember, has thus far only led to larger and deeper interpretations of its facts and truths, and planted it more firmly in the heart of the world?

Here, then, our questions may come in. It may be asked, moreover, by those who are quite clear that much of the present skepticism about the New Testament is a passing fashion and mere ingenuity, scholastic and pedantic, and who already find in what

others gravely question priceless history. It may be asked by those who, though they build the record upon the church and not the church upon the record, are yet in the use and enjoyment of a noble structure, an habitation of God through the spirit. It may be asked by those who, whilst they think that they can see their way through these controversies about date and authorship to most positive and satisfactory results, are yet compelled to allow that the way will be long, and that if those who must walk in it can have something to live on, meanwhile, it is greatly to be desired that they should know it. And, indeed, were it only to secure a calm investigation of matters which to a certain extent are purely literary, it is of the first importance to understand how much, if anything, is absolutely or practically beyond dispute, so that we can say, Come what may, do your best or your worst, this remains and will remain! What if there should prove to be enough and more than enough of this which abides, enough one way and another, to enable us to say to the writers of introductions to the New Testament and the like, You can go on with that business to any extent, and we shall read your books with interest, when they are not absolutely fanciful, but the church of the Living God will go on all the same whether you make it out, or not,— to take a single instance,— that our Matthew is not one book, but two, an original or a translation, a first edition or a revised edition.

And let us make haste to say, what ought perhaps to have been said before, that we are not asking our questions by way of covertly insinuating doubts as to the historic value of the New Testament. We desire rather, by pointing to what is unchallenged, to lead the inquirer to a more assured confidence as to matters which are, and it is likely long will be, in dispute. So we put our question again. We ask for what is undoubted.

And if we proposed to take into account all those scholars who are nothing if not critical, and who make it their only occupation to raise doubts, and are able out of two or three words which may or may not have been correctly handed down to construct the most elaborate theories, we should be compelled to say that there is no single book in the New Testament which has not been brought into controversy, and so our work would be ended before it had really begun. But to pursue this course would be about

as reasonable as in studying mechanics to take into account the imaginations of the discoverers of perpetual motion. It is not impossible to raise a serious inquiry about the authorship of any ancient book, and sometimes the desire to say what has never been said before is a sufficient temptation to such questioning. It is very noticeable sometimes how much reliance a theorist will place upon a single sentence upon which his theory absolutely depends for support, whilst over every other word of the book he holds a suspended judgment. It will be sufficient for the purpose which we have in view to appeal to the general verdict of competent scholars of every school of criticism. This verdict fairly covers six books of the New Testament. We repeat that when we set down so small a number we must not be understood to abandon all the rest as apocrypha. We do not allow, as some insist, that the historical claims of what remains or of the larger part of what remains have been fatally damaged; we simply desire to draw the line between the questioned with more or less reason and the unquestioned, and to call attention to the very important fact that a very large part of the book is unquestioned and wholly out of the reach of the eager controversies of our day. There are six letters of a Christian writer who calls himself Paul, and tells us that he was a comparatively late convert to our religion, and had once been its enemy, "one born out of due time, not meet to be called an apostle, because I persecuted the Church of God." These letters we may confidently accept as genuine. They are the two Epistles to the Thessalonians, the two to the Corinthians, one to the Galatians, and one to the Romans. We were inclined at one time in drawing our line between the debated and the undebated ground to exclude the two letters to the Thessalonians, because they have been seriously argued against by that very eminent critic F. C. Bauer. But, on the other hand, his arguments have failed to impress those who are least inclined to the received views upon the New Testament compositions, and will be, we are quite sure, regarded as over-critical. To most persons the considerations which Bauer urges in support of his adverse judgment will seem to tend the other way, and the letters, simply because they are undoctrinal and informal, will be found to illustrate, in a way at once most natural and most interesting, a very important

stage in the Christian growth of the author and of the church. However, if any one so pleases, they may be left out of our count; and, though we should be compelled to write four instead of six, we shall not lack abundant material for our delineation of the Christian Church at the close of the first quarter century of its life.

It is not necessary to go behind these general statements, precisely for the reason that we are not upon ground every inch of which has been fought over and which is now covered by opposing forces. We are entitled to the unspeakable comfort of a mind quiet as to years, months, and days, under no necessity to bring certainty out of uncertainty, reading faint signs by a dim light, and drawing from facts not quite certain inferences altogether uncertain. We are free to express our great satisfaction in having in hand a matter in which a year or two one way or the other will make no difference. This advantage will be appreciated when we are told that for the conversion of Paul eleven different dates have been suggested. Our six Epistles may well enough be included between A.D. 52 and A.D. 58. They were written at the close and just after the close of the first twenty-five years of the New Life, as near to the time of the Resurrection as the year 1850 is to us. We may take this as an undoubted fact, and it is well worth dwelling upon, and supplies a grand starting-point for the study of Christian history. These letters, be it observed, are strictly contemporary documents, and of the very best kind, being the compositions of one who is a part, and a very important part, of the business which is going forward, and which is incidentally and in the most natural manner set forth in his writings. And the fact is the more interesting because until we touch this period, and have laid our hands upon these letters, we have only the most meagre account of the Christian movement, and, whether we like it or not, must listen to one and another critic and questioner of the value and meaning of such material as we have. For a score of years or thereabouts we have not as many chapters of the Book of Acts, without any precise order of the events which are there set down, and, as we say, even these chapters are a part of the battle-ground between the critics and the apologists. The letters throw a flood of light backward. We see at once what years of intense life must have gone before them and made

them necessary. We see that, whether the early Christians were writing history or not, they were making it. The story of the new religion has been carried during this period beyond Jerusalem, beyond Judaea, beyond Syria, beyond Asia Minor; there is already a church in Corinth and there is a church in Rome. One cannot refrain from expressing the longing that the series of Epistles might have begun earlier, especially when we know that some of the letters of Paul have been lost, and are unable to resist the conviction that with his temperament and occasions he must have been a copious writer. The first half of the ministry of the apostle, more or less, is altogether unillustrated by any Epistles; but it is scarcely credible that none were written. We are reminded that within a single year of his life he wrote the two letters to the Corinthians and the letter to the Romans which are in quantity more than half the whole of his Epistles, and not much short of a seventh part of the entire New Testament. But the churches were all the while coming together, in the world, and yet not of the world, wonderful new societies of men and women, and although the letters which may well have been written to them have not been preserved, we presently find ourselves introduced into scenes of intense religious and moral activity, and see that, although without written signs, man has passed from death into life, and has entered wonderfully upon an age of faith, hope, and love, which is characterized by a singular creative and constructive Power whose beneficent and redeeming works are everywhere to be recognized. We ask in vain for the details of the establishment of the gospel in Rome, but we find that somehow it has been planted there, just as later on in the Christian story we ask vainly about its planting in Alexandria, and only find that it is working there in great vigor. In this way, as in so many other ways, we learn that the Divine Providence was far more engaged to get the work done than to get the record of the work written. How we puzzle and dispute over records in nature and in the progress of man, and are blind to the fact that the Life has been manifested in all ages in certain plain results, and precious fruits, however difficult it may be to spell out the story! The world was full of those Christians who were living gospels and epistles, it may be whilst what we call Gospels and Epistles were unwritten, and it

could not altogether lose what every hour the Holy Spirit was teaching, embodying it in a new social order, freely receiving and freely giving, so completing and perpetuating the work of Jesus, according to his promise of greater things. And under a dispensation not of the letter but of the spirit, we must not wonder or complain that we have so little of the letter, especially when what little we have is of such admirable quality.

Now, again insisting that we have no thought of putting a slight upon any other portions of the New Testament, we wish in view of the condition of our religious times to direct attention to our six letters as illustrations of the inward and outward life of the Christian Church at the time of their writing. With their help we hope to be able to reconstruct that infant and yet vigorous society. Perhaps it will seem to some to be enough to ask that these letters may be read anew with this definite purpose. It may be thought that they will sufficiently tell their own story and make their own impression. And very much that is commonly missed may be reached in this way. The Epistles are too often taken up in the smallest fragments, as one and another sentence is wrested from its connections and put to a fearful strain as a proof text in the struggle of the theologic sects. Each little book should be read through at a sitting, and there may be great advantage in using for the purpose a fresh translation, or a version in a foreign tongue, for the sake of counteracting the deadening effect of familiarity, and putting the reader as nearly as may be into the condition of one to whom the tracts had been brought for the first time, as ancient manuscripts just discovered amongst some ruins, say of Thessalonica, or of Corinth, or of Rome. Words which now make no impression upon us, except as having a sort of holy sound, would then be found full of the richest meaning; what before lay flat upon the ground, as dead or sleeping, would spring into life and activity, and we should see be[illegible] inspired and inspiring teacher, full of the faith and [illegible] God, an apostle with all the signs of an apostle, encompassed by a breathing, believing, impassioned community. But there will be a farther advantage in a more careful reading of the little books, and a careful endeavor to reproduce in its details the life which they have brought into the light of history.

Let us note first a few general facts of place and people. We find ourselves away from what we call the land of the book, away from the mother city of our religion, in the centre of Asia Minor, what is now Turkey in Asia, amongst the Galatian churches, in Macedonia, north of Greece Proper, with the people of Thessalonica, now Salonichi, the capital of one of the Roman divisions of that country, a luxurious and populous town; in the new Corinth, a kind of international city, Roman and Grecian, on the famous isthmus which connects the two parts of Greece, and in Rome, the great world metropolis of that day, and destined to play so important a part in the future of that forming society of the followers of Jesus. Of the churches in these places all except that in Rome were gathered by the writer of our letters. Of the origin of the Roman Church we have no historic account whatever. It does duty simply as something to dispute about. The letters indicate that the members of the congregations in Galatia and Rome were a kind of Gentile Jews or Jewish Gentiles, whilst in Corinth and Thessalonica the converts would seem to have been gathered chiefly from the heathen people. And we may call attention here to the wide dispersion of the Jews at this time in the Roman world, and to their marvellous earnestness and success in making converts to their religion. It was anything but a dying faith. Indeed, it was giving the best evidence of life in its capacity to put forth a new form. Everywhere you found Jews, and Jews who were capable of mediating between the philosophies of Greece and the old sacred faith which came by Moses. The Jew Philo of Alexandria was a contemporary of Jesus. Two of the five quarters of that city were inhabited by Jews; there was a million of Jews in Egypt; they abounded in Rome, and attracted, as the Christians hardly did the notice of Roman writers, like Seneca and Tacitus, and th[illegible]es had long been translated into Greek, since the [illegible]lexander a widely spoken language. There [illegible] ac[illegible]ing to the Bool[illegible]cts, a Jewish synagogue. W[illegible] a na[illegible] ancient Judaism and C[illegible]anity which has been too m[illegible] The Jews who were [illegible] away from the temple and the altar, and the smoke of the s[illegible]rifice at Jerusalem, were more in the best spirit of their relig[illegible] and so better able to do justice to the new

religion; they could receive it for themselves, and give it to the outside world as a new and advanced and spiritualized Judaism, and undoubtedly there were many who had been at once attracted and repelled by Jewish proselytizers but were at once brought into the Christian society. We easily gather in this way what must have been going on in the work of spreading the gospel during these first eighteen years of which we have in the Book of Acts such a slender and scarcely digested account. There was the train all ready to be fired, and the spark dropped out of the heavens, and the flame ran through the world beyond the power of any to stay it. The Roman Church, so far as any trustworthy account of its original is concerned, would seem to have founded itself. The time had come for it. Travelers carried the tidings in their minds and hearts, and the word was everywhere the fruit of their lips. The story of Jesus was incessantly told. It fashioned for itself sentences of its own which were continually repeated, as sure to come out in the same form as stereotype editions of a book are sure to correspond. It was adapted to the common people, and they heard it gladly. Once in a man's soul, he carried it with him wherever he went, and a necessity was laid upon him to publish it as from heart to heart, and as he journeyed by the way, and as the Spirit gave him utterance, as we read in the case of Philip the Evangelist and the treasurer of Queen Candace. The air was full of it, just as when the time has come for some movement in science, and the same discovery is made in widely separate places by different investigators, and we have questions as to precedence which are sure never to get settled. No costly machinery was necessary; missionary boards were extemporized, there was no need to translate scriptures into foreign tongues or the dialects of perishing tribes of savages and barbarians, somehow it all got told to open ears; God gave [illegible] great was the company of them that published it [illegible] the first twenty-[illegible]ars signs of [illegible]egin to appear in the book[illegible] are calling attention [illegible] which we propose [illegible] features of those religious times.

Coming now to the examination of our [illegible]ers we will begin with the earliest, those to the people in Thessal[illegible]ica. It has been proposed by one and another critic, and not without some reason,

to invert the order of these two Epistles, but it is not essential to our purpose whether the one or the other be read first.

I. We ask, first, What do the letters disclose concerning the authorship? From the opening sentence it would seem to have been threefold, for they both begin with a greeting from three persons, Paul, Silvanus or Silas, and Timothy, but as we read on we soon learn that the writings are from one mind and one heart, and that the two who are associated with the first named are fellow-workers but not fellow-writers. The "we" is the "we" of an author. "We sent Timothy our brother," expressly excludes Timothy from the authorship, and indeed Paul breaks out individually in the first letter, and closes the second with his own underwriting. The author of the letters is the chief missionary by whom those addressed had been brought into the new belief and the new life; they are a part of the fruit of his labors in the cause of the new religion, and he is bound to them in the strongest and most tender bonds, as the father is bound to his children. He takes no official title, perhaps because he associates other names with his own, perhaps because he was not yet as afterwards called an "apostle;" but he writes with all the authority of a natural and providential spiritual and moral guide, and expresses the most entire satisfaction with the ready zeal of his converts whose fame he tells them has gone far and wide. His labors amongst them have been wholly disinterested and altogether at his own charges. The letter distinctly implies that he had lived amongst them for a considerable time, pursuing the every day occupation which, in some form or other, an excellent Jewish custom provided for its learned class, making known meanwhile his priceless convictions, it is likely in an altogether informal way, because a necessity was laid upon him to proclaim what was so dear and so vital. The [illegible]veal a man of a very ardent temperament, wholly in his[illegible]me along by it. His supply of language is scarcely propor[illegible] to the wealth of his nature and the urgency of his message, so that his sentences chase one another, and as perhaps we should see without surprise in a letter, produce but a slight impression of method and orderly distribution of thought. He writes as one who is profoundly sensible of the reality of Divine Guidance, and upon whose heart the finger of a Living

God has written words which it is his privilege to repeat and interpret. In this persuasion and in this service he has been willing to encounter shame and pain, and though his joy is great he is also a sufferer in the cause, inwardly uplifted and refreshed, but weighed down outwardly. So much of the writer's personality comes out from the sentences of the letters, and gives an intense reality to them which almost of itself precludes the suspicion of forgery. We have before us authentic pages from the Book of Human Life; and the men of a later period who testify to the authorship of the writings, and are competent as witnesses to the prevailing opinion of their time, would have been wholly unequal to the task of composing such sentences.

II. Passing now from the writer to those whom he addresses, we find that they are the inhabitants of a city which in the time of the Romans was the capital of Macedonia, and got its name from the sister of Alexander the Great. The orator Cicero, who lived there once as an exile, describes the place as in the heart of the Roman Empire. It was a great emporium for traffic by land and by sea, and a chief station of one of great Roman roads. Jews have always been prominent in the city, and to-day they number ten or twenty thousand of a population of sixty or seventy thousand. So we are in no mean city. The portion of the inhabitants to whom this letter is addressed are styled a "church." The word so translated is used interchangeably in the Greek translation of the Old Testament known as the Septuagint for "synagogue." We know that it got to be applied very soon exclusively to the people who were to be, and presently were, called Christians. From these letters we gather that they were a company by themselves, called out, as the name church or *ecclesia* implies, living in the world, and engaged in its common occupations, but with faiths, hopes, charities, which were altogether and most characteristically their own, summoned by a Divine Voice, lifted above the common levels of society into new expectations and a higher life. It appears that a greater part of the society, to say the least, had been gathered from amongst heathen: they are described as having turned from idols to serve the living and true God; which could hardly have been said even of Jewish proselytes, — that is, of those who had been converted first to

Judaism and then had embraced the new religion. Perhaps many of them had been interested before in the Jewish Church, but had also been repelled by its formalities and its narrowness. We find further that their discipleship had been very costly to them as to their teacher, and that their lives were still sorely embittered and their faith sharply tried by the persecution of those who hated and dreaded the new religion. The opposition came from their own countrymen, just as had been the case with the disciples of Jesus in relation to their brethren amongst the Jews, who, as Paul implies, were especially disturbed not only because the gospel was preached at all, but because it was preached to the Gentiles, — the first traces of the great offense which beyond all the other teachers of the new religion Paul was destined to give. As to organization, it must have been of the simplest kind, though already we trace the tendency of intense life to embody itself, and throw out the necessary limbs and instruments. We gather from the directions at the close of the first Epistle that there would seem to have been some whose special function it was to exercise an oversight of the rest as better taught and better fitted to be leaders: they are spoken of as those "who labored amongst them and are over them in the Lord," presiding officers in their assemblies, visitors of the poor, helpers of the feeble-minded, consolers of the sick and the sorrowful. And what a few did for the whole, as overseers or bishops, each is called upon to do for the other according to the ability or need of each and the other, in the spirit of a true community. For public religious exercises we find mention of "prophesyings," by which we are not to understand the foretelling of future events, but rather a form of earnest, enthusiastic utterance, needing sometimes the qualifying addition of knowledge, or what is called being tried or proved, tested, we may understand, by the wisest and deepest sense of the society, guided by the experience of the elders, who must not despise the most stammering utterances of the new life, the scarcely articulate voices of the spirit, but will choose out and emphasize the best and really precious. As brethren they greeted each other with a kiss, — the common form of ancient salutation amongst near friends, and the beginning of a custom which is described later in the life of the church, as we find in the accounts

of the earliest Communion celebration, the men kissing the men, and the women the women, whilst the two sexes sat apart.

III. And now we come to ask in what knowledge or persuasion, in what new loyalty, and in what manner of life, were these men and women so bound together. The answer is plainly written upon every page and in almost every sentence of the letter. Our attention is attracted and fastened at once by a Name which stands forth from the writings second only to that of the Supreme Being. The letters speak of Jesus, of the Lord, and of the Christ, — which is Greek for Messiah, — the Anointed, the Commissioned, the Divine King of men and amongst men. In a good sense it is all about Him. He is the explanation, so to speak, of the wonderful movement in which they are borne onward. They have heard what they call "a gospel," or good tidings, which they describe as the gospel of Christ. Both letters close with the benediction, "The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ be with you all." We find that these men and women of Thessalonica are in the use and enjoyment of what they confidently regard as a communication or revelation of the Divine Counsels in the Life of One who only a little while before passed out of human sight. Of this Jesus, or Lord, or Christ, we have no detailed account; indeed, he may be said rather to be alluded to, and, as it were, taken for granted than described and dwelt upon, even as one does not talk about the sun, or even gaze at it, but walks in it and works by it. The impression of this wonderful Personality, this Beginning and End, is altogether vague, but it is immense. It is all of God that they are in their spiritual and moral condition, but it is all *through* this Son of God. We long, as in so many other readings of the New Testament, to receive some account of his life from one who, as an after-comer into the society, whose name is not found amongst the earliest disciples, may well have gathered his knowledge of the Master and his religion from some independent sources; but he does not set down in these letters what he must have related to them in his original preaching of Jesus, and, considering their brevity, we ought not perhaps to have looked for anything of the kind. We can gather from them no gospel of Jesus, but only that there had been a gospel of Jesus; and if we are to judge of its significance we must study

it in its effects upon the lives of those to whom it has come. Now, as to these effects it is plain that their being has been altogether renewed. They are in a state of great religious exaltation. They are in God the Father and in the Lord Jesus Christ, filled with new faiths, hopes, charities, in power and in the Holy Spirit, and with much assurance, able to abound in love one toward another, — a society whose fame has even gone abroad. They live in a creative age. They have a religion which deserves the name. They have really been brought to God, and their faith and hope are in him. The conscience has been thoroughly aroused and instructed. The great deep of the heart is broken up. It is the day of God's power, and he is creating a new heaven and a new earth, and his tabernacle is with men who have come to loving and trusting speech with him. It is a spiritual abundance which needs not so much to be increased as to be guided. The faith is there, and you have only to add to it manliness and knowledge, and the rest. You see that you are on the eve of revolutions and in the beginning of a new time. You can hardly tell what will come of it, only that it will be something very wonderful, and what those who are borne along by the movement would least of all have expected. At all events, it is no far-off God any more. The Mediator has completely fulfilled his gracious office. When the writer uses the word "Lord," we cannot always tell whether he means God or Jesus Christ: sometimes he seems to include both, as in Romans viii. 9–11, where the Spirit of Christ, Christ himself, and the Spirit of Him that raised up Christ from the dead, are used successively as different expressions of the same power working in the heart of man. And of this raising from the dead it may be said that it is the one declaration, — and a most amazing one, — which the letters make concerning Jesus. He is described as the Son of God from heaven "whom he raised from the dead," and as "Jesus who died and rose again." Certainly it is not straining the words beyond their fair meaning when they are understood to express a resurrection already accomplished, and of a kind beyond and other than that in which Paul as a Pharisee already believed. Indeed, there would be no point in the use which is made of the alleged resurrection for the comfort of those whose friends had

already, and during the time of waiting, died, or "fallen asleep," unless it is understood of one who like them had been laid in the grave, and had come forth from it, as they, too, should come. As Jesus died and rose again, so shall they also who have fallen asleep in the faith of Jesus rise as he rose, coming forth from their graves as he from his. The strength of their expectation emphasizes their persuasion of the reality of the experience upon which they founded it, and their error in what they looked forward to may easily be separated from what they had seen and heard, or at least believed that they had seen and heard. Those who so wrote and spoke of Jesus compel us to assume some incidents following his death which had given them a peculiar assurance of his continuing life, — an assurance as vivid and real to the writer of this letter as to those who had followed Jesus in his ministry, and far or near had gazed upon the sad sight of his crucifixion. Why emphasize his rising, if they had only the same guess or opinion or even belief about it that they had of others who had passed beyond this life? Is it enough to say, with some, that the death of one so altogether holy and lovely transfigured death? On the contrary, the language takes for granted, though it does not carry out into particulars, the story of the resurrection as we shall read it a little later in one of the letters to the Corinthians; and from what comes out here incidentally, or is appealed to as matter of consolation, we conclude that this society of disciples did not regard their then invisible Head as one whose body was moldering in a Jewish sepulchre, but whose spirit had returned to God who gave it. There is special significance in this less direct reference to the great overmastering experience of the early church. Suppose the case of an honored and dearly loved and almost worshipped teacher, taken from his disciples by the hand of tyranny and injustice in the midst of his days and his work, or even, as in the instance of Socrates, at the close of a life devoted to the service of his race, should we expect those disciples, because they had before cherished and had now been much confirmed in their persuasion of another life, to speak of their Master specially as of one whom God had raised from the dead? This ancient church is placed before us as somehow in the presence of one who is invisible, and who may at any moment shine

forth again from the veil, no longer in great humility, but in power and glory. They may have found, as they came to read the Old Testament, something in the story of the translation of Elijah which was typical of their Master's withdrawal into the heavens; and as it was almost an article of the Hebrew Creed to believe in the Second Coming of that Prophet, so Christian expectation has, from the earliest times until now, fashioned itself into a hope of the re-appearing of Jesus.

IV. And if we inquire as to the salient point of belief in this ancient society of disciples, the characteristic feature in their religion, what we might call in these days the article of a standing or falling church, we find it to have been not a simple confidence in Christ, not a recognition of his cross nor a sharing of his cross, but singly and emphatically just this expectation of his speedy return to judge the world and bring in his kingdom. They, of all the world, have had their warning call; they have become children of the light: they cannot be surprised by anything which shall happen. It is a very simple creed, and the discipline and the symbols which accompany it are correspondingly simple. They have been brought out of a dark and evil world upon which the heavy hand of God is soon to fall. No longer will the Judge of all the earth suffer the nations to walk in their own ways. He is calling upon all men everywhere to repent. The end of all things is at hand. They are privileged in this, that warning has come to them. They find in it the evidence that God has not appointed them to wrath, but to obtain salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ. An awakened conscience is interpreting duty for them, and they seem to be summoned to instant obedience. They must begin a new life in the light of the new teaching which is plain and practical, — not a theory of any sort to be studiously revolved and accepted, not the setting forth of a sacramental process, — there is no slightest reference to anything of the sort, but simply a discipline of every day duty and love; the application of their religious affections to the ordering of their lives, and that in circumstances of special trial; and the temptation, in the nearness of so great an expectation as the end of the world, to neglect common tasks. This thought manifestly fills the minds and hearts of these believers, and their father in the new faith is entirely at

one with them in their looking forward. He seeks only to guide and moderate their expectation, not to bring it into question. He refers to it as to what might very soon be made good, though not until there had been a manifestation of the power of evil in some mysterious way which he fails to explain to us who never listened, as these Thessalonians had, to his oral teachings. "I told you these things." This expectation crowds out or postpones all detail of wondrous fact and new opinion. It even seems to qualify very much their interest in what had already come into the light of the life of Jesus. All that was but the preparation for what should presently be revealed. Great things had already been achieved, and the fruits were everywhere to be seen in a redeemed world; but infinitely greater things were to come, — what they could hardly tell, only seeing clearly that their renewed and reformed lives would be the best preparation for these greater things. As men who wait for their Lord's coming, they are not consciously devising any definite plans or proposing to occupy with institutions an earth soon to be changed. The church in Thessalonica will soon be a church on the new earth and under the new heavens. As Prof. Jowett reminds us, it is idle to seek for bishops, presbyters, and deacons, an organized hierarchy, in such a provisional company. They were not equipping themselves for a crusade against sin and evil which was to last centuries. *We* see that they stood upon the threshold of a new world; *they* regarded themselves as drawing near to the end of an old world. The Spirit was yet to interpret our religion through the minds and hearts of its disciples. The revelation had not been completed then; has it yet been completed? Each Christian age is ready to think so; but has not every age thus far been mistaken? and is it not the characteristic of the immortal life hidden with Christ in God to outlive numberless forms, still burning through and swallowing up countless mortalities?

V. What progress had these early disciples made towards the measure of the Christian stature as we seem to see it? They are exhorted in a very plain style as they who are just struggling out of the sensual life of heathenism, and are sorely tempted to decline again into the sins of the flesh? It is as if one, strong in faith, and mighty to convert and persuade, should invade the

slums of a modern city and lift men and women into great persuasions and charities, at the risk, all the while, of a return of the old flood of evil, the exorcised spirit taking seven worse than himself, and forcibly or stealthily recovering his old ground. The disciples are very strong in faith, but they are in utmost need, all the time, of all their strength. The leaven is there; the lump is there also, and a stubborn lump it is. The difficulty is greatly increased by the connection of sensuality and religiosity in the old religions. In the new religion it is holiness to live a pure life, the one great fruit and token of the new spirit, as we see 1 Thess. iv. 3. And yet there is no advocacy of ecclesiastic asceticism, whilst even to very grievous offenders there is held out the hope of recovery and restoration. We see here a great ideal struggling into realization, a purifying and redeeming power steadily asserting itself in a better life. Compared with this terrible proclivity to sensuality, their inheritance from their heathen estate, the exceeding restlessness of the Thessalonian community seems but a slight evil; and yet it is severely reprehended by the writer of the Epistles: "For we hear that some among you are disorderly, working not at all, but are busybodies." They could not set themselves about any task. Almost inevitable it seems to us in view of the lively expectation of the end of all things. How could men over whom the heavens might at any moment be opened go about their common daily duties? But even so strong as that must be their trust in God, and "their patient waiting for Christ." He who is writing to them has shown in his own example how to do the nearest duty, not to cast one's own burden upon another who is already burdened enough, to maintain in all composure the order of every day life, fearing only to do wrong, and still looking through the deepening shadows for a Face which shall be benignant and bright with welcome, — the Face of One who, as Paul writes, "died for us," implying that there was a certain efficacy in his dying, or need for his dying, that whether we wake or sleep we might together live with him.

Now, it may not have been pleasant to all our readers to have been brought face to face with this ancient Christian society, and to have seen it just as it was, and not as after ages have imagined it to have been. It may seem to some that, in meeting the hard,

plain facts, we have lost a great deal. And we have if it is incumbent upon us to maintain that the Church of Christ was born complete, and is not rather an ever-unfolding Life and a perpetual Growth, the creation of the Spirit which makes all things new. But for our eyes there is a most fascinating reality in the picture; and, amidst all imperfections in the apprehension of the wonder which has come into the light of human life, we are met and mastered by the new faith, and by Him who is the Author and will be the Finisher of it. Indeed, these very imperfections in the minds of the disciples exalt the mystery of the Master, and supply just the human element which the Divine Providence everywhere and always accepts and redeems. We see that just this Christianity may well have been in its beginnings, and that just this it could never continue to be; for the Light in the life of Him who had wrought so mightily upon human hearts that multitudes were tempted to drop their implements of labor and stand waiting for his re-appearing, trying to be as ready as a singular purity could make them for this daily expected wonder, needed only the interpretation of the Divine Providence in history to become the Light not of a remnant of mankind saved from premature destruction, but of a whole world, — a world whose extent and boundaries were not then so much as dreamed of. In this, as in everything else, facts will be found more precious and more significant than imaginations; and the nearer we come to the truth, and to what actually was, the more shall we be moved to wonder and to worship. One thing more of this infant church: it is plain that they were not gathered from the wise and the mighty and the men and women of repute. They were of the common people. Our religion was not in the beginning addressed to the learned. It was a faith, not a philosophy. Knowledge should be added to it, but some of its best work was done before any such addition was made. This writer has gained some repute as a scholar, — though his equipment of this sort has been much overstated, — but his learning does not come out in these plain letters to plain people about a religion which thus far must have been singularly characteristic of One who, though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, and spake to that conscience and heart in which all men meet before God.

Since writing this paper, we have reviewed the objections which are brought by Bauer against the Pauline authorship of the Epistles to the Thessalonians, as they are presented both in the body and in the third appendix of "Paul, His Life and Works." We cannot avoid saying that, more than before, they seem to us to belong to those mere ingenuities of criticism which the most judicial and candid mind need not take into account. They are founded chiefly upon the assumption that, as time went on, there could have been no growth in the apostle's conception of Christianity, the very opposite of which would seem to be the more reasonable opinion. As the Spirit led him into the truth, and knowledge was added to his faith, his relations to the church of his childhood would change, and that very rapidly. It is very interesting to trace this progress, and we are not surprised to find that it was very rapid. The utmost that might be reached through a study of our Epistles from the stand-point of Bauer would be an opinion, already alluded to, that their order has been reversed. Read in this way, and with the understanding that they are not treatises, but letters, and that they assume much knowledge of former teachings on the part of the reader, they belong just where we have placed them. May we take a little space to protest against the quiet and matter-of-course assumption that the earliest Christians were capable, morally, we mean, of deliberately forging religious compositions, with appropriate lies of place and circumstances? Say, if you will, that their transcendent faith in their Master compelled them to compass him about with wonders, — multiplied loaves, and changed water into wine; so saying you do not assail their honesty, though you do seek to discredit their testimony, and present them to the world as the victims of an invincible delusion. But when you talk composedly of tendency writings, books put together in an interest and for an object to which interest and object truth and fact are purposely sacrificed, we must part company with you. However it may have been later, in the beginning it was not so: misapprehensions possibly, eyes that only saw what they brought means of seeing, but no willful lying. "Lie not one to another."

RUFUS ELLIS.

THE INTRODUCTION TO HEGEL'S LOGIC.*

THE industry of Mr. Wallace, in the translation and Prolegomena before us, is rather out of the common line. It will probably not find many readers, but those who do give it an hour or two every day, for a few months, will not go unrewarded.

The introductory chapters are, on the whole, excellent; and, in part, constitute a sort of "argument" to the "Logic." They give a clear notion of the condition of philosophy when Hegel took the field; and they show his relation to Kant, to theology, to science, and so on.

As a translator Mr. Wallace has shown great skill, and, as he says in his preface, has tried to give the meaning without always strictly adhering to the letter of the original, though a literal translation would undoubtedly have been a much easier task. To many persons, in view of the fact that the professed disciples of Hegel differ so widely as to what their master really did mean, the effort of the translator as above stated may appear presumptuous, if not absurd. But we believe, that, after a careful perusal of the book, most readers will be convinced that he is both modest and reasonable, and therefore open to neither of the above charges. After all it is but a shallow mode of criticism which would condemn a master, in any department of life or thought, on account of the differing, and often antagonistic, views of his followers. Indeed, such differences are like the roots of a tree: the organism of which they are a part may be measured by their size, quality, and number. A system which gave rise to no such differences would be lifeless, and may be compared to the withering shoots which children stick into the ground when they are "playing garden."

In addition to the text of Hegel, Mr. Wallace gives us the notes of three of the philosopher's disciples who were present at the

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* The Logic of Hegel. Translated from the Encyclopedia of the Philosophical Sciences, with Prolegomena, by William Wallace, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co.

lectures and took down the extemporary remarks and illustrations of the speaker.

The "Logic" consists of nine chapters, — five of them preliminary. These five chapters, and the sixth also, will amply repay a careful perusal, even if one cannot summon the courage to enter the severer and less genial climate of the "Logic" proper. The "Logic" here translated, it should be remembered, is a compend of the "Science of Logic," though differing somewhat from that work in arrangement. It was prefixed by Hegel to the "Encyclopedia of the Philosophical Sciences," and is there followed by the "Philosophy of Nature" and the "Philosophy of Spirit." This threefold division, according to Hegel, embraces the entire realm of philosophy.

Chapter I., headed "Introduction," opens with a distinction between the objects of the sciences and those of philosophy: the latter are "not familiar to the imagination or recognized in ordinary thought." Philosophy is described, in a general way, as a "thinking view of things." Philosophical thought is distinguished from ordinary thought; and the thought which underlies consciousness (that is, feeling, perception, and imagination) is distinguished from "thought proper." But, with special reference to certain doctrines of the time, Hegel says, "These doctrines would put feeling and thought so far apart as to make them opposites, and would represent them as so antagonistic that feeling, particularly religious feeling, is supposed to be contaminated, perverted, and even annihilated by thought. They also emphatically hold that religion and piety must grow out of, and rest upon, something very different from thought. But those who make this separation forget meanwhile that only man has the capacity for religion, and that animals no more have religion than they have law and morality." These doctrines contradict the commonly accepted proposition that it is thought which marks the man off from the animal. Those who would separate religion and thought mean only one phase of thought, — that, namely, which holds that "the now somewhat obsolete proofs of God's existence" must be treated "as if a knowledge of them, and a conviction of their truth, were the only means of producing a belief and conviction of the being of God. Such a doctrine would find its parallel if we said that

eating was impossible before we had acquired a knowledge of the chemical, botanical, and zoölogical qualities of our food; and that we must delay digestion until we had finished the study of anatomy and physiology." After much preliminary discussion, Hegel arrives at the division of philosophy already mentioned.

Chapter II. begins with a general description of logic as the science of the pure Idea. It may also be called the science of thought, and of its laws and characteristic forms. Then follows what may be regarded as the first great step of Hegel in advance of all previous philosophers, properly so called. Thought is partially shown, partially assumed to be, objective, and the phrase "objective thought" is said by Hegel to be equivalent to the statement that "Reason, or Understanding, is in the world." "Thought is the substance of what is spiritual, and forms the indwelling nature of external things." The very expression "objective thought" implies contradiction, and the resolution of this contradiction is stated, in the last paragraph of this chapter, to be the objective point of the system of philosophy here introduced. Thus, in our view, one of the chief merits of Hegel is in his statement of the question. In other words, we may say that two fundamental assumptions underlie the system of Hegel. The first of these is that the human mind can know Truth, can know what really IS. This doctrine was by no means new, only Hegel made the assumption in full consciousness of his procedure, and with a definite intention of returning to it in such a manner as to show its complete justification. The hold which this question about the possibility of knowing Truth had on the German mind, at the close of the last and the beginning of the present century, may be seen from the fact that it was taken up even by the poets. Goethe, for example, immortalizes the skepticism of that age in his "Faust," where the whole rational world is shown to stand or fall with the assumption in question.

The second assumption above mentioned is a consequence of the first, and may be stated in the expression, "The world is made out of thought."

The significance of these assumptions will be more fully realized if we resolve them into one simple question: Is the human mind finite or infinite? If the former, Hegel is in error, and his

whole system, — nay, any attempt to construct a rational theory of the universe is an absurdity, and for the very simple reason that the infinite universe can no more be crowded into a finite comprehension than the ocean into a quart mug. If the mind is finite, — that is, if God or Nature, or any other conceivable entity, can or does set up impassable limits to thought, — then let us ring the bell for Mephistopheles, for Pessimism must be to us both philosophy and religion. Atheism were better, far better, than such a belief. For, if there were now no God, we might at least hope, like Diderot, that, with the infinite possibilities of human nature, He would yet spring into Being. To some persons it seems absurd, and to others irreverent, to speak of the human mind as infinite; but this is only on account of the vague meaning which the word conveys to them. God is not only infinite, but his infinity is realized every moment in the instant Eternity. He is the Absolute. On the other hand, man's infinity may be described as only possible and on the way toward realization. In his work entitled "The Science of Thought," C. C. Everett furnishes us an admirable treatment of this subject, toward the close of the volume.

In the third chapter, Hegel begins to examine the attitudes which thought assumes, one after the other as each proves itself inadequate, towards the objective world. We have here, and in the two following chapters, a sort of parallel of his "Phenomenology of the Mind." Each stage is seen to destroy or confute itself. The pre-Kantian metaphysic is first taken up. It was superior, he says, to the critical philosophy in one respect, — that is, it "took the laws and forms of thought to be the fundamental laws and forms of things." But this method was finite, — that is, it was born of the understanding. It tried to gain a knowledge of the Absolute by merely ascribing predicates to it. The terms of thought were cut off from their connection, from their solidarity. "Each was believed valid by itself and capable of serving as a predicate of the truth." Again, "the metaphysical system adopted a wrong criterion." It took its subjects ready made. Popular conception was its final judge.

Besides, "this system of metaphysics turned into dogmatism." "When our thought never ranges beyond narrow and rigid terms,

we are forced to assume, that, of two contrary assertions, . . . the one must be true and the other false." Hegel then examines the metaphysic in detail, under its branches of "Ontology," "Rational Psychology," "Cosmology," and "Natural Theology." We have room for only one or two more brief passages, though the chapter is rich in materials for quotation. Under Psychology, he says, —

> "It dealt with the metaphysical nature of the soul, — that is, of the mind regarded as a thing. It expected to find immortality in a sphere, dominated by the laws of composition, time, qualitative change, and quantitative increase or decrease."

Under Natural Theology, we have the following: —

> "The attributes of God, which ought to be various and precise, were, properly speaking, lost in haze, in the abstract notion of pure reality, of indeterminate Being. Still, in our material thought, the finite world continues, meanwhile, to have a real being, with God as a sort of antithesis; and thus arises the further picture of different relations of God with the world. These, formulated as properties, must, on the one hand, being relations to finite states, themselves possess a finite character (giving us such properties as just, gracious, mighty, wise, &c.); on the other hand they must be infinite. Now, on this level of thought the only means, and a hazy one, of reconciling these opposing requirements was quantitative exaltation of the properties, forcing them into the unconditioned sphere, or the *sensus eminentior*. But it was an expedient which really destroyed the property, and left a mere name."

In chapter IV., the "second attitude of thought toward the objective world" is discussed, under the heads "Empiricism" and the "Critical Philosophy." The causes of the rise of Empiricism were a desire for concreteness and for a firm footing. The old metaphysic was abstract; and, besides, anything might be proved by it after its fashion of "finite thought." Empiricism is briefly examined, and found inadequate chiefly on account of its *naïve* and unconscious use of metaphysics in the world of the senses, and because "necessity" and "universality" are impossible in a philosophy of mere sensation. Hegel next takes up the Critical Philosophy, and examines and criticises Kant's "Criticism of the Theoretical Faculty," "Criticism of the Practical Reason," and "Criticism of the Reflective Powers of Judgment." This

discussion is so long and close that we dare not attempt an abstract of it in our limited space. The result of Kant's system, according to Hegel, is that thought is subjective, and its ultimate vocation, which we cannot get over, lies in an abstract universality or formal identity. Thought is thus made an antithesis to Truth, which is no abstraction, but a concrete universal. In this highest form of thought, which is called Reason, the Categories are out of the question.

We have already pointed out that Hegel gets rid, at the very outset, or at least prepares to forever get rid, of the ghost-like thing-in-itself, which haunted the mind of Kant. The thing-in-itself is, in plain terms, no more nor less than the shadow cast by the belief that the mind of man is finite, and that the infinite, the truth, must forever be unknowable. In this criticism Hegel points out, — what it would be well for many of the so-called philosophers of the present day to remember, — that "it argues an utter want of consistency to say, on the one hand, that the understanding only knows phenomena, and, on the other, assert the absolute character of this knowledge, by such statements as, 'Cognition can go no further;' 'Here is the natural and absolute limit of human knowledge.'" "No one is aware that anything is a limit or defect, until he is at the same time above and beyond it." . . . "A limit or imperfection in knowledge comes to be termed a limit or imperfection only when it is compared with the idea which we have at hand of the universal, or perfect whole. A very little consideration might show that to call a thing finite or limited proves by implication the very actual presence of the infinite and unlimited, and that our knowledge of a limit is co-extensive with the present and actual consciousness of the unlimited." In the notes Hegel briefly dismisses the system of Fichte with the remark that "Fichte . . . never advanced beyond Kant's conclusion, that the finite only is knowable, while the infinite transcends the range of thought." Fichte's "impulse from without" is equivalent, says Hegel, to Kant's "thing-by-itself."

The Intuitional theory is discussed in chapter V. It is a sort of reaction from Kant. Jacobi is the champion of this school.

He declares the Categories to be finite in their own nature, where as Kant supposed them to be so only because they are subjective. Hegel discusses the fundamental principle of this school at some length, and shows, to his own satisfaction at least, that immediacy and mediation are so bound up together as to render their separation impossible. He says that the iterations of these thinkers are but useless repetitions of doctrines long before enunciated, or truisms whose refutation no real philosopher would think of or desire. The "one-sidedness" of the Intuitional school, Hegel says, has the following characteristics: 1. The criterion of truth being in consciousness, truth has no basis but subjective knowledge. In other words, anybody's whims or crotchets may be passed off as the very nature of mind in general. 2. Any superstition or immorality may be justified by this theory. 3. "The immediate knowledge of God goes no further than to tell us that he is: to tell us *what* he is, would be an act of knowledge, involving mediation."

Jacobi simply returned to the starting-point of the pre-Kantian metaphysic in the Cartesian philosophy, Hegel tells us; and this chapter concludes with a comparison of Jacobi and Descartes. They both held, first, the simple inseparability of the thought and being of the thinker; second, "the inseparability of existence from the conception of God;" and, third, "the immediate consciousness of the existence of external things." Some differences between the two are also briefly noticed.

Chapter VI. gives us the "proximate notion of logic, with its subdivisions." "In point of form, logical doctrine has three stages or aspects:" "the abstract stage of understanding; the dialectical or negative reason; and the speculative stage of positive reason." Each of these is more minutely described, and the student is warned not to regard this as a subdivision of logic. The subdivision, however, is soon reached, and is as follows: —

I. Doctrine of Being;

II. Doctrine of Essence;

III. Doctrine of Notion and Idea.

We have purposely lingered among these introductory chapters, because we have no wish to dwell on the logic proper. Here

no abstract can be of much service. Besides, Mr. Wallace, and the writers of the notes printed in small type, have done their work so well that persons really in earnest can, after a faithful study, arrive at a fair understanding of the work in question. Our main purpose, too, has been to entice stray wanderers in the field of thought to a quarter where there are rich mines that few in our country have had the courage to enter or the perseverance to work. We have endeavored to show that Hegel is not always hard, and that there are certain attractions in him for which he receives no credit in the popular mind. That his method is all which is claimed for it, that he has discovered the absolute philosophy, that he is never unnecessarily obscure, we dare not venture to assert. But we believe it is not too much to say that he has contributed more to the solution of the three great questions of God, Freedom, and Immortality, about which all human history clusters, than any other philosopher, either in ancient or in modern times; that he has shown that thought — whose primary, ultimate form is Personality — is the only entity which is sufficiently comprehensive and elastic to hold the universe in solution; that the human mind is self-determined, and that being thus self-existent — being what in every-day language we call character — man is indestructible except by his own free act.

J. H. Temple.

THE SAMARITANS.*

In a paper published some months ago in this Review, we spoke of a colony of Jews in China just ready to disappear utterly, after an existence of fifteen or twenty centuries. Another remnant of a people once numerous and important is found in the little community of Samaritans, who still linger in misery, in sadness, and in despair, at the foot of their sacred mountain, in the centre of the sacred land. Year by year their numbers are decreasing. A hundred years ago they had nearly fifty families. One year ago the whole number had fallen to one hundred and thirty-five persons; and a letter written from Nablous, in January of the present year, reduces the number to one hundred and twenty-two,— men, women, and children. Before the end of another century probably the last Samaritan will die, and their books and their story will be only the relics of an extinct people. Except as a surviving remnant, the people of this tribe are not interesting. Their ignorance is dense, even more than of the Arabs with whom they dwell. They live in the most squalid poverty, worse than that of the Jews on Mount Zion. They are coarse in manners, unsocial, suspicious, cunning, and their attachment to their faith is rather obstinate than devout. Of the world away from them they know little or nothing; they never travel, and there are old men among them who have never seen either the Jordan River or the Western Sea, both within a day's easy journey. They own a precious book, which most of them are unable to read, and which they exhibit to strangers with extreme reluctance, and only from strong pecuniary temptation. They are hated by their Jewish brethren, despised by their Moslem neighbors, and pitied by the Christians who curiously seek them out. Their celebration of their sacred festivals is mean, shy, and hurried. They seem to be a people out of place as well as out of

* A Sketch of Samaritan History, Dogma, and Literature. By John W. Nutt, M. A. London. 1874. Questiones de Rebus Samaritanorum sub Imperio Romanorum peractis. Scripsit M. Appel Dr. Phil. Göttingæ. 1874.

time, an utter anachronism in this age. They have very slight knowledge of their own history, and even this small knowledge they are slow to impart. The contrast between their past and their present, their lofty inherited claim and their actual degradation, is more absolute than in the case of any existing tribe or race. They cannot even tell what they believe.

For information about the Samaritans, therefore, we have to go to other sources than to the present people. These sources are scattered, fragmentary, contradictory in statement, and biassed by prejudices of blood and of feeling. The actual literary remains of the Samaritan people are scanty enough, even when they are all brought together. A few liturgies, a few commentaries, a few theologies, a few chronicles, as wild and fanciful as the Arabic Mohammedan legends, — these, with the manuscripts of the Pentateuch, are the whole of Samaritan literature. They had no great or original writers, and the style is a jargon that hides the worthlessness of the ideas. Their literature, ancient or modern, will bear no comparison with the writing of their Jewish foes. Indeed, the most that we can find of the faith or the fortunes of the Samaritans comes from what the Jews have written about them. They have been made more famous by their enemies than by their own rabbins. The malice of their rivals has illustrated their influence more than any defense or claim which they have brought forward. We learn what they were in the Middle Ages almost wholly from the narratives of Jewish and Christian pilgrims.

Where did the Samaritans come from? Who were they in the beginning? This is a preliminary question, and it is a question not easy to answer. The race had no existence before the time of the Assyrian Captivity, and the word "Samaritan" is not once used in the Scriptures of the Old Testament before that event. The Samaritan region comes often enough into the history, in the city which Ahab built for his father, and in the more ancient city where the tent of the first patriarch was pitched, where Jacob digged his well, and where Joseph's tomb was builded. But nothing is known of any Samaritan variety of Israelites, different from other Israelites. The people are the descendants only of Ephraim and Manasseh, with the mingling of the blood of some of the other Hebrew tribes, and, to some de-

gree, of the Canaanite nations. Before the Assyrians broke upon Palestine and destroyed the Northern Kingdom, and carried off its people, the Samaritans as a community or a tribe are not heard of; there is no sign of any peculiar Samaritan faith or worship. There were bad idolatries enough in the kingdom of Ahab and his successors, but this Samaritan abomination was not one of them.

The existence of the people begins with the Assyrian Captivity, about seven hundred years before the Christian era. Perhaps the first appearance of the Samaritan religion must be assigned to a much later date, but it cannot be earlier. The beginning of strife between the Jews and Samaritans appears in the attempt of Zerubbabel to rebuild the Temple in Jerusalem, on the return of a Jewish colony from the captivity in Babylon, a little more than five hundred years before the time of Christ. At that time "Samaritans" were dwelling in Judea, in the ancient towns, and pretending to own the vineyards and the land. Who were these people? Were they the descendants of Israelites left behind by the Assyrians, — of men who did not go into captivity with their brethren? Were they the posterity of the colonists from the East sent in by the Assyrian king to take the place of the transported Hebrews? Were they Canaanite and Moabite marauders, who had possessed themselves of the deserted territory? Were they Jewish stragglers who had escaped from captivity and gradually worked their way back to Palestine in advance of the main colony? Or were they a mingling of all these, a conglomerate of races, of adventurers and vagabonds of various tribes and kindreds? It is impossible to tell. Probably the last supposition is nearest to the truth, and the Samaritans may be taken as only the general term for the occupants of the land of all sorts, when the Jewish colony from Chaldea came back to the ruined city of their fathers. Some were Hebrew, some Syrian, some Chaldean, and some the children of the proper Jews of the southern kingdom; possibly some were captives of the Assyrians from regions still farther east. The Samaritans were, in general, the people whose central abode was in fertile Samaria, but who spread themselves out from that centre over the other parts of the Sacred Land.

Had these people any definite and established religion, any conspicuous worship, when the Jewish high priest and his follow-

ers found them there in Palestine? Had they preserved or revived there any such worship as that of the former Temple, with its staff of priests and its hôly festivals, and its sacrifices and its solemn laws? Had they at that time any Book of the Law, or any knowledge of the Mosaic and patriarchal record? This, too, is what we cannot find out. When Zerubbabel first attempted to build the Temple, these men of Samaria came to him with friendly professions, and offered to assist him in the work, declaring that the Jewish God was their God, and that they had an equal share in the Hebrew inheritance. But when the Jewish pride and scruple rejected their aid, they turned to intrigue against the Jews, and used every effort to persuade the Persian king to revoke his permission to the Jewish missionaries. Their claim was inconsistent. Sometimes they insisted that they, and not the Jews, were the genuine followers of the first Hebrew leaders. At other times they disowned all Hebrew descent, and pretended, as Josephus tells us, now that they were Persians, and now again that they were Phœnicians. There can be no doubt that, in these earlier centuries of the Samaritan history, if they kept the Jewish Law and worshipped the Jewish Jehovah, they had also numerous idolatries; that the religions of the surrounding nations had a place with the Jewish religion; and that there was no exclusive faith. Very likely the condition of things was such as the writings of the Hebrew chronicles and prophecies show it to be in the later reigns of the Israelite kings.

The first permanent memorial of the Samaritan worship, as distinct from the Jewish worship, was undoubtedly the Temple built upon Mount Gerizim in opposition to the Temple at Jerusalem. The date of the building of this temple is another of those perplexing uncertainties in which all the Samaritan history seems to be involved. The occasion of this building, as Josephus tells it, was a marriage of the daughter of Sanballat, — a Cuthite foreigner, one of the Samaritan people, — to a brother of the Jewish high priest. The marriage caused great scandal among the stricter Jews, as it was contrary to their law; and the new temple was a reward to the Jew for his constancy in holding to his marriage bond. In this temple he might keep his customary worship, and not feel himself to be an outcast. But Josephus puts

the time of this event in the reign of Darius, the last king of Persia, whom Alexander conquered, about B.C. 335; while in the Book of Nehemiah, Sanballat appears as the foe of the Jews and their temple, some seventy-five or eighty years earlier. As the dates of Josephus are very loose and arbitrary, it is better to follow the Scriptural account; and the best Jewish critics hold that the Samaritan Temple was built at least four centuries earlier than the Christian era.

Not merely the convenient place, but the religious fame of Gerizim, might be a motive for making it the site of another temple. It had very ancient honor in the history of the people. One of the legends made Gerizim, and not Moriah, to be the place where Abraham went to sacrifice his son Isaac at the command of Jehovah; and, according to the narrative in Genesis, at the foot of Gerizim Abraham built his first altar to Jehovah, before he went farther on his journey. Some of the occurrences mentioned in the Book of the Judges were associated with this mountain. It was the mount of blessing for the Hebrew tribes, and it comes into the story before David bought the threshing-floor of Araunah, or Solomon built there his house to the Lord. It is in the very centre of the land, visible far and wide, high above the plain, yet easy of ascent, more fertile on its sides, and far broader on its summit, than Mount Moriah, and much fitter to be the site of a national sanctuary. If the first temple had been built upon Gerizim, instead of Moriah, it is quite probable that the revolt of the Ten Tribes would never have come, and that the larger part of the Hebrew people would have been hindered from their lapse into heathen idolatries. A topographer would choose Shechem, with its twin mountains and its abundance of streams, and not Jerusalem, far up among its rocky hills, and remote in the land, as the natural capital of the land. If a rival shrine were to be built, Gerizim was the place for it. Nature and Scripture seemed alike to justify the choice; and the bitterness of Jewish hostility to the Samaritans after this act of impiety is an evidence that Sanballat had not erred in his selection, that a great many Jews accepted the innovation, and that the malcontents were able to quiet their consciences in worshiping in the new temple. For two hundred years it stood there, — long enough to

fasten a traditional and undying hatred between the Jews and the Samaritans. When rival sects have condensed their rivalry into solid and costly foundations and structures, they cannot easily be brought together again. The builded churches stand in the way of the brotherly union.

In the meantime, before John Hyrcanus, about the year 129 B.C., finally conquered the city of Shechem and destroyed the temple, the dispute between Jews and Samaritans went on with increased bitterness. To the Scriptural honors of Gerizim the Samaritans had added fanciful glories. They said that Adam was created from the earth of this holy mountain. They said that, when the Deluge came, Gerizim alone was not submerged. The offending brother of the Jewish high priest, married against the Law, had been made high priest in the new temple, and a fraternal quarrel was added to the quarrel of the religions. The Jews, moreover, hated the Samaritans because they were disposed to make terms with the Greek marauders who ravaged Palestine, and they could have no charity for a people who were mean enough to ask that their temple might be consecrated anew to the Greek king of the gods, and to renounce their nationality. The fortunes of the Jews and Samaritans, in these wars with the Greek generals, were not very different. The Samaritan country was ravaged along with the Jewish, and the captives carried into Egypt were of both races. But even in their captivity they kept their hatreds, and fiercely disputed in the cities of the Nile valley whether Gerizim or Jerusalem were the true place of acceptable worship. Some of the Samaritans, indeed, had gone to Egypt in the retinue of Alexander before Ptolemy took Samaritan captives with him; and Josephus tells of a discussion between resident Jews and Samaritans in the city of Alexandria before the king, Ptolemy Philometer, on the points of their religious difference. The dispersion of the Samaritans to the Western and Southern nations, in Europe and Africa, began almost as soon as that of their Jewish rivals. Their influence on civilization was much less, as they were an inferior race, both in blood and in culture. There is no evidence that the Samaritans were known at all to the writers of Greece or Rome, or had any position in the great nations.

The destruction of their temple was an outrage which the Samaritans never pardoned. They answered it by misleading the Galilean Jews on their way to the sacred feasts, and even in killing some of them, if the legend may be trusted. They were turbulent subjects of the Jewish rule; and even when the Roman power was established in Palestine, and they had some privileges from the Roman prefects, they were still not satisfied, and claimed more than their protectors were willing to grant. One of their famous cities was restored by Herod, rebuilt in greater beauty, and named Sebaste in honor of the Emperor. They were able to defy their Jewish foes, and to practise their sacred rites. In the books of the New Testament they appear as a people to be dreaded as well as shunned. Yet the actual feeling of Jesus towards the Samaritans seems to be represented differently by the different Evangelists. According to Matthew, Jesus told his disciples to avoid the Samaritan cities; and when he himself journeyed to Jerusalem, he took pains to cross the Jordan, and go southward through Perræa, on the east side of the river. Luke, on the other hand, speaks of Jesus as decidedly friendly to the Samaritans. He sends his disciples into their country, and asks to have a house made ready for him in one of their villages. In his miracle and parable they appear in a favorable light. When the priest and Levite pass by the wounded man without caring for him, the Samaritan stops, lifts the sufferer, has him cared for in the inn, and pays for his keeping. When the ten lepers are cleansed, the only one that shows gratitude and praises God for his cure is a Samaritan. This would seem to imply that Jesus regarded the Samaritan worship to be genuine. In the fourth Gospel, Jesus appears as talking in a friendly way with a Samaritan woman, at the very foot of Mount Gerizim; and afterwards with more of the people, many of whom became his disciples. The woman admits that the Jews and Samaritans have no intercourse, and is surprised that Jesus should ask her to give him water. And in another place of the Gospel the feeling of the Jews is shown, where the Pharisees say to Jesus, "Now we know that thou art a Samaritan, and hast a devil." John certainly shows Jesus not bound by the prejudices of his race, and apparently admitting the claim of the woman that she was a genuine Israelite, that she was

a descendant of Father Jacob, though her people were misled in their worship. As Jesus taught that God was the spiritual father of all, so he began by calling into the true salvation the nearest Gentiles, the hereditary enemies of the Jewish people. In this conversation, moreover, the Samaritans share the Messianic hope of the Jews, expect a Christ, even if they do not worship in the right place; and they are willing to take a Jew as that Christ.

No explanation, which admits all the Gospels as genuine, has been able to harmonize this difference between Matthew and Mark on the one hand, and John and Luke on the other. It is not pleasant to accept the theory of Dr. Appel that Matthew rightly represents the feeling of the Master, and that the stories of Luke are colored by his Pauline purpose of calling in the Gentiles, while the account of John is a mythical reproduction of Eliezer and Rebecca at the well, and not the narrative of a literal history. That Jesus made any considerable number of Samaritan converts is not probable. They certainly did not get over their anti-Jewish feelings in joining his company, or follow him beyond the borders of their territory. Mark, in his account of the excitement caused by the first preaching of Jesus in Galilee, says that not only men came from beyond Jordan, and from Judea, — much farther than Samaria southward, — from Jerusalem and from Idumea, but even Gentiles from the coasts of Tyre and Sidon. The Samaritans do not appear in this company; and in none of the Gospels do the Samaritans ever appear as Christians along with the Jews. It seems, indeed, quite improbable that, in the state of feeling of the Jews at that time, any Samaritan should be found going down from Jerusalem to Jericho, — a journey which neither business nor piety would call him to make, — or that even lepers should forget their national antipathies in consorting with each other.

If Jesus made few converts from the Samaritans, his apostles seem to have been more fortunate. Philip, the deacon, did missionary work in Samaria; and they came "with one accord," so says the narrative, to hear him, and brought their sick to be healed by him. After him came Peter and John; and, even in the earlier time of Stephen's martyrdom, we read that the Church were scattered through Samaria as well as Judea. If we may trust Justin Martyr, the famous Simon Magus, who tried to buy

the Holy Spirit from the apostles, was a Samaritan, "of a city called Gitton." But Justin's testimony is to be received with caution, for he complains in another place in his Apology that very few of the Jews or Samaritans became Christians. Allusions to the Samaritans in the writings of the Christian fathers are rare. Most that we learn of them in the first Christian century comes from Josephus, and from scattered allusions in the Jewish Talmud. The wild fancies of the Samaritan chronicle, however, mention some additional facts, such as the rebuilding of the temple on Gerizim by the Romans, at the time of the war with the Jewish rebel, Bar Cocheba. In this rebellion, the Jews and Samaritans were at the beginning associated, but the Samaritans characteristically changed their alliance and joined what would evidently be the winning side.

In the meantime, in the wars of Palestine and the resulting conquests, the dispersion of the Samaritans had gone on. They were no longer concentrated in the central province of the land, but they had settlements in Gaza, in Cæsarea, in Tyre, in Damascus, in various parts of Egypt, in Rome, too. Cassiodorus speaks of their synagogue in Rome. By the Roman emperors of the second and third centuries they were generally favored. By the Roman emperors of the fourth and fifth centuries they were oftener persecuted. Hadrian, who built their temple on Gerizim (according to their own account), according to another account persecuted and insulted them; changed the name of Shechem to Flavia Neapolis; burned their books; built on Gerizim a temple to Jupiter, which gave rise afterward to the assertion that the Roman God and the Samaritan were one and the same. At a later period, the Emperor Commodus ordered the Samaritan schools to be shut, their synagogues to be destroyed, their priests to be killed, and prohibited the reading of their books. They had at times to contend with a triple foe, — with Pagans, with Jews, and with Christians. They were slandered as idolaters and infidels. One said that they worshiped the gods which they had dug up from the hiding of Jacob. Another accused them of using adulterated foreign wines. Another insisted that they made libations to heathen gods. Others accused them of worshiping doves, which seemed to connect their worship with the heathen Venus.

When Christians came into power in the empire, they were disposed to class the Samaritans with the Pagans, and prohibit their religion.

In the code of Theodosius II. the Samaritans are coupled with the Jews, and are burdened with the same civil disabilities. They cannot hold office; they cannot make binding wills; and if their property goes to their heirs, it is by special favor. On the other hand, it is expressly forbidden to any Samaritan parent to disinherit a child who may have been converted to Christianity, and have gone over, as the law expresses it, from their own darkness of superstition to the gospel light; or to lessen the legacy on that account, whether the offenders be few or many, daughters or sons. Under these disabilities, conversions, or the appearances of conversion, were frequent; comparatively few became Christians in heart, more than the Goths in Spain who pretended to be Saracens. Sometimes the rage of the Samaritans could not be controlled, and they were guilty of rash acts of violence. In the year 484, when Zeno was emperor, the Paschal Chronicle tells us that the Samaritans broke in upon the Christians while they were celebrating Pentecost, killed many of them, and cut off the fingers of Terebinthus, the bishop. The bishop carried to Constantinople his mutilated limb, showed it to the emperor, and the result was that the Samaritans were prohibited from using their sacred mountain, and a temple to the Virgin was built there, which was guarded night and day against their profanations. "And fear and peace came upon them," is the quaint sentence which the Chronicle uses to describe the effect of the persecutions. The peace, nevertheless, was not absolute. Under the lead of a Samaritan woman, a daring attempt was made to scale the mountain and to seize the temple. The guard was killed, but the people of the city did not sustain the attempt, and the effort of the heroine only ended in the massacre of her associates.

The Samaritans of this age had one distinguished scholar, almost the only one in their long history. Marinus, a Samaritan, held for nearly forty years the place of chief teacher in the schools of Athens, and was a noted interpreter of the works of Aristotle. He is praised by Damascenus as one whom priests, as well as wise men, glorified for the abundance and skill of his

labors, the many books that he wrote. Two other Samaritans, pretending to be Christians, reached high civil dignities in the reign of Justinian. Even one Silvanus, a Samaritan magistrate, took part against his countrymen. New seditions arose in Samaria, new and more stringent laws were passed against the "Manichæan heretics," which was the convenient way of designating any whom the orthodox Christians hated. Faustinus, the prefect, one of those Samaritans who pretended to be Christians, was able, by ministering to the avarice of Justinian, to get favor for his people. He was restored to his government by giving an ass loaded with gold to the agent of the emperor.

If the Samaritans could not hold public offices, they could at least be, what the Jews have been for so many centuries, — money-changers; and they gave their name to this occupation, which they held in many provinces of the empire. At Constantinople, in the reign of Justinian, the brokers and money-dealers were all called "Samaritans." Occasionally some of those who had gone over to the Christians, and had even been baptized, recanted. An edict was issued against these recantations. The slaves of Samaritans were encouraged to become Christians by the promise of their freedom. They were not allowed any longer to have synagogues, and their evidence in court was not received against a Christian. Their name was the synonym of meanness and wickedness, and they had really no rights which the Christians were bound to respect.

This was the condition of the Samaritans at the beginning of the seventh century, when the new Moslem religion arose in the East. After Omar took possession of Palestine, we hear little or nothing of them until the age of the Crusades. Moslem writers, in describing Palestine, either overlook them altogether or confound them with the Jews. There is no evidence that they were ever fairly driven away from Samaria or Gerizim, though their religion was prohibited. Benjamin of Tudela found them there in the twelfth century, and describes their books and their religion. Later travelers describe their life in other places, — at Cairo in Egypt, Askelon, Gaza, Damascus, Aleppo. In 1671 there were thirty families in Nablous. Before the year 1500 the traveler Obadiah found fifty families in Cairo. But to-day all traces of

these foreign Samaritans are lost, and no community is known except the community at Nablous, in which Samaritan descent is acknowledged or Samaritan books are kept as sacred. Here, where the sect had its birth-place, it will find, after not many years, its grave.

The doctrinal system of the Samaritans is obscure, all the more that the religion had its sects, and that the authorities differ so widely about it. In the beginning, probably there was no large divergence from the Jewish system. If Zerubbabel had allowed the Samaritans to assist in the building of the Temple, there might never have been a separate Samaritan religion. At a later time the tenets of the faith more resembled the Sadducee than those of any Jewish sect. The Samaritans received only the Pentateuch as binding, interpreted it literally, denied the resurrection, and had only a vague belief, if any, in the separate existence of soul. Their view of Jehovah and his Law was substantially of the first high priest of their temple upon Mount Gerizim. But in the ages following the destruction of Jerusalem, the faith of the Samaritans seems to have been modified by new views, taken from the people around them. The doctrine of a Messiah, which, according to John's Gospel, they had in the time of Christ, becomes more important. Pharisaic glosses and interpretations are adopted; and, except in the substitution of Gerizim for Jerusalem, there is little to distinguish Samaritan faith and worship from average orthodox Judaism. Epiphanius, however, in his work on "Heresies," speaks of *four sects* among the Samaritans in the fourth century; but of only one of these have any considerable accounts been given. About the Dositheans, the accounts which have come from writers in the Samaritan and Moslem ranks widely differ. One affirms that there are *three* teachers named Dositheus, another two, while another identifies them as a single person. Both Mr. Nutt and Herr Appel discuss the question, coming to different conclusions, — the first finding that the Dositheus of the reign of Antiochus Epiphanes was a renegade Jew, much earlier in time than the Jew Dusis, who was allowed to escape the punishment of death for his adultery, on condition that he would break up the Samaritans by founding a new sect; while the second, judging by the similarity of their

tenets, thinks that the stories are a various reading of one and the same legend. The Samaritan chronicler, Abulfath, separates the two stories, and the statement that he gives of the notions of the Dostani, or Dositheans, is curious: that a dead insect defiles a fountain; that a man whose shadow falls upon a grave remains seven days impure; that only the eggs of fowls killed for sacrifice can be eaten lawfully; that whether a house was pure or not was shown by the kind of bird which lighted upon it; that cattle could not be fed or watered on the Sabbath; and that they altered the time of the feasts. This last charge he also brings against the impious Dusis, whose books, after his murder, were brought forward by the widow with whom he had left them.

That the doctrines of Simon Magus, who seems to have been by birth a Samaritan, were adopted by the sect, is not probable. Mr. Nutt sums up the creed of the Samaritans as it is drawn from the hymns and liturgies and Samaritan writings, in five articles: that there is one infinite creating and preserving God, the maker of all things; that Moses is his first, greatest, and sufficient Prophet; that the Law is perfect in itself, made before creation, and to last forever; that Gerizim is God's House, the centre of all the sacred places; and that there will be a resurrection for the righteous, and a burning hell for the wicked.

The characteristic doctrine of the modern Samaritans is their doctrine of Messiah. While the Jews have so largely given up the idea of any personal coming of the Redeemer, and look for his kingdom in the general advance of civilization, and in the simplification of religious ideas, the Samaritans cling more closely to the personal Deliverer, and even fix, like our arithmetical Christians, the actual date of his appearance, and the details of the event. Their idea of the Messiah varies from the Jewish idea. He is not to be a descendant of Judah, but of Joseph, who is their favorite among the sons of Jacob. He will not be immortal, but will die, and will have his grave near the grave of Joseph. His coming will bring a great overturn among the nations, but it will end very peacefully, in a congress of all the wise men of the earth, who will be converted to the truth by the Samaritan Messiah, as he shows them at Gerizim the tables of the Law and the sacred vessels which were hidden there by Moses. This coming

will be in precisely six thousand years from the creation of the world; and, as nearly twenty years have passed since that date, according to the Samaritan reckoning, Messiah (Taheb) has already been several years upon the earth, although no one has recognized him as yet, and no one knows exactly where he is. But as he has one hundred and ten years to live, there is ample time for him to harmonize the nations, and fulfill the prophecies, and restore the worship to the holy mountain.

The ancient temple and altars of the Samaritans on Gerizim are now in ruins. But they use the mountain in their religious rites, and celebrate their feasts as devoutly as when they were counted by myriads and were a power in the land. At the Passover Feast they go up on the mountain, on the 14th of Nisan; on the evening of the next day pitch their tents, kill and roast in the trenches their unblemished lambs, eat the repast with unleavened bread and bitter herbs, and take staves in their hands as if about to set out on a pilgrimage. Great rejoicings follow, in which strong drink is freely used. A week later, they visit the sacred sites of the mountain, and recite before them passages from the Law. On Pentecost day these visits are repeated. On the first day of Tisri, their New Year's day, the Feast of Trumpets, all the people solemnly kiss the old Synagogue Roll, the chief of their treasures. The Atonement day is very strictly kept, by abstinence from food, drink and sleep, between sunrise and sunset, and is wholly spent in worship, by night as well as day. The whole Law is read through. During the Feast of Tabernacles they have their booths on the side of the mountain, and make it a week of holidays. Other times they have of sacred meetings, besides their Sabbath service; one on which the congregation is numbered, and the priests get their scanty offerings. The priesthood is hereditary, but no one whose hair is cut can be a priest. This mark of separation between priests and people does not appear in the streets, as they all wear turbans, — red turbans, to distinguish them from the Moslems, who wear white and green, and from Jews and Christians, who wear blue and yellow. In their religious services they are allowed to wear the white turban. All the men wear beards, and none of the women wear earrings, which seem to show idolatry. Their domestic, marriage, and

burial customs are those of the tribes around them. Indeed, in these there is not much difference between Moslem and Jew.

About the Samaritan literature there has been almost as much dispute as about the character of the people. Had they a dialect of their own? Had they scribes fit to improve or interpret the Sacred Record? What is the value of their copy of the Law? That they had an ancient literature appears from the mention by Eusebius of certain of their writers,— one Eupolemus, who connects Gerizim with Melchisedek, and shows Abraham the inventor of astrology; one Theodotus, who described Sichem in flowing verse; one Thallus, who speaks of the darkness at Jesus' crucifixion as coming from an eclipse of the sun. But all the writings of these early Samaritans are lost, and the fragments cited by Eusebius are of doubtful genuineness. These men, at any rate, were probably apostates who had renounced their faith and wrote in foreign tongues. The only ancient literary monument of the people which has come down to us is their copy of the Mosaic Law, with the translations and paraphrases made from it. This, more than anything else, gives them historical importance; and this will preserve their memory after the race and religion have utterly disappeared.

The most ancient copy of the Samaritan Pentateuch in existence is unquestionably the old roll in the Synagogue of Nablous, which is supposed to be the oldest Hebrew manuscript in existence. This is certainly not as old as the inscription upon it pretends, and it could not have been made by the great-grandson of Aaron; but it is probably older than any existing roll of the Jews, and may have been written some centuries before the Christian era. It has very little value now for scholars, partly because they are not allowed to examine it at leisure, and partly because it is so worn and defaced. It was written on the skins of rams, of different sizes. Half of the writing is now illegible. There are rents and holes in it, in places the parchment is thin, and it will only bear careful handling. Comparatively few of those who visit the synagogue are allowed to see it, other ancient manuscripts of the synagogue being substituted. One writer says that he saw "three rolls" in the synagogue. He probably saw only the cases of the manuscript, and imagined rolls within them. One of these

rolls, which is kissed by the worshipers, is blackened by their kisses at the passage in the Book of Numbers where the blessing is promised.

The knowledge of the Samaritan Pentateuch does not come from any of the copies in the Samaritan synagogue, but mainly from a copy brought from Damascus in the early part of the seventeenth century, and published in the Paris Polyglott of 1645. This gave rise to sharp controversies among the learned men in the Catholic and Protestant schools, some contending that it was purer than the Hebrew Pentateuch, others that it was a corruption of the Hebrew. Its closer resemblance to the Alexandrine Greek version was noticed, as indeed it had been noticed by some of the Christian Fathers, — Jerome, and Origen before him. They had suggested that the Septuagint version of the Pentateuch was really translated from a Samaritan original. Few controversies of Biblical criticism have been more acrimonious or more subtle than this, but for most readers it will be tedious; and in the absence of ancient Jewish manuscripts, it will be hard to decide which has the prior claim to be the authentic record of the Law of the Hebrew lawgiver. The actual variations of the Hebrew and Samaritan manuscripts are not very numerous. Since the copy brought from Damascus by Pietro della Valle came to Europe, many more copies have come, and are now shown in different libraries in Europe. Eighteen of these are enumerated in Kennicott's list in the remarkable article of Deutsch on the Samaritan Pentateuch in Smith's Biblical Dictionary.

Translations of this Samaritan Pentateuch into the popular Samaritan dialect, — Targums, as the Jews call them, — were made at an early date, and by use of the rabbis came to have as much authority as the volume itself. Manuscripts of the Samaritan Targum, from the thirteenth to the sixteenth centuries, are in the libraries of Rome. A Greek translation seems to have been in use in the first Christian centuries different from the Alexandrine Jewish version. In the tenth and eleventh centuries, Arabic versions were made by Saadiah and Abusaid; and a revision of the last translation was made early in the thirteenth century. These translations take liberties with the original text, and are

not of high critical value. They give no important aid in fixing the primitive text.

Whether the original Samaritan Pentateuch was written in the primitive rude Hebrew characters, such as we find them on the Moabite stone, or in the later script of the time of Ezra, cannot be determined. At the time when the worship on Gerizim was instituted, the Israelite language had already become corrupt, and Assyrian and Chaldean phrases were mixed with the Hebrew. At a later period, the dialects of the western nations modified this composite speech, and the ancient Hebrew ceased to be understood. Samaritan literature, if that term may be used, is partly written in the Samaritan characters, but not always in the Samaritan language. The Samaritan Chronicle, which is a fanciful relation of the exploits of Joshua and the Judges, down to the late oppressions of the Samaritans by the Byzantine emperors, was written in Arabic in the thirteenth century. The Book El Tholidoth, The Generations, is a more sober narrative, written in Hebrew. The Chronicle of Abulfath is later, but more elaborate and full, beginning at the Creation, and coming down to the time of Mohammed. It is written in bad Arabic, and is full of historical blunders. Beside these "chronicles," there are shorter Arabic tracts, in which legends are recited about Adam and Enoch and Noah and Moses. There is an especial fondness for connecting Gerizim and its neighborhood with the patriarchs of Genesis. Adam comes to Nablous after he leaves Paradise; Enoch is buried on Mount Ebal; Noah is buried at Nablous.

The rest of the literature of the Samaritans is in commentaries, law books, books of diet, books of ethics, liturgies and litanies, hymns, — written sometimes in Hebrew, sometimes in Arabic, — and a few works of grammar. Of strict theological treatises there are none that have been examined, apart from legal and ritual treatises. One writer undertakes to prove from the Pentateuch the doctrine of immortality. All this literature probably belongs to the centuries since the time of Mohammed, and most of it to the last seven hundred years. No Samaritan lexicon has yet been found, and there are not many aids in the study of the language. Some of the Samaritan collections, however, in the

libraries, are large, especially the collection brought a few years since by Firkowitsch from Palestine and Egypt, and now in the Imperial Library of St. Petersburg. Eminent Hebrew scholars, like Gesenius, Petermann, Heidenheim, and Jewish historical writers, have made a study of Samaritan antiquities. Petermann is able to tell how the Samaritans read and pronounce their sacred language. In England, Mr. John W. Nutt (whose volume has been freely used in preparing this paper) has condensed Samaritan History from the best sources, and has himself edited, from a Bodleian manuscript, the fragments of a Samaritan Targum. The late Emanuel Deutsch had a rare and thorough knowledge of the Samaritan writings, as is shown in his article in Smith's Dictionary, already referred to.

The study of Samaritan literature will be in Europe, and not in the East. With the exception of those old rolls in the Nablous synagogue, not much of importance of Samaritan records remains in Palestine. The best things have been bought and carried away, and the few survivors of the people have nothing more to tell. None of their number have either taste or capacity to look into or explain the treasures which they own. They are dull of eye, dull of brain, and have difficulty enough merely to keep their wretched life. But in the revival of Semitic studies in Europe, so marked in these last years, the work of the Samaritans will not be neglected, and we may look for editions of the best of the Samaritan fragments.

To the existence of this Sanctuary in Samaria, and its claim as rival of the Sanctuary in Jerusalem, Christians are indebted for the sentence which is the highest utterance of the spiritual idea of worship, the comprehensive thought of the Divine nature,—"God is spirit, and they who worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." The Holy Place on Gerizim may be profaned and forgotten, but in bringing out this word of Jesus it had an office as high as that of the more imposing Temple on Mount Moriah, with its solemn service of consecration by a king. No story of the sacred volume has higher or more spiritual meaning than the conversation of Jesus with the Samaritan woman. His word to the Magdalen, or to the widow at Nain, or to the sisters at Bethany, or to his mother, even, when he told her of his large

message and his Father's business, is not so deep or suggestive as his word to this woman of a spurned and hated race, the wife of seven husbands, — revealing to her not only the doctrine of the spiritual Father, but her own thought and experience, making her see the true Messiah in one who was so a "Prophet of the soul."

CHARLES H. BRIGHAM.

JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET.

IT was a lucky chance that led me to the Boston Athenæum, the other morning, to see Mr. Shaw's pictures. I would rather own them than the Royal Duke's there. I was minded of the smaller cabinets in galleries abroad, where they put what is choicest, and Marlowe's line kept saying itself, —

"Infinite riches in a little room!"

It is a very pretty quarrel that has been going in the newspapers, — Veronese vs. Millet, — between lovers of the old Italian and the modern French painting exhibited there. But on the spot, controversy seemed out of order. Perhaps I was in the mood to enjoy. At any rate, enjoyment was my cue; whether of Veronese's jewels and brocades, or of Millet's tatters and sabots. It was clear enjoyment, all through. Only, it is "the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me," that, in the absence there of greater examples of the old Italian, it was the modern French art which pleased me most.

We do not think too lightly of our landscape up here on the Lake, — Green Hills to east, Adirondacs to west, with a fore of smiling valley, one side, and, on the other, of shining and ever-various water. Nobody knows what verdure is who does not live in Vermont. Green, the cockneys call us. Well, we are. Witness every road-side now, and all our elms and maples. They "shake like Lebanon!" This lush verdure of summer, this splendor of light, this sparkle on the near, and softness on the far,

of azure, dim purple, gray and gold, open to us here a gallery, every day, whose pictures cheapen those of all the landscapists, and, with their "Pinxit Natura," sign their supremacy over all the art to which they are pattern and rule. But somehow, in the midst of this surpassing show, I do catch myself shutting my eyes at times to it all, and with inward sight enjoying once more those French landscapes: Troyon's "Pool," which would make a man quiet and cool on the hottest and noisiest Fourth of July; Rousseau's small "Barbison," which, in a foot square, paints you infinite "sweetness and light;" Dupré's picture challenging the best of the Hobbemas and Wynantses; and Millet's "Normandy Coast," from which, at this remove inland, I snuff the salt air, dream in the gray-yellow and bright-dim of the misty sea, and give myself to the strange and lonesome, yet not sorry, spirit of the place.

Millet: it is about a visit to this painter, lately dead and too soon taken from his art and us, that I wish to tell. It was some five years ago, when I was staying with a friend in Barbison, glad to be out of noisy Paris for a while. The first morning I was, of course, up betimes for a tramp with B. in Fontainebleau forest. I had done it with him a year before, and the remembrance of that keen pleasure had drawn me again to his quaint village and kind welcome. It was the same complete charm over again on this delicious morning; the same grace of lesser things of flower and leaf; the same grandeur of greater things of tree and cliff; the same pleasure of the depth of woods and of airy off-looks from the hills. We stopped on a high ridge to hear the far note of the cuckoo, — a "wandering voice," echo-like; and, at the edge of the wood, on the sandy plain, heard, more than saw, the skylark mount, raining down from the sky her song bright as its light and clear as its upper air. (We have no note of bird like it; but I have thought that if our bobolink would only experience religion, he might give us here at home something like that most spiritually gladsome of songs.) Just as a year ago, the squirrels were busy at their enormous *gourmandise;* and the green and gold lizards sparkled on the gray rocks and through the moss. In all the thickets Wordsworth's "host of golden daffodils" was out in force, and we tracked the purple violets by their fragrance.

In the clearings stood the secular oaks and immemorial elms which make the pride of the forest, and drew us once and again to return to the spot and see how easy it was once for men to worship a tree. It was a delightful walk. But the memorable delight was the visit to Millet which it prefaced.

His welcome was as free and simple as that the forest had given me. I found the man as wholesome to meet as the climate and scenery of the woods. He came to us clamping in his wooden shoes. I suppose he wore them for old times' sake, and because they felt easy. Yet I could not help thinking it a touch of honest pride in his peasant origin. A heavy-built man, taller than common; slow in his motions, and grave in his speech; a large head, thick beard, and shock of grizzled hair; his features strong, but nothing coarse; a staid and sober look, and eyes notably thoughtful and tender, — so I remember him. With all his gravity and silent way, there was something winning about him. A little incident brought this out beautifully, letting me into the artist-make of him, I thought, and into his guileless character and unfeignedness. As we sat waiting his pleasure to lead us to his studio, a little girl came running in, crying, "Oh, Mr. Millet! see! look!" It was a poor thing, one might say, to make a noise over, — only a bud of corn-poppy which grows there by the million, like white-weed here. It was early for the flower, and this was probably the first the child had found. The rough gray-green husk had split half way up, showing a streak of keen scarlet from the crumpled petals. The painter drew the child to his knee, and holding the bud delicately as though it had feeling, looked at it as though he loved it; the thoughtfulness in his eyes growing deeper as he looked, and their tenderness more gentle. I wish he might have painted the picture which at that moment he made. The serious-faced man, with his great frame, strong head, and grizzled hair and beard, and his gentle eyes; his big arm thrown round the slender figure of the blonde child, both intent on the lovely gray-green and vivid red of the flower, — would that not have made a picture of his own sort? For a minute or two there was no picture to show except this living one, and nothing to be said. Then he got up and showed us the flower as a rarity of beauty. And so it was, though the commonest of weeds.

I have heard he used to say the sublime was to be found in the trivial. And when I see his "Sower," among these pictures of Mr. Shaw, and call to mind a "Woman Shearing" and a "Woman Churning," which I saw in Paris, or a landscape of his there, which showed a mere rough hillside, with plow left in the furrow, and a stretch of sombre sky over the brow of the hill, they are, surely, the trivialest, simplest of subjects, but such for force of feeling and of treatment that I well understand from them what his saying means. And in this trivial incident of the child with the flower, he was carrying out this maxim of rarity in the wonted and of beauty in the common.

Then he led the way to his work-room, and began to show us what he had. I was glad to note, in an ante-room, some fourteenth or early fifteenth century paintings. B. told me Millet thought a good deal of this old art. I should suppose so. Like seeks like. The truthfulness of those earlier painters would commend them to him. On the easel we found a large landscape awaiting the last touches. "Spring" might be its name, or "After Rain;" but a pale, reluctant spring, or such rain as the clouds return after. Half-doorway, half-field stretches up to a lone house, many-windowed and mansion-like, looking as though it had seen better days; a few unpruned and twisted fruit-trees have put out sparse blossoms; the grass is soaked, and the branches drip from a shower passing leaden-hued away, which leaves pools and runnels in the rutted, clayey path leading to the house door, — a door which looks as though no one would ever come out of it any more, nor ever anybody go up to it again. It was a sober picture, melancholy; such as you would get one of the Brontés, in her uncanniest mood, to write you a story to.

Turning from the easel, he brought out, of all things I was not expecting, "pastels!" The name had meant artificiality to me. But I found there were pastels and pastels. These were not of that sort in Dresden, by Mengs and Liotard, — no Dresden china chocolate girls, simpering beauties, and rosy blonde Cupids. "Landscapes with Figures," they might be catalogued; mainly of far, treeless French fields with figures of rude French peasant-folk. The one that took me more than all was "Le Gai Vigneron." Millet seemed pleased with the interest I took in it, and I

fancied this quite unpretty and solemn picture a favorite of his. "The Merry Vine-Dresser!" In galleries of the older art I had just been seeing many pictures of martyrs, — St. Sebastian and the rest. Most of them were mawkish compared with the pathos of this. An old, old peasant, in the blue blouse and wooden shoes of his caste, sits among the vines where he has thrown himself down in sheer exhaustion of hard work. Gray, dusty, lean, squalid, he sits there, and lets the noon sun beat upon him, which fills and searches all the space with a pitiless, hot glare. Head sunk on his breast, arms and legs sprawled clumsily about, he sits motionless as if dead, and seems in this abandonment to await only death; or, rather, with wits so gone, with mind so drudged out of him, he sits without thought or expectation, of even such a boon as death. It is so terribly real, so solemnly in earnest, that, looking at it, one holds the rein stoutly over his sensibilities, else he would break down before this utter pathos. It is terribly real. But rendered with Millet's large imaginative treatment, and with his large sympathetic feeling of the hard realities of peasant-toil, it becomes ideal. As the gibing name, so every line and touch carry the painter's protest at such hardship, and convey his bitter sense of the degradation possible and likely to peasant-life. Under his hand, "The Merry Vine-Dresser" becomes representative and ideal of his stricken class.

If I remember right, all in this set of some ten pictures had to do with peasant-toil. As I recall them, they all showed the same sort of landscape of quiet, flat country, clear sunlight, and soft, tender, far-retiring distances, and the same sort of figures and groups of laborers. They did not all carry the sharp gibe and unutterable pathos of "Le Gai Vigneron;" for some had a certain idyllic grace, if I may use the soft word for these austere pictures in which there was not a touch of the "Et nos in Arcadia." The idyl lay in the calm of the landscape and in the grace of unstudied posture and gesture, and of slow, measured moving, which made some of these rude peasant figures poetic, and reminded me of nothing less than the propriety of the classic. One of them showed a number of men and women in the field gathering some sort of grain or fodder, and burning the trash. In another, like hard-worked people were gathering potatoes. We

all know Hamon's and Coomans' classics, and the rest of those dainty, trim imitations or applications of the antique which French painters are so fond of doing. Those are pseudo. These of Millet seem to me nearer the real. For all that measure, that staidness, that elegance, which is the distinction of the classic, appears here. Hardly on a Greek frieze or vase, I thought, will one see more elegant action of the figure. On the face of it, it seems a whim to think of those basket-carrying Athenian maidens of the Panathenaic procession in the same moment with these bundle-bearing, potato-digging women of Millet's pictures. But I had to think of that ancient grace, as I noted the propriety of pose here, and the suavity of movement and of grouping. [I found how this came about in picture by finding it come about in real life, one evening in Frankfort, as I watched the women troop into the city square from reaping and digging in the fields outside, and noted the superb grace of healthy form and vigorous movement, of some of the younger among them. One with a sickle in her hand might have stood for a Ceres, for the stateliness of her bearing and noble turn and movement of her fine shape and strong limbs. It was Greek freedom and elegance of figure and motion, — nothing less. Such an image of free health and natural grace is Nausicaa in the Odyssey. So she looked and so moved when she went out with her maids to the river to do Alcinous's family wash, bating she wore a princess', not a peasant's, dress: —

> "Made such a show, and so past all was seen,
> Like as the chaste-born, arrow-loving Queen,
> Along the mountains gliding; . . . . .
> . . . . . and with her Jove's fair race,
> The field nymphs, sporting."]

Still, in these more pleasing pictures, there was the same conveyance of a sense of the peasant's tasking, ill-paid toil, and of his hopelessness of any better outlook.

Peasant-born, peasant-painter: Millet occupies a place of his own, as marked as any held by the masters who have, with original power, stamped themselves on their art, and been able to seal it with their proper mark. Brocade and jewels, banquets and magnificence of princes and ladies, and his own taste that way,

are Veronese + his mark. Sabots and tatters, the long repression and depression of peasant-life, and his fellow-feeling with that, are Millet + his mark. But he is idealist of the peasant lot and hardship, while not departing at all from the reality of it. Michael Angelo, in the Sistine ceiling, invests household groups and their trivialities with grandeur. In this French painter's weighty art, where pretty and fantastical are kept sternly off sacred ground, a country woman shearing or churning becomes ideally interesting. That "Sower," striding the furrow and throwing broadcast, attaches himself in my mind to the grave beginning of the story: "Behold, a sower went forth to sow." Or is he Revolution, and the seed he sows dragons' teeth to spring up armed men in red fields? To the painter this would, likely enough, have seemed fanciful. Yet to serious art like his it belongs to suggest things beyond the artist's intention and out of his calculation. I recollect a sketch among Mr. Shaw's pictures, in which a strong young peasant in his tatters shows just Michael Angelo's favorite pose, of a vigorous, muscular body thrown along the ground, the shoulders hunched up by bringing the weight down on one elbow. But, what is more, while utterly real, it shows that same idealism of the great Florentine master which made Fuseli say that under Michael Angelo's hand a beggar rose the Patriarch of Poverty.

Millet's admirers were few at the time I had this good fortune to see his works with his own showing. He will never have many admirers. Admiration he never coveted, and his repute will hold by something deeper than this easily caught, readily granted tribute. Yet they are not few who will be coveting his paintings now he can paint no more. It seems a pity he had to wait for death to come and seal the wider recognition of his rare merit. Yet, after all, is it a pity? Had he painted Dubufe's "Prodigal Son," his name would have been spoken a hundred times to the once you shall hear it now. Yes, a thousand times to one. But!

But he is among the foremost painters of our time. And in first quality of truthfulness, of real feeling, of utter soberness, of a pure purpose of art, he is among the best of any time.

L. G. WARE.

THE SPIRITUAL TANGLE.

WITHOUT faith in the soul, its Author, and its eternal destiny, man is but half a man even for time and earth. He walketh in a vain show, worketh to little purpose, his smile a mockery, his misery parched and barren of tears. There is nothing save love so desirable as faith, nothing we should so sedulously seek, nothing superior to which we can help another to attain.

"The innermost source of faith is the courage which bravely seizes and steadfastly holds to that which is invisible:" with this courage we shall win faith, faith triumphant, if it be only in the hour of death, or at the day of judgment. But many of the well-disposed are deterred from working for religion, from taking the first step in the heavenly path, by the fear that they have not enough faith to begin with. Only begin, and faith will grow. If you wait till you are compact of faith, life will insensibly slip by (how much of it has already!), and you will be forced to confess, "For me life is a failure." In refusing to stand for religion because of the weakness of your faith, it is as if you were to say, "I do not love my friends well enough to work for them; I must wait for a livelier affection." On the contrary, once begin to consider their wishes, respect their prejudices, and yield to their claims, and the sweetness of sympathy and the strength of self-sacrifice will not only steal in, but find lodgment in your heart. So faith grows on what it gives. "A skeptic," says J. A. Bengel, the great commentator on the New Testament, "is like a traveler who should refuse to cross a puddle or to step over a twig, till all were smoothed down or filled up. Who would think such a man wise? Faith takes up all it can get, and marches bravely onward: unbelief is the direct opposite of this. In studying the Bible, we must do like the courier who hurries over pools and hillocks the nearest way to his destination, and does not first seek to level every clod. That which is difficult, at last comes of its own accord. The most important controversies are those which a man finds in his own heart."

Take a lesson from common experience: a puzzling question

arises; in vain we discuss it with others and ourselves; we sleep upon it, and, with the morning light, born of the mind's rest and of the truth invariably imparted when sought from the Fountain of truth, comes the solution. Just as the tired child in vain overnight repeats the words of his lesson which, in the morning, after short but collected attention, lies clear and smooth before him, and he joyfully exclaims, "I've got it!"

We start, then, with the assertion that faith, next to love, is the most desirable possession; next that we cannot capture it at once, but that it grows by what it feeds on, and that it is one of the two chief blessings to which we can help a brother. Now what stands in the way of its attainment? Sin, worldliness, ignorance, and the mistaken way in which the believer treats the skeptic. To confine ourselves to the consideration of the last, who of us has not at some time been pained by hearing those who claim to be "evangelical" Christians exhort their hearers to prostrate themselves in their closet, confessing turpitude in unbelief? But are Liberal Christians free of this mistake in ascribing slowness of belief to willfulness? as, in these words, "But they, because of some tangle which nobody can explain for them, and which they will not cut, are always trying to persuade themselves that they do not belong to his (Christ's) church." *Will* not cut? In the words of another, we "hold it as certain that the world in good faith recognizes a certain worth in the gospel. It would ask nothing better than to believe." And of another, but "we are not masters of our understanding; and it does not depend on ourselves to accept such or such a doctrine according to our pleasure."

In some minds faith is of slow growth. It meets with many obstacles. It is hindered by involuntary self-mistakes, and by ignorant mistakes on the part of those who tenderly care for the body, anxiously culture the mind, while strangely blind to the possible warpings and tangles of the soul when it wakes to consciousness. It is neither the kindest nor the surest way to remove honest doubt or reverential skepticism to impute it to a willful heart of unbelief; for there are many in our churches who are slow of faith, not from worldliness or pride of intellect, but from some idiosyncrasy or unfortunate early bias. These seek and long for faith as for the pearl of great price: some day their inner

eye will be opened to the fact that all along the saving faith has been latent within them. That that day be hastened let the church, as physician to the diseased mind (for unbelief is a disease), take a hint from the improved treatment of criminals; for *trust* is the lever to lift the heart from doubt to faith, — and few are so hardened, even of the morally blind, as not to be melted by confidence, and when melted to turn to and love the light. That will be a glorious day when, confident of the ultimate triumph of truth, we can afford to wait for a slower brother to find it, — can afford to trust the many who make no sign, but by good living, that they are striving for our goal. The church has gone too long on the plan of coercion: you can believe if you choose to believe! You must believe because it is proper to believe! You are to blame for not believing, because it would so add to your happiness to believe! While in an ingenuous mind arises the fear that belief may be born of the longing for it.

Let us treat the soul in a more generous way, in God's way, never giving it up, never despairing of it, sending it messenger after messenger, welcoming it without end to another opportunity. Thus the faithful may help the seeking to mount the heavenly ladder, and open to him the window of heaven. The man that is not wholly debased is more than willing to cut the spiritual tangle, if he can but find the way, for in so doing he has not only the promise of the life that now is, but of that which is to come. Few are they who do not know from experience, sooner or later, the bitterness of this tangle, arousing self-suspicion, blighting the springs of happiness, hampering action, abridging usefulness. Excepting sin, the shadowing of faith is the hardest trial, the severest calamity. When faith is clear we bravely bear physical pain, the mournfulness of separation, the inscrutableness of evil. No wonder the martyr went singing to his death, — his soul being full of light! But for those whose skein of faith will not wind smooth there often remaineth but the heart-wrung cry, "How long, O Lord, how long?"

Yet sweet are some of the uses of the spiritual tangle, for as only those who have suffered know what pain is, so only those who have agonized for faith can testify to the misery of doubt. One wholesome use of the tangle is its rebuke of pride of intellect, by

proving that truth is hidden from the wise and prudent, to be revealed unto babes, who can give no reason for the faith that is their crown of rejoicing but "Whereas I was blind, now I see." Another use is the unutterable tenderness it may awaken towards fellow-seekers hearkening for the prelude of peace, which, clearer or fainter, sounds through all the muffling of the centuries. Still another is the incomparable joy which floods the heart when, by the help of God, the tangle is cut, and the faith that was lost is found.

Interesting would it be to trace the small causes, the secret springs, the infelicitous warpings, which first wound the tangle. But that would be to read the private history of the heart, open alone to its Maker, and "sure of justice, as well as of love, from him." "As a man thinks, so is he;" and as he early thinks, so is he apt to think for long, if not forever. Some unfortunate bias, or fallacious doctrine, again and again disproved, holds the mind with the tenacious grasp of an early impression, giving the hue to thought, if not tyrannizing over conviction. These immature prejudices affront our later intelligence; for there are those who cannot get rid of the nightmare doctrines of youth,— Sunday and church being confounded with gloom, cant, or bitterness, the Deity denied real human goodness, Christ lost in false notions of his nature or schemes of salvation, and rectitude made impossible by the ascription of total depravity to human nature.

But while deploring the mistakes made in our early religious training, or those we ignorantly make for ourselves, let us take heed to these cheering words of Robertson: —

"But there are hours, and they come to us all at some period of life or other, when the hand of mystery seems to lie heavy on the soul. . . . Well! in such moments you doubt all, — whether Christianity be true, whether Christ was man, or God, or a beautiful fable; you ask bitterly, like Pontius Pilate, What is truth? In such an hour, what remains? I reply, Obedience. Leave these thoughts for the present. Act: be merciful and gentle, — honest; force yourself to abound in little services; try to do good to others; be true to the duty that you know. *That* must be right, whatever else is uncertain. And by all the laws of the human heart, by the word of God, you shall not be left to doubt. Do that much of the will of God which is plain to you, you shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God."

You shall know, and you can wait to know; there comes a blessing in the waiting, for when it seems well-nigh impossible to wait any longer you are helped to pray the prayer of the humble woman on the verge of despair, "Our Father, forgive me, help me! Help me to trust thee, step by step, only one step at a time, till I travel all the way home!"

"It is terribly hard in middle life to get right again," mentally or morally. The spiritual tangle formed becomes a habit of the mind so crystallized that only the dew of divine grace can melt it. This is no excuse for not making strenuous effort to be free, no reason for not setting our face heavenwards. But when the tangle is forming, in the heart of the young, it may be cut almost at pleasure. Parents and teachers should prevail on the child to come as freely with his spiritual pain as with his physical. Great is the gain of confession, for doubt, hydra-headed in concealment, dwindles when brought to the light, and the serenity of the faithful inspires hopeful patience in the doubting.

Do not say a child religiously nurtured will not doubt. Nothing is more true than that we "know not all the strange, solitary life of children," — know not half their questionings and struggles in the odd outward world and in the mystery of self, nor with all their openness how much they conceal. We should manifest neither surprise nor repugnance at their ignorance or mistakes, and be very careful what we plant in that tender soil, the garden of the Lord. A German writer speaks these wise words: —

"I know what wounds the first religious doubts and struggles leave in the soul: why invoke them rashly, and perhaps injure forever the entire religious consciousness? Study and watch a child's mind as carefully as we can, it is, and always must be, a mystery. Even with a flower-bud we can never surely predict that some distorted leaf will not suddenly unfold."

Well do we remember the instinctive piety of a child whom we dearly loved. Her heart opened like the petals of a healthy flower, to drink in the heavenly dew and bask in the heavenly sunshine. It seemed as natural for her to love her God and trust her Saviour, as for the bird to sing or the plant to bloom. At the age of seven she wrote, "Dear Father: when I go to bed I say my prayers, and then I go to sleep." So might *we* fall asleep to

care, if our faith were as trustful as that by which she brightly lived, and, in woman's estate, calmly died. Her early piety was prompted, but not forced, by parental instruction, which suggested, but was not obliged to urge, attention to the preacher and regular reading of the Scriptures.

When the sister of that child began to reason, she began to doubt. How could she be sure there was a God? Every one seemed to think so, except that terrible Abner Kneeland and the infidel shoemaker, whom she looked at with such awe when sent to his shop. What would become of her if she could only believe as they did? Given the question, "How do we know there is a God?" for a school composition, she answered it well enough to gain the highest mark, but with no removal of her doubt. Mustering courage to ask the momentous question of the family saint, it was received in such appalling silence, that, henceforth, she buried it alive in her troubled breast; where, though forgotten at times in the light-heartedness of youth, it lurked to disturb her peace, till laid at rest by a convincing argument on the being of a God in one of Dr. Walker's magnificent Lowell Lectures. Did not a particular Providence lead her to attend that course?

Who made these children, born of the same parents, brought up under the same good influences, to differ? Alike in taste and sympathy, to the superficial observer the chief difference seemed to be that the one was healthy and the other an invalid; but the real and surprising difference was that the sick child had the healthiest mind. But was it to the blame of the one that she could not believe as the other? Was it not her misfortune that early and for long she was tortured by an unwilling doubt?

It would be well worth living for to save only one of the little ones from entering into life halt and maimed, with broken wing and trailing pinion, unwarily snared in an unnecessary tangle, from which he would gladly soar. If half the time and sedulous care frittered on adorning the body, or in acquiring superficial accomplishments, were spent in informing the mind with spiritual truth, and warming the heart to practical fidelity, many would be saved from the spiritual tangle. How blessed to save only one from having the heart of existence eaten out by lack of faith in a personal God, in the certainty and worth of goodness, in a joyful

immortality! What a noble victory over our own pain to save another from a similar; to persuade that, "by asking and seeking, by prayer and humility, we are to solve the apparently insoluble"!

Never, perhaps, was there more danger of the young being snared in the spiritual tangle than now, when the air is thick with doubt; and the unfledged mind, presumptuous in its ignorance, with a very audacity of conceit, settles, or unsettles for itself, what the wise with a noble humility confess they do not, and perhaps never will, know. Let the young eschew skeptical books. There is more than enough latent doubt in each individual mind to disturb its peace and task its subtlest powers to refute. They will need all the faith they can capture and hold to arm them against temptation from within and from without, and save them in the evil days from despair. Instead of skeptical books, which leave their evil print on the unwary, sometimes robbing them forever of an important article of faith, read the lives of martyrs and saints, of good men and true, who have suffered as we, yet gotten the victory. "Do not begin by accounting your doubts as a sign of strength, whereas they are the very contrary. Do not seek *in order to lose*," so giving up your birthright of faith; for in so doing you lose the most precious possession. Begin to work with your mustard-seed of faith: in time it shall remove mountains. Seek, but "seek *in order to find*."

If you can truthfully say, "I have searched, but cannot find, I have an evil heart of unbelief; so far as I know, neither pride of intellect, sin, nor anything that I can help, separates me from the love of God in Christ,"—then you can afford to wait, and hopefully look up for the light that will surely come. "That alone for which we have striven and suffered with all our might, with labor and pains, is really ours: an honorably conquered conviction, a real possession." Only in so doing do we fulfill the apostolic injunction, "Let every one be fully persuaded in his own mind." And let our strongest persuasion be that, while truth must prevail,

"Wisdom and right are well, but trust is best."

ELIZABETH P. CHANNING.

THE PULPIT OF CHRISTENDOM.*

A SERMON. BY REV. G. W. HOSMER, D.D.

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." — MARK xvi. 15.

THAT great command, how it must have thrilled the hearts of the apostles! The good news was to to be preached to all the world; and preaching became one of the great instruments of human welfare. The history of preaching is interesting. To think of it, may give encouragement and hope to those whose feet are upon the threshold of the sacred office.

We think of Jesus, beginning at Nazareth among his kindred and neighbors. "The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted; to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind; to set at liberty them that are bruised; to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." Then we hear him on the Mount, when Judaism was so astonished and confounded by the beatitudes; at the well of Sychar; at the grave of Lazarus; and amidst all the illumination of the parables; and we behold the depths and heights and richness of the gospel.

Then we follow Paul, preaching amidst the temples and idols; challenging old error, opening new truth. We hear of him at Antioch, at Rome, at Corinth; and at Athens we stand with the crowd, and listen to the great preacher, as he proclaims the living God, and the real Providence, and the inevitable retribution.

Then we look in upon Alexandria, the wonderful city, where all the world's people met together, and we hear Origen preaching the word of life; full of learning, glowing with enthusiasm, he is heard with delight, and the churches of Palestine send for him, beg him to come, and give life to their members and build up their cause.

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* Delivered before the graduating class of the Meadville Theological School.

Then we go to Antioch, and we find the pulpit of Chrysostom the throne of power. His eloquent voice reaches the highest and the lowest, but he cannot be permitted to stay at Antioch, — he is carried by the imperial will, more than by his own, to Constantinople. His preaching stirs the great metropolis, but wicked men would not hear of its guilt; and the Cæsar, rising up against God, silenced the most powerful voice of the world.

Then across the Mediterranean was Augustine, the great thinker and the effective preacher, among the churches of Africa. The pulpit of Ambrose was at Milan, and from it Augustine heard the word that touched and converted him, and made it conspicuous among the pulpits of the world. Then in the dark night of the Middle Ages, voices of great preachers, Peter the Hermit, St. Bernard, were heard crying in the wilderness, and setting on fire the passionate heart.

Then we come to Luther, thundering from his pulpit at Wittenberg, and shaking Rome; and Knox in Edinburgh, making cold Scotland hot; and Zwingle among the Alps, like the mountains, pointing up to heaven. The pulpits of the Reformation were thrones of power. And the French pulpit, and the English pulpit two, three hundred years ago, were lights of the world.

Then preaching here, in this country, in these two hundred and fifty years of our existence, has been a powerful ministry. Looking especially at New England in the first fifty years of the settlements, we find in the pulpits men of ability, learning, and character. They had been educated in England; they had thought enough to be dissatisfied with dead formalism; they were earnest enough to be dissenters; and, when threatened and persecuted, they had principle that made them leave everything, and come with their manhood and conscience to make a home in the wilderness. Those pulpits of Cotton at Boston, Higginson at Salem, Davenport at New Haven, Roger Williams at Providence, Shepard at Cambridge, Bulkeley at Concord, were thrones every one of them. A tremendous experience backed up the preachers. They had climbed up close to God, else they would not have been what and where they were.

When those earlier ministers passed away, and their places were filled by men with very limited opportunity, brought up and

educated in this new country, there was a great decadence, — less life and power in the ministers, and the pulpits not thrones as before. For a hundred years there was dearth in the American pulpit, — need enough that Whitefield, or something else, should break up the fallow ground. It did get broken up. About one hundred years ago there was great awakening; much of the old power came back to the pulpits. Mayhew thundered in Boston against ignorance and fanaticism in religion, and especially against Mr. Whitefield's wild excitements; and he and Samuel Adams stood up like giants against servile compliance to the King of England. There was power in Mayhew's pulpit, as there was in the old first church where John Cotton spoke to the people one hundred and fifty years before.

There were other live ministers a hundred years ago; else Concord and Lexington and Bunker Hill would not have been famous. *By preaching*, the fathers of our Revolution were prepared to meet sacrifice, and, it might be, death. The shock of civil strife waked up the whole people; and very soon after the Revolution there came a great change in preaching, certainly in Massachusetts. With the new life came new power and glory into the pulpit.

It is interesting to compare the old style of preaching with the new, as seen in Boston eighty, ninety, one hundred years ago. The old style, cumbered with Scripture quotations, and cut up into pieces by weakening division; the new style, more free, natural, living. President Kirkland, Dr. Freeman, Buckminster, Lowell, Everett, Frothingham, and especially Channing, were the ministers of this new power in the pulpit among the liberal ministers; and following these, came Henry Ware, Palfrey, Gannett, Dewey, Greenwood, Peabody, Hedge, Putnam, Clarke, Parker. So the great command to preach the gospel has been carried out from the beginning until now. There is a line of succession, a stream of quickening power, through the centuries right down to us.

There is much that is good and helpful in the thought of apostolic succession, — not as a dogma, but as a living fact. I feel stronger as I come into the line of historic succession, and take up the same work which Jesus began, and to which so many of

the great and good have given themselves. Alas for those who expect power to flow into them mechanically through the hands of elders laid upon their heads; but that laying of the hands of the fathers upon the heads of their sons is an emblem of pervading influence from generation to generation, which may be an inspiring help. We shall preach better, if we think of the great brotherhood of preachers to which we belong. In casting away the dead dogma of apostolic succession, let us not lose our living relations to Christ, to the apostles, and to the preachers of the ages before us. Go, preach the gospel: it is an old work, but fresh and new to every young beginner who earnestly takes it up. Go, preach the gospel: I repeat the command to you, young men here to-night.

But now, right in the way of the great command and its fulfillment, comes the assertion that the pulpit is superseded by the printing-press and the lecture, and must give up its high place. The journalists discuss the question whether the coming man will go to church. And even already it is asserted that the pulpit has thin attendance, begins to be forsaken. No doubt, there is some falling off in attendance upon preaching in the great cities, and in the newer states; but facts carefully ascertained in some of our New England towns, especially the County of Middlesex, Mass., show that, in proportion to the population, as many people go to church now as seventy years ago.

The great ordinances of Nature will stand. Preaching and hearing are as natural as tongues and ears, thoughts and sympathies, and the desire to help others and be helped. Preaching is speaking one to others of our deepest concerns and highest hopes. Who can believe that men and women are to cease helping one another by teaching? Changes in the pulpit have come, and will come; preaching is to be less perfunctory, less formal. They who have the inspiration to see, and the word of power to speak, — they who are taught of God, are more and more to be the accepted preachers; they who catch the gleams of coming light are to enlighten others. Preaching is not to be supplanted by mere lecturing.

Preaching — what is it? The very word has its roots all intertwined with those of praying; preaching and praying are cousins

out of one stock, — one spirit pervading both. Preaching has in it a religious essence, else it is not preaching, only lecturing. The true preacher speaks with a sense of God in every thought and word; he stands in the religious nature, and his words touch the religious nature of his hearers; deep calleth unto deep, and out of those depths comes new life. A book is not the living word trembling with human emotion: lecturing is not preaching, and cannot take its place.

Preaching cease! The tides may cease, gravitation cease, the rising and the setting of the sun cease, — for all these are conditioned in those material things that change and will pass away; but preaching is conditioned in the thoughts, sympathies, wants, of the spirit, that belong to eternity. Deem it not presumption, I think of Jesus, in heaven, as still going about doing good, and preaching the word of life; and Peter and John and Paul preaching still, taking the things of God and showing them, giving them all around to the heavenly hosts, — deeper, wider knowledge, higher, holier aspiration. We turn to preaching, then, with the enthusiasm of hope; let no Faint-heart think of touching it.

In order to success in this great human ministry, there are conditions, some outward; and it is sad to think of them, such little things, in the way of so great results. It was said of Sir James Macintosh that red tape was all he wanted to make him a great man. The preacher must have a body, and a voice; must have his time and place. It is humiliating to think how circumstances hinder us. We must think of Paul, with that thorn in his flesh, and put inconvenient circumstances under our feet, if we can.

Then the inward conditions: there should be educational training, thoughtful study; the preacher should be abreast with the best intelligence of his time. Once in a while a man appears who preaches wonderfully, and draws thousands to hear him, and still he has no fullness of knowledge, no largeness of charity, — like Mr. Spurgeon or Mr. Moody. Or a man like Robert Collyer, without the usual forms of education, may preach out of the riches of a tender, deep soul; but these exceptional cases must not prevent study, preparation. Indeed, Robert Collyer, in his own ways, has been a diligent student all his life. It will be given us what we shall say, if, working together with God's

Spirit, we have made ourselves capable of receiving what he would give. How can things great as heaven be received into souls little as a worldling's life! By God's help we must make ourselves capable of receiving, and then it will be given us to preach what we have seen and known.

Most of all, the preparation to preach well is to feel the reality of spiritual things; to stand face to face with the great verities of our being and destiny; to hear those momentous questions stirring the deepest thought and most earnest feeling, — What is our life? what spirit pervades it? to what does it tend? what character is being formed? what seed sown? what harvest, what judgment, is coming, and every day more and more? The Judge here at the door, knocking now!

It is sometimes said, the lawyer in his plea has the advantage of the minister in his sermon, because he has a present urgent case to speak upon; but if the minister in his pulpit sees spiritual realities, has not he present urgent cases, right before him, in the lives of his hearers? What closer, or more urgent, than the need of saving truths to one and another? Here is one who needs the uplifting influence of Christ's vision of immortality; and there is one who needs to have it thundered in his ears, "What shall it profit a man, though he gain the whole world, and lose his soul?" Indeed, if ministers, preaching to their people, only saw spiritual realities, and how one and another are entering into judgment, there would be no lack of present urgent cases.

It was the saying of one of the old Puritan ministers, that he never would go into his pulpit without a prayerful purpose to save at least one soul. Such language seems presumptuous; but it shows a soul in deep earnest, with a definite purpose, and that purpose so solemnly important as to touch every spring of thought and feeling. Indeed, what can call forth impassioned, effective eloquence, if such a purpose cannot? Dr. Channing might not use the Puritan minister's expression, — his reverent humility would not let him talk about saving souls, — but with profound earnestness he went into the pulpit to work with God's Spirit, that saving truths might arrest wrong-doers, and make the Father's children what he would have them. In entering the pulpit, let the minister be at this point of sight: salvation is needed among

these people, — old and young, rich and poor, prosperous or unfortunate, — and God waits to be gracious; how can I bring them to open their lives and take what God in his goodness longs to give them?

If the minister sees realities; if, as a living soul, he works together with God's Spirit; if he comes into this natural relation, the child with the Father, for the good of other children, he is sure to receive great help; in a large sense it will be given him what he shall speak; there will be an unction from on high. And it will be all according to the nature of things in God's universe, — nothing strangely unaccountable, all natural. Just as much as when, by sunshine and shower, the grass grows and the grain ripens. The soul that comes nigh to God, the preacher that would work together with him, has his powers loosed, and he is effective; or, as Paul would say, not he, but the grace of God that is in him.

There is an expression among some religious people of the power coming upon them. I do not know what they mean by it, — perhaps they could not tell clearly themselves; but I can see a meaning most interesting in the power that comes under certain conditions. The power comes to all who come into true relations with God and man. They who do right, lean upon omnipotence, they have the power; and to the preacher, as to others, the power comes, when he works with God for the salvation of men. Oh, the difference of the man *with* the power, and without it! Our lamented Dr. Gannett showed this. He might seem a bruised, broken reed; but when the power came, as it was quite sure to do when he preached, every faculty rose into fervid eloquence; it seemed to be given him what he should speak. The Father's truth used him to get to the souls of men. The preacher must take Paul's meaning, — "Not I, but the grace of God that is in me."

Think still more deeply of preaching. True preaching has its life in the spirit of prayer. The preacher should feel God's presence, as well as the presence of his hearers. That minister was wise, who, when urged to preach before an association of his brethren, while another was to make the prayer, said, "Well, if you make me preach, you must let me pray." There is need of

the prayer before the sermon, and prayer all through the sermon, — need that religious feeling should blend with the social sympathies; while God above, with his blessing for the true word, and the listening congregation around, make the solemn, interesting presence amidst which the preacher stands. Oh, what impertinence, to make the pulpit the opportunity for light talk and frivolous witticisms! The preacher must hold his hearers with strong, lively human sympathies throbbing in his heart and theirs; but he should never get beyond the boundaries of religious thought and feeling. If he goes out to history, to science, to literature, to incident and anecdote, as he should to enliven, to illustrate and develop his thought, it must all be done in the service of God's whole truth, to benefit his children. We want life in the pulpit, but never pleasantries and jocoseness. The sermon should be pervaded by devoutness, and in every part palpitate with a prayerful spirit. Preaching is to bring the hearers into the Divine Presence; it is to take the things of God and show them unto men; it is to incite to such holy virtue that we shall behold, and feel, "the life of God in the soul of man."

Finally, let it be considered, how significant and sublime is this preaching, with the prayer and praise to which it is joined. It is indeed the sublimest thing we can do. We strangely lose sight of the glory of things, and the meaning of institutions, by reason of their commonness. Morning comes up over these eastern hills, a vision of wondrous beauty; and then evening gently drops its shadows into this lovely valley, — but these ten thousand busy people do not think much of all this; they have seen it ever since they were born; it was always so. For the same reason, we fail to see the meaning of preaching, prayer, and praise; though so significant and sublime, in nature and purpose, they pass as ordinary parts of life's routine. But sometimes the meaning bursts upon us; the cloud breaks; the vision opens. A good woman, in one of our parishes, was away some months from her home and her church; and when she came back, and heard preaching, prayer, and praise, she said to her minister, "How glad I am to be here again! I was losing all upward spring and purpose, — sinking down; and I felt so poor and mean." Like

the Psalmist, when away from the sanctuary, she was ready to exclaim, — "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts! My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth, for the courts of the Lord. My heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God."

Once Dr. Channing had preached on immortality, — its reality, and the blessedness in its heavenly heights; and as the congregation came out of the church, strangers, as well as friends, looked into each other's eyes, and grasped hands in joyful surprise. The preaching, prayer and hymn had brought them to a mount of transfiguration; the veils fell from their eyes, and they found themselves children of God, — in the sublime depths of his eternal life, folded in his arms.

So, my young brothers, may the cloud break, the vision open, and the meaning of preaching quicken and inspire you. Take no counsel with distrust, doubt, despair; but come to your work with the enthusiasm of faith and hope. Think of your great commission, and confidently trust that, if faithful, the power will be given you to preach the gospel. Think of the historic line of apostolic succession, — a stream of life still comes from the old Head Springs, and riches of human experience have accumulated. It is your office to pass the blessings round; to preach the gospel; to publish the possibilities of truth and virtue.

Many things are changing, and many pass away; but this taking the things of God, and showing them unto men, is to be forever and forever.

EDITORS' NOTE-BOOK.

AFTER EFFECTS OF THE WAR.

A MAN with a very vigorous constitution may come out from a violent disease with apparently greater strength than ever; but this is an illusion. There has been a great waste and exhaustion of his physical energies. The apparent gain is only a nervous excitability, which prompts to increased activity, but is none the less a remnant of the disease, leading sometimes to spasmodic efforts of a dangerous or fatal character.

War, especially civil war, is a disease; or rather, it is a terrible convulsive effort to throw off some inward disease. In spite of its noble acts and the most patriotic spirit that ever accompanies or prompts to it, it is an unnatural, wasteful, and demoralizing condition of things. A civil war where a million and a half of men, in the vigor of manhood, are taken from the productive industry of a nation, and set to work to destroy property and life, cannot but have, in many respects, a most pernicious influence on a people.

War is an appeal, not to law or justice, but to violence, and therefore it must have a disorganizing influence, even where its ultimate purpose is to secure the most sacred rights of a nation. We gratefully remember the grand traits of character which were called out by our great civil war. No better examples of patriotism and of self-denying and self-sacrificing heroism can be found on the pages of history than were then given by our young men from every class of society. But war, in its very nature, goes beyond all considerations of law and justice. Its work is to destroy. Its ends are to be gained by the destruction of property and life. It disorganizes the industry of a country. It deranges its business. It baffles all attempts at foresight, and overthrows the best considered plans. It introduces a new element of uncertainty, and thus converts business enterprises into hazardous and gambling operations. Under the feverish excitements of the times apparent vigor is often only the spasmodic action of a dis-

ease which is wasting the vital energies, and to be succeeded by a season of utter prostration. Our Revolutionary war was followed by more than twenty years of exhaustion and depression in every department of labor and of business.

Our last war deranged everything. It withdrew the strength of the nation from fields of productive enterprise, and concentrated it on the work of destruction. New standards of value were introduced. Immense fortunes were suddenly made. There were more rich men in the country at the close of the war than at the beginning. The strange anomaly was presented of a nation immensely enriched by a destructive civil war of four years. Of course, this was an illusion. There had been an incalculable waste and annihilation of physical resources; but an inflated currency covered up the losses. And unwise legislation was employed to hide and so protract the disease, instead of searching into it and bringing it to an end.

This state of things has been going on now for more than ten years. Our legislators have been laboring to cover up, rather than to cure, the disease. The business of the country has been carried on under the shadow of a stupendous hallucination. But the laws of truth are not to be trifled with forever. As the whole system was placed, to a great extent, on a fictitious basis, the whole business of the country became disorganized and demoralized. Attempts to conceal the real condition of things could be made only at the expense of truth and honor. The failure of one great scheme or fortune after another began to excite suspicion and to open men's eyes. And, to the consternation and distress of many thousands of honest people, it is discovered that certificates of value, whether in the shape of mining or manufacturing stocks or of railroad bonds, are no evidence of wealth. Several hundred millions, we are told, of these securities have ceased to meet their engagements. And there is a general feeling of indignation and distrust. Men who were rich yesterday are poor today. Men who were yesterday admired and trusted as able and upright men are now denounced as incompetent and unfaithful, or dishonest.

It is not our purpose here to discuss individual cases. We have no doubt that among those who in these times of great pecuniary

losses and distress are most severely denounced, are many very able and honorable men. Each particular case must be judged upon its own merits. General denunciations ought not to overthrow reputations which have been gained by lives of honest and successful business. Men of commanding influence, who have gained large fortunes and the confidence of their fellow-men by long-continued and laborious habits of far-seeing enterprise, and who have administered their affairs with public spirit and integrity heretofore, do not forfeit their claims on the good will of society except by doing very foolish or dishonest acts. It may be that many able and honest men have not been equal to the terrible strain and emergency of the times. It may be that they have been misled by the widely extended show of a prosperity which had no existence in fact. It may be that, in this complication of affairs reaching through every department of industry and business, no one is yet able to trace all the causes to their legitimate effects, or to show how the evils now threatening us are to be met.

One great evil is the natural consequence of war, and we see it in almost every department of society. As war disorganizes and puts everything to hazard, as its work is to destroy property and life, it naturally creates a habit of recklessness in regard to life and property which has the most deplorable influence. Never before have there been so many murders and suicides among us as during the last few years. We cannot attribute them directly to the war. But when almost a majority of our young men have been in the field, tasking all their energies to cause the greatest possible destruction of property and life; when they have been taught to disregard the rights of property and to hold their own lives cheap, and the whole community at home here have been urging them on and sympathizing with them in their work of destruction, it is easy to see how their ideas, and the ideas prevailing in society, become loose and disorganizing. The sacredness of life, and the horror at the thought of taking away a human life, which is such a safeguard to society, are confused and weakened. Society is demoralized. Life is of no account. The offended lover or husband kills the object of his jealousy, and then kills himself, as if this were an ordinary outburst of passion. Here is one form of recklessness.

Another is in the business world. During the war it was the fashion to cry out against all regular forms of business. Fortunes were made by a violent disregard to the old-fashioned rules of mercantile thrift and honesty. New methods of compassing important ends were invented. Irregularities were tolerated in every branch of business. Bad men led the way. Men of hitherto unblemished characters allowed themselves to be drawn into the same questionable means in order to secure desirable results. Great apparent successes prepared the way for still greater recklessness. The evil spread through all classes, till there are comparatively few persons having a hundred dollars to invest, in the hope of great gains, who are not involved in this class of transactions either as actors or victims. It is a deplorable condition of things. How is it to be remedied? Only by returning to the simple, healthful habits of patient, intelligent, honest industry and frugality.

A general recklessness, in its manifold forms, is the great evil of our times. Our people are impatient of the old habits of thrift. The young are impatient of the old habits of restraint. The obligations which every intelligent man and woman and child are under to society are ignored. The moral and religious principles inculcated in our churches, and molding the characters of the rising generation, lose their power because the relations of the young to the church are not recognized. If fortunes may be made at hap-hazard without any regular business or training, religion and morals may be left to the same chance. And so our churches are often neglected, and families grow up almost in ignorance of the first precepts of Christianity.

We are not discouraged. These are signs of the times, but they are not the only signs. There are fountains of life springing up all around us for the refreshment and healing of the people. But these marks of disease must be attended to. Deeper principles of truth and righteousness must be established. Living souls impressed with a sense of the vital reality and importance of the highest thoughts of God and his truth must be the educators of this people. Then all will be well.

THE AMERICAN REVIVALISTS IN ENGLAND.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey have just closed their work in London by holding a thirty days' meeting in the south part of the city, which was constantly attended by large numbers, the crowds being so dense on one occasion that several persons were pressed to death in them. The astonishing popular success that has attended the preaching of these men in many of the large towns of Great Britain and in the metropolis, has perplexed both friends and foes of their work; and in view of their probable speedy return to this country, and the welcome which many of the religious newspapers have tendered them in advance, it seems desirable to form some just estimate of the character of their work and the nature and value of its results wherever it may be attempted. Certain very serious considerations are also suggested as to the spiritual condition of communities in which such a work is supposed to be desirable or even possible.

We are disposed to discredit the severe judgment passed on Mr. Moody by several of those who have had opportunity to know him well, that he is wholly a charlatan and religious posturer; and to believe that both these evangelists are honest and earnest men; honest and earnest at least in this, that they strongly desire to bring those whom they exhort to what they regard to be a state of repentance and salvation. That they are shrewd and pushing business men is also apparent, not over-modest or scrupulous as to the methods and motives used to secure a hearing and to move the emotions of their auditors. The advertising, direct and indirect, resorted to in order to create excitement and secure a multitude of hearers, has been without parallel in the history of religion, and many of the appeals used and the arts employed by them have been of such a nature that we wish the same remark could be made concerning these. From reports of their discourses in various English newspapers, and the memoirs which their admiring friends have published in this country, containing also large extracts from their sermons, we judge their theology to be extremely narrow and unintelligent, their use of Scripture crudely literalistic, often fantastic and coarsely familiar, and their conception of Christianity commercial and mechanical to the last degree.

High spiritual views of religion, or any apprehension of the worthiest aspirations and most generous sentiments of the human soul, seem to be entirely foreign to their preaching, and the one end towards which all their persuasions seek to move men is that of future safety from perdition, to be secured by implicit faith in the merits of Christ's sacrifice literally made over to the believer. The coarse materialistic interpretations of the selfish sacrificial scheme which these men put in the place of Christ's gospel of grace and truth are often extremely offensive; and we can well believe Dr. Parker, who on the whole endorses them, when he testifies to cases of mischievous results from the excitements of their "after-meetings." Reversing the prophecy, they bring brass for gold, and iron for silver. Yet, to use a happy expression not long since made familiar, it is in some sort "consecrated brass." Their gospel, hard and poor as it is, has directness, earnestness, unction. It is softened and adorned by Mr. Sankey's wonderfully effective singing. The gratitude for personal deliverance which it awakens may often lead on to some worthier regard of the Divine Grace and Goodness, and its warnings of hell body forth some shadow of the eternal law of retribution. Men whose spiritual perceptions are not fine enough to be repelled by such a presentation of Christianity, may be moved by its urgent appeals to lay aside gross sins and strive for a better life. We earnestly hope that among the multitudes that have crowded these meetings there may be a great many who, temporarily roused and frightened from their frivolous or sinful lives, may be laid hold of by the churches, and have the way of God expounded to them more perfectly, and so be permanently impressed and benefited. We hope this, because some good is surely needed to balance the mischief that is done to reverence and rational piety by the shrewd devices to attract, the crude setting forth of doctrines, the loose, juggling, coarsely familiar handling of Scripture scenes and topics, which has attended this revival enterprise; as well as the added weight which religion and the Christian Church will have to carry through these extravagances, this unworthy exhibition of the beauty and grandeur of Christianity, in the contest with the materialistic science and the keen-eyed skepticism of this age. We do not fear, since we believe the religious element to be indestructible in human nature;

but we would earnestly request the thoughtful men of all our religious bodies to think twice before giving their unqualified sanction to a work which, however sincere, is so partial and shallow, and so far removed in its lack of rational coherency and spiritual elevation from the teaching of all thoughtful and scholarly men in Christian pulpits to-day.

One of the supporters of Mr. Moody, in London, who "believes that the meetings must do great good," though acknowledging that he has known of mischievous results in one or two instances, concludes by saying that "we have nothing to do with results. Our business is to sow the seed." What seed? If the wheat be confessedly mingled with tares, it would seem to be the part of wisdom to winnow the seed-grain beforehand, and not go on helping the enemy by sowing the adulterated seed. We do not object to the heartiest endorsement of all that is seen to be really sound in Mr. Moody's teachings and in the results of his work; nay, so far as we see good accomplished by him, we shall most gladly join in its acknowledgment; but it seems clear that the teachers of Christianity are not justified in commending to the people forms of doctrine and conceptions of religion which in their own studies and pulpits they have long repudiated or far outgrown.

We had intended to refer to several other aspects of this topic, but must confine ourselves to a few remarks on the single one which seems to us most practically important. The success of this revival movement in England — it may be doubted if the same grade of religious motive and appeal could secure such remarkable popular success in this country — proves the primary quality of the religious work to be done for large masses of the people. Like Ritualism and Spiritualism so-called, it is at once evidence of the large numbers who are without definite religious status, and proof that simplicity, definiteness, and directness, perhaps we should rather say concreteness, must characterize the religion which can move the masses of men and women who are now outside of Christian churches, compel their allegiance, and renovate and uplift their lives. We do not believe that this religion, in order to be accepted, needs to be either irrational in its doctrines or fantastic in its methods. These partial successes seem to us to predict the grander, completer success that

will attend the earnest preaching of simple, rational Christian faith, when with united purpose the churches give themselves to the founding of a new era of righteousness, reverence, and enthusiasm for the Christian ideal of life. For with all the evidence they furnish to the prevalence of crude religious conceptions and the dimness of spiritual vision in large portions of the people, the success of these things bears witness, also, to the generous response that the human soul always makes to any earnest appeal to the religious sentiments, and the strength of its desire for something definite, apprehensible, and humanly fresh and warm for its religious guidance and trust.

We are glad to find the view we have here indicated of the work of Messrs. Moody and Sankey in substance expressed in that able English journal, "The Christian World," a newspaper which is essentially Evangelical without being narrow or sectarian. We copy below a portion of an article from this newspaper, as furnishing specific illustrations of what we have here said of the extremely materialistic view of Christianity and the unwarranted use of Scripture which belong to the preaching of the American revivalists. In regard to what is said of the latter as being an American characteristic we fear that this is an illusion with which our English friends can hardly be permitted to console themselves. We are sure from personal knowledge that Mr. Henry Varley's use of Scripture, if seldom so offensive, is often quite as far-fetched and unauthorized, not to say fantastic and absurd, as any which our enterprising Chicago expositor has evolved.

"Our admissions as to the beneficial effect which Mr. Moody's discourses and Mr. Sankey's hymns may produce and have produced, do not deter us from reaffirming — what may now be proved from our own columns — that the version of the gospel of Christ presented by these gentlemen is crude, partial, and imperfect. Speaking metaphorically, we should call it the mechanical version of Christianity. Our Lord declared that his words were spirit and life; but Mr. Moody seems to us to have a positive dread of looking beneath or beyond the dead letter of Scripture, — and that not of Scripture as read with careful intelligence and with consideration of the context, but of particular texts taken at random here and there from the authorized version. We have no manner of doubt that many of the pastors who rejoice in the influence exerted by Mr. Moody would be ashamed to stand up either in their pulpits or in their Sunday-schools, and give such account of the scriptural evidence

for great Christian doctrines, or of the meaning and purport of those doctrines, as we have in the addresses of the American revivalists.

"Take, for example, the sermon on the 'Blood.' It is with reverence and diffidence that we refer to a subject so profound and so solemn, and we believe that the greatest and godliest divines of all churches have shared this feeling; but Mr. Moody has no diffidence, and displays, by way of reverence, the mere confidence of peremptory dogmatism. He knows all about this most mysterious of Christian emblems and of scriptural facts. He announces, without offering a shadow of proof, that the clothing of Adam and Eve in coats of skin was the institution of bloody sacrifice. We need not tell our readers that there is not a hint of such a thing in Genesis. It seems to be regarded by some people as a special evidence of faith that they see in the Bible what is not there. Mr. Moody, in the next place, gives an explanation wholly arbitrary and hypothetical of the reason why Cain's offering was rejected and Abel's accepted. The reasonable way to account for the rejection would be to presume that Cain brought offerings without bringing at the same time a meek and quiet spirit and an honest and merciful heart. When Jehovah, according to the Bible narrative, pronounced upon Cain his doom, he rebuked him for murder, not for having presented an offering which was from its own nature unacceptable. But Mr. Moody does not scruple to supplement Scripture. He knows exactly what Cain felt. 'Cain,' says Mr. Moody, 'said to himself, "I am not going to bring a bleeding lamb. Here is the grain and the beautiful fruit that I have raised by my industry, and I'm sure it looks better than blood, and I'm not going to bring blood." Now it was not that there was any difference between these two men, but it was the offering which each brought.' That is to say, the sin on account of which Cain's offering was rejected was a mistake, more or less willful, in ritual. We believe that the sin was ethical, — deep down in Cain's cruel heart. But we are content to leave the matter where the Bible leaves it, and we quote the words from Mr. Moody in order to exhibit that strange and irreverent presumption in dealing with Scripture which is, we hope, more characteristic of America than of England, and which Mr. Moody need not have crossed the Atlantic to teach us. The whole of Mr. Moody's sermon is couched in the same tone of jaunty self-confidence. Some of his expressions are astounding in their ignorant presumption. 'God is merciful' he says, 'but he is not going to take an unredeemed sinner into heaven. If he did, the redeemed would plant the banner of indignant remonstrance round the throne, and there would be a revolt in heaven.' Of the ethical significance of the blood of Christ there is, of course, hardly a hint. Mr. Moody dwells upon the material emblem, and he would, we suppose, shrink from Dean Stanley's declaration that Christ's blood given for the life of the world means Christ's love given for the life of the world, as heresy. But our Lord, we repeat, said that his words were spiritual; and unless we apprehend the spiritual import of the shedding of Christ's

blood, we shall find our ideas of atonement becoming Pagan and blasphemous rather than Christian. When we turn from Mr. Moody's conception of heaven and hell, we are again sensible of a *mechanical* character pervading the whole. The preachers, the divines, who have brought light and healing to the Church, have been those who have elevated and spiritualized our ideas of heaven; but Mr. Moody seems actually afraid that our notions of heavenly happiness shall be too spiritual. Taking, as his custom is, the dead letter of Scripture, and congealing metaphor in fact, he leaves on the mind the impression of heaven as a suite of exquisitely furnished apartments above a crystal vault, up to which one might climb by a ladder, or mount on a Babel tower. It is of infinitely greater importance to realize heaven as a state than heaven as a place, heaven as a dwelling of the Holy Ghost in the heart, heaven as an ineffable and indestructible peace arising from pure affections and the joy of love to God and to man. If heaven is conceived as this, and hell conceived as the reverse of this, it is simply impossible that Christian morality can ever be surpassed or become antiquated. But there are many skeptics who could allege with honesty that their conception of morality is higher, because less selfish, than Mr. Moody's. 'If there is no hell,' says Mr. Moody, 'let us burn our Bibles. Why spend so much time studying the Bible, why spend so much time and so much money in building our churches? Let us turn our churches into plaees of commerce or of amusement; let us eat and drink, and be merry; for we will soon be gone if there is no hereafter.' We do not believe so ill of Mr. Moody as these words might warrant us in doing. We believe that, if he became sure that there was no future heaven and hell, he would still find his joy in serving and loving Christ; nay, that, if he were told he would be punished by fire for serving Christ, he would still cling to him. But if it were with him as his words seem to imply, — if commerce and amusement, and the delights of the godless world, would really afford him more joy than the presence of holy and loving and Christ-like affections in his heart, — then, beyond all question, we should say that he was not a Christian man. The heaven of Christ, the heaven of Paul, the heaven of every true Christian, is a heaven begun here, a heaven of which the joy, though it may as yet be imperfect, is the same in kind with that of the spirits around the throne, — a heaven which, as Chalmers said, is not the *reward* of virtue, but *is* virtue."

SMITH COLLEGE FOR WOMEN.

The dedication of this College, in Northampton, we look upon as one of the most important educational events of the year. With the opening of this institution and that of the new college at Wellesley, and with Boston University in successful operation, there will be little reason henceforth for the complaint that young

women are debarred the opportunities of higher culture. While it is true that these institutions will be long unable to furnish helps and facilities for a complete education equal to those enjoyed by young men at Harvard and Yale, it will every year be a matter of less concern to those who demand for women the largest opportunities whether or not the advantages of the older universities shall be extended to young women. We give a few extracts from an abstract of President Seelye's address, which we find in "The Boston Daily Advertiser." With what is here said of the relations between health and education in any intelligently arranged system, we have elsewhere expressed our concurrence in this review.

The fund was not given to establish an ordinary school, but to found, in the truest sense of that term, a college which should give young women an education as high and thorough and complete as that which young men receive in Harvard, Yale, and Amherst. We are not permitted, therefore, to adapt the curriculum to any popular notions concerning women's intellectual or physical capacity. He believed the Smith to be the only female college which insists upon substantially the same requisites for admission which have been found practicable and essential in male colleges, on the advantages of which he dilated. We see no other way to secure a higher female education which is not a sham, he continued, except by requiring enough preliminary work to make that education feasible. Let the requirements for admission be determined, not by the number of students desired, but by the demands of the highest intellectual culture, and you have done much to put an end to the lack of system and many of the shams which have been the bane of female education. We have been guilty of another innovation as a female college, by adopting substantially the classical and mathematical training which has long characterized the higher education of young men. This step was upheld at great length, the relations of classic study to literature, and mathematics to the sciences, being fully set forth. . . . The narrowness which has always been the bane of female education we wish especially to avoid. Our aim has been so to arrange the course in natural sciences that young ladies may become sufficiently well acquainted with their general principles and leading facts to feel an interest in the progress of science, to clearly comprehend its important discoveries, and to be prepared to make afterward in some chosen field original investigation. For why may not a woman frequently in science, as in literature, pursue in mature life some favorite study, and become eminent in it? Those of you who have read the charming essays of Mrs. Treat on carnivorous plants, or the biography of Mrs. Somerville, will see how easy it is for a gifted woman to make valuable contributions

to our stock of scientific knowledge. May not those contributions be more frequent when woman is able to receive that higher instruction in mathematics which the college can give, and which the perfection of her powers demands? A generous art education, in all the branches of the fine arts, is also to be provided.

Let me say, in general, continued the speaker, that we have aimed so to arrange the instruction as to give free play to individual peculiarities, and at the same time to avoid the narrowness which comes from exclusive devotion to any one pursuit. After the first year, three elective courses will, we trust, offer all the freedom that is desirable for the culture of special talents. To those who prefer a more extensive training in modern languages, the literary course will offer greater attraction; to those who wish to pursue more thoroughly the classics or the sciences, the classical and scientific courses will seem more desirable. In all these elective courses, however, we have endeavored to retain enough of those studies which are essential to a broad and liberal culture. Whatever their individual talents may be, we would have students go forth from this institution with broad sympathies, and minds fully responsive to mental worth, wherever it exists. And yet we are not insensible, I trust, to the danger of an exclusive devotion to merely intellectual pursuits, and therefore we have our department of social science.

He maintained that there is no more danger of impairing the health in an intelligently arranged system of education for woman than there is for man. There is no reason, he said, why a similar improvement may not take place in the health of young ladies in college as among the male students. We understand that they need special safeguards. Those safeguards can be easily provided. Some of them are already secured in the structure of our buildings. You will notice that most of our working rooms are upon the first floor: that there is little necessity of climbing stairs, none of our buildings being over than two stories and a half high; and that is a great safeguard to woman's health. You will nótice also, that, in place of extensive dormitories in which three or four hundred are brought together under one roof, and at one table, we have adopted the plan of separate cottages, in which the students may receive the quiet and care of a private home. This also we consider another great safeguard in female education. In these separate homes, under the supervision of intelligent women, and with gymnastic training wisely adapted to their peculiar organization, we see no reason why young ladies cannot pursue study as safely as they do their ordinary employments. For the sake of the spiritual health of its students, to promote their virtue, to add to their amiability and teachableness, we would have the college distinctively and unequivocally Christian in its character.

We appeal to all who have at heart the welfare of humanity, to all who have had in their own experience the evidence of woman's high capacity, as well as of her unbounded influence, to help us form an insti-

tution which will enable her the better to know that All-perfect Mind in whose image she was created, and whom it is her highest glory to express and her highest joy to apprehend. We believe that the higher intelligence which may thus be secured will eventually elevate and ennoble all departments of woman's work; that a richer inheritance of blood will descend to children; that children themselves will be more carefully nurtured; that fashion will be less tyrannous and dress less absurd; that unostentatious culture will take the place of noisy pedantry; that home life will be valued more and home influence felt more deeply; that marriage will have less bitterness and society less frivolity. These, my friends, are not the fanciful, they are the logical and natural sequences of the culture which we propose to give. To secure these priceless results one woman hath done what she could. Let this institution be a lasting memorial to her honor. Let not her gift fail of its greatest influence through the parsimony of others, but around it as a centre let generous contributions gather, until the idea shall be fully realized of a woman's college.

OF THINGS AT HOME.

SUNDAYS WITH OUR CHILDREN.

THIS is a subject which perhaps our minds will never be quite at rest upon, — how to make Sunday just the right day for our little ones, not too sober or monotonous, and yet quite different from the other days of the week. We are sure that we would rather have too much play than too much work, for the primal law in regard to the first day of the week is certainly freedom from ordinary toil, so that the dolls and blocks are to us a far more welcome sight than the school-day books. But if we could somehow manage to idealize their play, and lift their spirits into a religious attitude without their knowing it, so that the long hours would run swiftly, we should be better satisfied with ourselves and them. But when, with all our best endeavors, we hear the little breast draw a sigh on Saturday night at the thought of the next day that is coming, we feel that there is a mistake somewhere in the conduct of the day. Perhaps the want is one that cannot be remedied with our imperfect humanity. We are tired often ourselves. The hurried breakfast after the first day ablutions, the confusion of dressing the little ones for church, the confined posture of the pews, the unwelcome dampness or the summer heat, the class in the Sunday-school, all have exhausted our bodies, although our minds and souls have undoubtedly been much stimu-

lated and refreshed. The children are in precisely the same condition as ourselves. They enjoyed at first their clean and pretty clothes, the walk to church, the eyeing each other over the tops of the pews, and the teacher's talk at noon; but they have had enough of it, — they too are tired. Mother and children ought not, perhaps, to be together so much. The mother needs repose, the Sunday paper, the quiet converse with a friend, communion with the absent traveler, or with those beloved ones who have gone farther into the unseen country. If a band of sweet young girls could scatter themselves about on Sundays, and take the little ones under the trees, and show them the finger of God on the leaves, and tell or read bright stories interwoven with the lesson, or shorten the winter afternoon with pleasant talks about good people and things, how many a mother would be refreshed, because her children were in such good hands. It would be a kind of second Sunday-school. We have great faith in the Sunday-school; but it is only of an hour's length, and there are many unfavorable surroundings. This work would supplement it. It would be spontaneous. We know there are older children in many households, and both young and elderly friends, who perform this labor of love; but it is surprising to see how sometimes a new, unused force entering in makes light work of every burden, and has a fresh power in revivifying the mind of the child. The effect is like this beautiful Sunday to us in the inland country to-day, far away from the beaten highways of our life. It opens new avenues of thought and feeling, clearer vistas into the promised land; old cares slip out of our vision, or they wear such a new dress that we do not know them, and ask if they can be the same things that once dulled our aspirations and sat like nightmare upon the repose of our daily life. So divinely ordered and beautiful a thing is change, — not abrupt or spasmodic, but life-giving and self-evolving, a re-lighting of all the powers, a normal condition of rest and work. Such is death to the wearied body, but truly harmonious soul.

Dean Alford has written a pleasant series of "Fireside Homilies," which are published in this country by Randolph & Co., New York, and some of them have appeared in "Church and State." They are meditations with his children on Sunday even-

ings. They are all, — parents and children, — sitting round the fire together, and he seems to be musing aloud. He asks "why they are so happy." He answers "that it is because they *believe*. They are enjoying the *luxury* of faith, — he and they, — because the *labors* of faith are over;" the services, the christenings, the Sunday-school, all the exercises of the day, are finished. He owns that they, — the children, — probably waked on Sunday morning with a "kind of dread;" but then he says, "How much better it turned out than they thought. They enjoyed putting on their new dresses, to begin with, but perhaps they wished it would pour so that they wouldn't have to go to church. (We are glad a dean's children are not so much better than others, after all.) But somehow they became interested in spite of themselves; one or two of our dear Lord's sayings got down into the well of their hearts, and they came away with the feeling that it was good to be there." Yet, he says, we are all glad the services are over. They lifted us up and inspired us, but that inspiration cannot be kept up long. It is too fatiguing for our natures. The holy faith is now "digesting" in us. "It has fed and calmed us, and we are now sitting in the light of our Father's countenance, as we shall sit when this great religious service of Life is over, and we have taken our places around the fireside at His Home." We would like to quote more of this evening talk, — what he says about God's love, the future of the children, the sacred pictures on the walls, the human life of Jesus, the true liberty of the Christian character, the immortal life. We are sure the Dean is enjoying it himself, as he sits back in his chair; for, as he says, the children don't hear him use that word "busy," when they come to his elbow that day, and mamma has nothing to drive her up from her seat. To be sure, she has dropped off to sleep while he is talking. "But that is just as it ought to be," he says. "Rest is their right; they should be 'full of rest from head to feet,' as the poet says of the blessed dead."

A RETIRING EDITOR.

We regret to see that the efficient and truly catholic editor of "Church and State," Dr. Smith, is retiring from his place. His farewell article on withdrawing shows what manner of man he is,

although we did not need it to be convinced, as the whole tone of the paper has been large and reverent, and its spirit generous and appreciative of whatever good is to be found in all communions. He is a thinker somewhat after the school of Dean Stanley, and although there are plenty of men on both sides of them who are longing to push them to the wall, they hold their ground, and love their church so much that they are determined to believe she can enfold all who "profess and call themselves Christians;" and if she fears she cannot do it, they will work bravely to convince her that she can. Let us Unitarians hold on to this large profession of the ancient church, and ask for nothing narrower or broader.

Dr. Smith speaks of the various branches of his communion, — the High, the Low, the Broad, the Ritualistic, and the Evangelical Church. He has endeavored to show that all these different phases of thought can exist under the same ecclesiastical organization. He has expressed his condemnation of the movement which resulted in the Reformed Episcopal Church; but he recognizes, even at the risk of being misunderstood, the "deplorable blunder and mismanagement" of the Mother Church which first made the movement thrive. He thinks the secession would never have been possible but for the painful proceedings in the Diocese of Illinois against Rev. Mr. Cheney. He believes it, however, unjustifiable, being not only "injurious to the Church from which it separates, but also to the non-Episcopal bodies with which it refuses to unite." The main point which he has wished to enforce is, that "there are historically legitimate schools of opinion in the Church, and their co-existence is no ground for ecclesiastical separation." He believes that they cannot be opposed or maintained by ecclesiastical discipline, and regards ecclesiastical trials on points of ritual and doctrine with great disapprobation.

We find a cutting from this paper of some weeks back in regard to Bishop Colenso, perhaps from the pen of its editor, which illustrates this fairness of spirit. The writer speaks of the memorial presented to the Bishop of Oxford by Church of England clergymen of that city, for the condemnation of Dr. Colenso. "Oxford is just the place for that," he says. He fancies Dr. Colenso saying, quoting from another divine in regard to heresy-hunters, "I'm glad I ain't one of those fellows." "What then?"

the writer says. "Is it a thing to be proud of to have scruples about the five books of Moses? Not at all. That may be Bishop Colenso's, or any other man's, misfortune. But is that the only consideration which ought to weigh with bishops and churchmen?" he asks. "Might not Bishop Colenso be an effective preacher of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, in spite of a defective theology?"

We offer to the retiring editor our regrets at his departure, and our best wishes for the future of "Church and State."

A LETTER FROM THE WEST.

We have had the good fortune to see a letter from our earnest missionary, Mr. Douthit, addressed to our good friend, President Livermore, of Meadville Theological School. The letter was the outburst of a full heart, and not intended for publication; but the utterances of such live workers ought not to die away in corners of the world, but ring around in the ears, and touch the souls of our people, until they give their substance, their work, and their sympathies, without which the gold chills the hand of the receiver. We shall not be able to insert all of the letter, but will quote a portion of it.

My Dear Mr. Livermore,— SHELBYVILLE, ILL., June 12, 1875.

I have just received letters from you and Prof. Abbot, in regard to sending me an assistant from Meadville during the summer vacation. . . . I do wish and need help, and think I can find plenty of gospel work for two more right in this mission. As a matter of fact, there are few ministers in this region that can get as large and willing a hearing as a Unitarian; but the work is emphatically missionary, — that is, it is among the poor or the indifferent, and consequently for a time the compensation is very small. . . . It is very difficult to get efficient workers in the Sunday-school or church. We have now five Sunday-schools, with an attendance of from forty to one hundred and twenty-five, and only two of these can be said to be supplied with sufficient officers and teachers; three of them are dependent almost wholly for their existence upon the presence of some one of my family. . . . The congregation gathered at the court-house in Shelbyville during the last year is now the largest but one, as also the Sunday-school, in a place of three or four thousand inhabitants, with seven churches, and could really keep one minister employed all the time, as well as the other congregations, three of which have regular pastors at a salary of twelve or fifteen hundred dollars each. But having three other congregations, I can give

this one only half the time, and Mrs. Douthit takes charge of the Sunday-school in my absence. Mattoon is vacant; friends in Marshall, Clark Co., want me to come and preach in the closed Presbyterian Church in that place; they would like to hear a Unitarian preacher in Vandalia, and the cry comes to me from several country places, "Come over and help us." I can only answer by praying that the Lord will send more laborers. The men whom I crave most of all to help in building up the waste places of Zion are men who are already converted to Christianity, men who are in love with the Christ of the New Testament, and baptized by his spirit, ever-present, fresh, and powerful, from the everlasting Father, and who are so intensely in earnest to get free from sinful habits themselves, and free others, that they have no time or inclination to split hairs between sou' and sou'west, and demand more liberty than they know how to use well for their salvation and that of others. The battle of intellectual liberty has been fought and won. The watchword on to-day's battle-flag should be "Union,"—union of man with man, and man with God in holiness and love. And I know no better way to bring this about than by preaching, and living faith in God through Jesus Christ. . . . In the name of common sense, have not Unitarians now enough liberty to go to work and help a sinning, sorrowing world? . . . Why, there is many a poor fellow among the four or five hundred I meet once a month, who would totter and fall back into the pit from which he has emerged, if he had to be fed on such diet as the Year-Book controversy. Therefore we want none of this, either pro or con; a little less liberty on the *brain*, and more freedom of *heart*, is what these people need. If you can send us some one who, by the grace of God, can help us to live purer, nobler, truer, better, we shall give you grateful hearts; and may the children of these woods and prairies, in days to come, rise up and bless the dear friends of Meadville, in the name of God and his Christ!

Yours very truly, J. L. DOUTHIT.

OF THINGS ABROAD.

"THE CHRISTIAN WORLD," which we now receive among our exchanges from England, is a very valuable and prominent paper of the Baptist denomination. Its position is a broad and liberal one, and its attitude towards other sects is generous and appreciative. Its circulation appears to be very wide, all interesting movements are chronicled, and it manifests great hospitality toward philanthropic movements and reforms. Its independence and courage we cannot estimate in our country, where every one speaks his mind so freely, but it is none the less noteworthy. Since our acquaintance with the paper, first made in England, we have been

gratified to see that they have never failed to record the doings of Unitarians in their church record, and to recognize us as a Christian denomination.

Rev. J. Baldwin Brown has been publishing in its columns a series of articles on future punishment, taking a broad and reasonable ground on the subject. We quote the following passage:

"But I plead once more for my younger brethren, to many of whom this subject is a source of keen mental anguish, and whose position, whose prospects, whose very life, may depend on the sympathy with which the struggles of their minds towards the truth may be met. If they preach Christ, if you see that his love manifestly constrains them, if the one aim of their ministry is to draw men to closer fellowship with his spirit, honor them, cherish them, strengthen them; do not frown and forsake them if the hope gladdens their hearts that Christ's dear love may have blessed ministries of mercy to accomplish, through all the ages, and in all the worlds.

"And I would that my word might reach the elders, the leaders, of our religious communities and of our great societies, and I may speak as myself almost an elder: unless they are prepared for the breaking up of our churches and the shattering of our institutions, they must allow this to be an open question, to be freely discussed, thought out, and brought forth into the sun. Where the subject so transcends the range of our imagination, and where the sphere of knowledge is necessarily so vague and dim, — where the language of Scripture is open to such varieties of interprêtation, and has hints and suggestions which we all feel to be beyond the grasp of our thought, — they must be willing to allow their younger brethren to follow these suggestions in the direction to which the love of God in Christ may seem to guide them, nor be grieved if they seek to strengthen themselves with the hope which 'Paul the aged' would seem to have clasped closely to his heart."

The editor has evidently been exposed to a good deal of indignation from those who want to see other people punished, and of croaking from those who are afraid they ought to want it. But he means to keep on his way, saying he "is convinced that nothing but good can come of the discussion in such a Christian spirit; that the editor of a religious journal has missed his vocation if he refuses to recognize the fact that the ideas of past generations, on this subject, are undergoing a rapid and significant change."

Another article in this paper, on the revival movement in England, shows great independence. Most so-called Evangelical papers seem bound, perhaps from a feeling of reverence towards

the apparent manifestations of the Holy Spirit, to endorse wholly these meetings. The writer cautions the ministers of the various churches, that are in sympathy with the movement, against certain erroneous ideas of religion that are in danger of being spread by these meetings. One is, "that the vitalizing and revivifying influence of the Lord, the Spirit, is spasmodic in its effect, . . . when it will be in all who will reverently submit to him." Another danger is "that of waiting for the Holy Ghost." The writer calls the idea "mischievous ignorance." He says, "Men might as well wait for the air that all breathe." How often we ourselves have been sad to hear a worthy orthodox man or woman say, "I want to be a Christian: I hope I shall be sometime," — as if they had nothing to do about it themselves. The writer goes on to say that "many people think that by going to particular places they shall be brought in contact with the Spirit of God." He calls this a part of the Romish system of sacraments and formal duties. The worst error of all "is in representing God as partial, as leaving the soul's hope of salvation to accidents of time and place." The last danger he fears is that of representing that all men must go through a sudden transition in order to be regenerated. He thinks that, although God leads many by this experience, many more are brought home by the gentleness that makes men great.

OUR FRENCH BRETHREN.

The April number of "La Libre Recherche" contains rather more favorable accounts of the condition of the Liberal Church in France. Monsieur Charruaud, in his "Révue des Mois," says that the clouds seem to be breaking from their horizon. They are not to be deprived of their legitimate rights in the Church. The new minister of worship has declared that "it has never entered into his head for a single moment to eject from the Church a large proportion of Protestants who compose it, and that the fault will not lie at his door if all the difficulties that beset them are not settled in a spirit of equity and respect for the rights of all." M. Charruaud says this is really the first time the authorities have spoken clearly, and without circumlocution, of their rights. They have a right to live and die, he believes, in the church where they

were born, which they love as they do a mother who has nourished them at her breast.

These declarations were made before the delegation of the Liberal Churches, which has for President M. Montaudon, and for Secretary M. Larnac. They have, of course, disappointed many of the extreme Orthodox party, who have been determined to push things to extremes. Fortunately, there are other elements in the Orthodox Church of France, which are more pacificatory, and there are also reasonable and tolerant men as were undoubtedly to be found in the old Congregational Church of New England at the time of our separation. These good men, however, often keep silent, the noisy and bigoted ones have their say; harsh words follow, and the breach becomes so wide that it cannot be closed up again. We trust our French brethren will not be driven to this point. As long as a national State Church exists in France, they must be crippled by a separation from it. We are glad to hear from some of these large-minded and liberal men in the Orthodox party. M. de Pressensé, whose writings, as well as those of his wife, are well known in this country, is the editor of the "Révue Chretienne." He defends on its pages the rights of the Liberal party with clearness and impartiality. In fact, a revulsion of feeling has begun in the Orthodox ranks. Many pastors, who have no love for so-called liberal opinions, have declared publicly that they would not have such a stigma of injustice put upon the Orthodox Church. The pastoral Conference of La Gironde desires that there should be a fair and equitable division of church privileges. This is a great advance for them to make; but they have not gone far enough yet, until they can not only tolerate their co-religionists, but believe that the latter have their place in the church to save it from stagnation of thought, while they themselves have theirs to retard the too destructive tendencies of free speculation. Why can they not live side by side, and respect and love each other, after this friction is over, even as we and our Orthodox friends are trying to do, although a visible bond of union may not now be possible or desirable for us?

Our readers have doubtless seen the reports of the loss of the two French gentlemen, some weeks ago, who ascended in the balloon "Zenith." On arriving at an altitude of eight thousand

metres, they were killed by asphyxia, caused by the insufficiency of atmospheric pressure. Their companion, M. Tissandier, after a long fainting fit, was brought to life. He wept bitter tears over the bodies of his friends. These two gentlemen, M. Crocé-Spinelli and M. Sivel, were members of the Liberal Church. M. Spinelli was about thirty years old, and very decided in his religious convictions. He was one of the founders of the Protestant Charitable Society. M. Sivel was forty years old. He leaves one little girl an orphan. Livingstone wished to take him with him in his explorations into Africa, but from various reasons M. Sivel declined to go. M. Auguste Dide, the associate pastor with M. Athanase Coquerel, received the remains at the railroad station, saying a few words which touched the hearers profoundly. An immense concourse of people was assembled at Père La Chaise, and he there gave a discourse upon the life and death of these two men of science, which was full of the eloquent and impassioned feeling which those know so well who have heard him in Paris. Such deaths, to use his words, "bring with them their consolation."

MISSIONARY WORK IN RUSSIA.

Lord Radstock, the young Englishman who has taken up popular preaching, has been of late in Russia. It would be interesting to see how a young nobleman conducts a revival. His addresses made a good deal of sensation at first, and we believe he still draws large audiences. He preaches in Russia at the British and American Chapel in English, and at the French Reformed Church in French. His hearers cannot therefore be among the Russians, at least those of the lower class. Perhaps he does well to strike at the foreign residents and travelers and win their attention, for no class of persons are probably more forgetful of their religious observances, more negligent in their charities, and more desultory in their lives, than the average tourists. Lord Radstock has had the "British Workman," now on its fourth number, translated into Russian for the people. He has also established a Russian Tract Society, and one of his converts, named Pashkoff, a millionaire, distributes one thousand copies of the New Testament every month.

M. P. L.

ATHANASE COQUEREL.

It is with much sadness that we record the death — just announced by ocean telegraph — of this distinguished scholar, philanthropist, and divine. We had known of his severe illness for many months, interrupting his labors, and compelling him to spend the last winter in the south of France and at the Italian baths. Returning somewhat relieved, he had resumed in part his literary and pastoral work, and, we see from French newspapers, preached as lately as June 27, urging his favorite doctrine of the necessity of extending liberal Protestantism in France as the only adequate and secure basis of the republic.

M. Coquerel has been, since the death of his honored father, Athanase Coquerel, père, in 1868, the leading spirit among Liberal Christians in France, if not on the Continent, foremost in ability and devotedness, as well as in position; an untiring and heroic worker for rational freedom in the state and in the Christian Church. In the recent attempts of the Orthodox party to crush out liberal Christianity in the Protestant Church of France, M. Coquerel has maintained a position of firm and persistent resistance to the encroachments upon the rights of the liberal churches and consistories. Indeed, his life, as well as that of his father for forty years, has been largely devoted to the maintenance of these rights, and even though deposed he has never ceased to exercise ministerial functions, and to labor for the equal recognition of pastors holding liberal views in the Reformed Church. Something of the intensity of his convictions on this subject appeared in his recent able paper on Guizot in "Old and New," the last of his writings, save a private letter, that we have been privileged to read. His eloquence, energy, and vigor of thought, together with his large acquirements and vivid style, gave great force and effectiveness to all his literary efforts; and those who were fortunate enough to hear his lectures or conversation, during his visit to this country in 1871, or who may have heard him preach in his own church, or enjoyed the hearty hospitality of his home, will not soon forget the charm of his full, clear, and earnest utterance. Art, statesmanship, education, literature, claimed his broad sympathies and his abundant labors as well as religion and the Church; and during the memorable siege of Paris he was indefatigable in ministries of mercy and relief. For a large portion of his life, and till his death, M. Coquerel has been the editor and leading contributor of a periodical advocating his own religious ideas and convictions, and was the author of several books, mainly on art, ecclesiastical history, and theology. Born in 1820, he has ended too soon, at the age of fifty-five, a laborious and useful career, full of devoted and eminent service to the Christian Church and to humanity.

REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

Recent Theological Publications in Germany.

1. From Milwaukee, of all places, comes an extraordinary treatise on the death of Jesus, which deceives many of the credulous sort, and is having a wide circulation. Its pretentious title-page reads, "Wichtige, historische Enthuellungen ueber die wirkliche Todesart Jesu. Nach einem alten, zu Alexandrien gefunden Manuskripte, von einem Zeitgenossen Jesu aus dem heiligen Orden der Essäer. Aus einen lateinischen Abschrift des Originals uebersetzt. Auf vielseitigen Wunsch unveraendert nachgedrucht von Biron und Brucker." The peculiarities of the book are that it pretends to be a Latin (!) manuscript of an Essene in Egypt, written about seven years after the death of Jesus; that it shows the Essenes as *rationalists*, with no faith in miracles or their possibility, and also as highly cultivated men; that it calls Jesus a student, if not a member, of the sect, and probably the unlawful son of an Essene; that it treats his death upon the cross as not real, but only a case of suspended animation; that it explains all the appearances of his body, after death, on the ground of his resuscitation; and that it gives him to a natural death from exhaustion, about six months later, in one of the Essene communities near the Dead Sea. The translator (!) adds an appendix of a dozen pages, in which he takes for granted the genuineness of the Essene account. The thoughts and assertions are substantially those of Dulk's tragedy, published some half dozen years ago. The absurd story of Jesus as lover of Mary of Bethany appears here also.

2. A much more valuable contribution to literature and science than this from Milwaukee is the book of Pastor Gustav Adolf Zimmermann, of Chicago (Ephesos im Ersten Christlichen Jahrhundert. Inaugural Dissertation der Philosophischen Facultaet zu Jena). This is a very thorough and important piece of work. Its five chapters treat successively of the history of Ephesus down to the time of Augustus; of its political condition in the first Christian century; of its social condition; of its religious condition, the worship of Artemis, of other gods, and of heroes and rulers; and of the Jewish and Christian communities at Ephesus in that century, and the work of Paul in the city. An appendix contains a short history and description of

the famous Temple, with a map of Ephesus and its surroundings as it appears to-day. It is curious to see the old aqueducts marked side by side with the modern railway, on the ruined site of this almost forsaken city. The facts which Herr Zimmermann has collected about the worship of the great Diana, and the characteristics of the Ephesian people, are not new. But they have been diligently compiled, and from a great variety of sources. The book ought to find a translator, and we hope to make use of the chapter on the Jews and Christians for a more extended article. It corrects some false impressions, and does not sustain all the eloquent assertions of Conybeare in his life of the Great Apostle.

3. At some time or other, every German theological teacher must say his word about the first Church in Rome, and on the question, How much had the apostles to do with it? The young scholar offers this as his evidence of competence, and the old professor leaves it as his parting gift, perhaps as his parting shot. Rudolf Seyerlen seems to be a young scholar; but his "Entstehung und erste Schicksale der Christengemeinde in Rom" has the research and the skill of an expert in this kind of investigation. He is a keen critic as well as a patient inquirer. The topics which he discusses are Paul's Epistle to the Romans; the Jews in Rome; the Christians in Rome; Paul in Rome; the Neronian persecution; and Paul's death, with the incidental question of Peter in Rome. His decision of the last question is not that of the best authorities, even of some of the Catholic writers who have lately uttered their voice. He makes altogether too much of the letter of the Roman Clement. But, if the arguments of Seyerlen are not convincing, they show a happy freedom from prejudice. The anti-Catholic spirit of Germany now disposes its writers to see falsehood in this claim of the Roman Church to be built upon the rock of Peter. The book would have been more valuable if there were more of it. Seventy pages octavo are not sufficient to cover all the ground of research. And some heed should have been given to the treasures of the catacombs and the questions which they raise.

4. Hermann Daun, Archdeacon at Taengermunde, lifts a voice of "earnest warning" to his Evangelical brethren not to be cheated by the wiles of the Jesuits, while he tells the long and dolorous tale of the woes of the faithful in Bohemia (die Verfolgungen der Evangelischen in Boehmen). He shows how Christianity, now one thousand years old, in the land of the Csezchs, has suffered outrage and violence from its pretended friends, has had a perpetual baptism of

blood, and has been put to open shame. Bohemia is a singular instance of a land which has the finest traditions of Protestant zeal and faith and suffering, now not only submissive, but even glad and jubilant, in bearing the yoke of religious tyranny. Alas for a people who forget the nobleness of their fathers, and make themselves willing tools of superstition and priestly intrigue! In no country to-day are heretics more hated, and the Catholic legends more honored and glorified, than in the country of Huss and Jerome and John Ziska. And yet a faithful remnant remain and cry aloud, trusting that the enlightened policy of the German and Austrian emperors will save them from the Papal anathemas. They hold the spectacle of murders and tortures and scourgings before the eyes of the careless crowd, and bid them beware of this imminent fate if the Jesuits are not silenced.

5. The second volume of Dr. Heinrich Schmid's history of the German Catholic Church (Geschichte der Katholischen Kirche Deutschland von der Mitte des 18 Jahrhunderts bis in die Gegenwart) only includes the years since 1830. The style of the book is sprightly, if such a term can describe a German historical work, and some important questions are discussed. But some things are left out that ought to be in the volume, and some things are in it that do not belong there. What has the Austrian Concordat, for instance, to do with the proper German Church? The actual difficulties of the German Catholic Church are not fully appreciated.

6. Herr K. G. Kraft was a convert to Rome some years ago, and now takes advantage of the present excitement to write a series of essays on what he calls "Ecclesiastical Reunion" (Kirchliche Wiedervereinigung). Four of these small books have appeared. He finds the way of reunion very easy. It is only for all Protestants to become out and out Catholics, to accept the doctrine of Infallibility and the rest. The Pope will generously concede to the Protestants that they may keep the German Bible in their houses and schools, that they may have it upon the pulpit, and that they may use their Protestant hymns. That is the way in which the Episcopal Bishop Coxe proposes to establish unity in the American church.

7. "Fugaces labuntur anni," — the line of Horace comes to us as we see on the title-page of Karl Matthes' "Allgemeine Kirchliche Chronik," for 1874, that it is the twenty-first annual issue, and remember how warmly we welcomed the first number. The plan has not been changed, and there has been no falling off in the interest, the accuracy, and the impartiality of the successive issues. Of course

the Protestant Evangelical Church comes first, what it has done in the year in Germany, what it has done in other parts of the world. And it is pleasant to find the broad charity which includes Unitarians and Shakers among the Evangelical sects. Particular mention is made of our Unitarian Conference in Saratoga, of the high intelligence, the high social standing, of the members, and the large significance of the debates. The writer calls the Unitarian Church "the tribe of Levi among the Yankees." The woman's temperance movement, too, comes in for notice, and it is mildly hinted that some of its good results were hindered by a zeal without discretion, and by an unwise violation of the laws. The Cummins' reform movement seems hopeful to the writer. The second half of the volume marks the changes and trials which have come in the Roman Church of Germany and in foreign lands; and the natural antipathy of a Protestant German has been successfully suppressed in the narrative. And then the Greek Church comes in. The least satisfactory part of the Annual is the account and notices of the theological literature of the year, only twenty-five works in all!

8. In Germany, just at present, treatises on the Pastoral Care are not much in favor. The desire is rather to get away from all priestly control, and all supervision of morals or life by the man of God. But Dr. Alexander Schweizer thinks that he can give an acceptable definition of the pastor's place, and show what right the curate has in his care for souls (Pastoral-theorie oder die Lehre von der Seelsorge des evangelishes Pfarrers). He gives to the pastor altogether more weight in dictating the opinions of the faithful than the theory of free judgment will allow, and permits a scrutiny of thought which makes the Protestant preacher as much a Lord of the flock as the Catholic. The best part of his doctrine is that which makes the pastor the servant of his own people rather than a general missionary. Germany, with all its vagaries of opinion and criticism, is not responsible for the mischief done by English and American itinerants, and does not show the strange spectacle of noble lords and ladies, of scholars and statesmen, waiting in the crowds which applaud the inspirations of such teachers of religion as Moody and Sankey. The itinerant type of pastoral duty will not take the place of the Lutheran tradition. It is pitiful that in our American schools of theology the students must be instructed in the machinery of revivals as an important part of their work.

9. Dr. F. Reiff, in his dissertation on the Future of the World (Die Zukunft der Welt), examines the assertions of optimism, of

pessimism, and of science, and is happy in showing that all these really confirm the Christian faith and vindicate its claim. Does not optimism look for a better time, a brighter world, and insist that things go on from good to better? Does not pessimism see the ravages of sin, and find that the present world must be destroyed? Does not science say, as its last word, that the physical universe will freeze out, and be resolved back into its primitive elements, into gas and mist and ether? The word of the Hebrew prophet and of the Christian apostle and of the Apocalyptic seer seems to be the teacher of these philosophers and cynics and geologists, even while they pretend to reject it. Such a harmony between philosophy and religion, between Nature and Grace, is delightful. But is there not a lurking fallacy in this apparent harmony? At any rate, the materialists will not admit that the end of the world which they expect is that change from the natural to the spiritual which this Christian teacher expounds. What they reject is the life beyond the life of flesh which Reiff rejoices in. But the turn of his argument is ingenious.

Du Prosléytisme et de la Liberté Religieuse, ou le Judaisme au milieu des Cultes Chrétiens dans l'état actuel de la Civilization. Par M. I. Bedarride. Paris: Michel Lévy Fières. 1875.

Several years ago, we had occasion, in another review, to speak at length of the book of this distinguished Jewish lawyer, on the condition of his fellow Israelites in the Latin nations of Europe. Since that time the writer has died; and this new work, found among his papers, is published by his son. It is able and valuable. It is written in that epigrammatic way of short, sharp paragraphs, many of them only a single sentence, which literary Frenchmen, from Victor Hugo down, affect as striking and picturesque, but which to English readers is vexatious, breaking the flow of the thought and the continuity of the impression. But the words are well chosen, and the epithets are in good taste. The work is at once a historical sketch, an ingenious argument, a moral disquisition, and a glorification of Israel and its religion. Its most novel and surprising statement is that the religion of Moses is a *universal* religion, that it was in its ideas and truths never intended merely as the religion of one race or one nation, that it was given by Jehovah as the proper faith of the world; and that the notion that, because the Jews were God's peculiar people they were exclusive in their faith, is all wrong. According to Bedarride, the faith of the Jews was Catholic from the beginning, recognizing the virtue in all other religions, joining in sympathy with every

religion which had the idea of God and of righteousness, and rejecting only gross idolatry. The Jews had no idea of claiming for themselves any special right to the Divine favor or to a future heaven, farther than they were true to the doctrines of natural justice and piety. They were not indifferent to the spread of their religion outside of the land of Canaan, though they never sought proselytes, or wished to bring the Gentiles into the kingdom except by the general influence of the truth.

The purpose of the book is to vindicate the right of the Jewish religion to an equal place among the religions of civilized men: not to be tolerated merely, not to be allowed privileges, such as lords give to slaves, or superiors give to inferiors, but to be acknowledged as one religion among the many that are necessary in a complex civilization. In all religions which enlightened nations accept, there are good and true ideas, and these are common to the seemingly different religions. The difference is rather in form and ritual than in the substance of doctrine. Christianity ought not to curse Judaism, of which it is the daughter; nor ought the faith of the Arabian prophet to despise the source from which it came. Jesus and Mohammed were only Jewish prophets, purifiers in their way of the Hebrew religion, reformers of abuses which had fastened themselves to its spirit and its methods. Bedarride is another of those Talmudic scholars whose learning in our time is throwing new light upon the origin of the New Testament ideas, in pointing out that Jesus not only repeated Old Testament words in his teaching, but the words also of Rabbinical doctors and their traditions. While he rebuked the Scribes for their own authorized variations of the word of the law, he accepted their more spiritual sentences as divine command and wisdom. He insists, like Dr. Ginsburg, that John the Baptist was an Essene, and that he taught Jesus the morality of the Essene sect. And he wisely discards the notion that, because the parents of Jesus were poor, the son had no religious training beyond the bare measure of an ordinary mechanic's child. It is not easy to set aside the facts which he brings to support his assertion.

Bedarride's idea of inspiration is that it is an influence in the soul, and not the communication of knowledge *ab extra*. *Reason* is the test to which he brings all truth. Reason is the divine logos and light. The Jewish religion is eminently rational. The Hebrew language, he says, has no word to express what the Christian church usually means by faith. The Jews had no implicit faith, based upon assent without conviction, and they wanted none. They knew what they believed;

and their belief was in moral axioms more than in mystical dogmas. They found the religion in which they were born adequate to their needs, and they took it as a matter of course. They had no anathema for those born into other faiths. There will seem to some readers inconsistency here between Bedarride's assertion that Judaism is universal in its character, and his advice to let other religions wholly alone. So far as a mild and charitable soul can nourish hatred, he hates apostates, and has no confidence in religious renegades. He wishes men to come to the knowledge of the truth, but has no wish that they should change their religious conviction or their church.

There is nothing more ridiculous, Bedarride says, than the ecclesiastical curse in an age like ours. It falls only upon those who are not disturbed by it and will not heed it. Science and the civil power alike despise the empty anathemas of Catholic or of Protestant popes. Persecution never did anything for the growth of knowledge or the increase of the truth. It is foolish as well as wrong. Its premises are weak, and its work is disastrous. So the early Christian fathers saw it. The ante-Nicene writers, and some, too, in the next age, nobly defended the rights of conscience. Even the fanatic Tertullian could plead for justice. The wrong done by Augustine, in taking the opposite ground, and fastening exclusiveness in the Christian policy, is beyond measure.

If we were to quote striking sentences from this earnest book to show its quality, our critical notice would fill half of the pages of this review. The book abounds in suggestive remarks, and it has hints for no end of sermons. "How can one be intolerant to doctrines, and tolerant to those who teach and accept them?" this question gives a text for discussion. The book was finished apparently while Pius IX. was still a temporal ruler, and before the assembling of the great Vatican. It is a worthy companion volume to the work of Pressensé.

The Life and Death of John of Barneveld. By John Lothrop Motley. In two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers.

These volumes contain the history of the Netherlands during Barneveld's administration, which commenced with the twelve years' truce following the long war with Spain, and soon after the death of William the Silent, although Barneveld had been eminent long before, and was highly regarded by the Prince of Orange.

At the age of twenty-nine he was chosen Pensionary of Rotterdam and Advocate of Holland; and, as Holland was the most wealthy

and powerful of the seven United Provinces, that circumstance, with his upright character and the wisdom of his counsels, fitted him for the position of leader of the Republic. Henry IV. of Navarre was the sworn ally of the Netherlands, and the only reliable one, as James of England responded to all their appeals for aid and sympathy with a cautious, temporizing policy, which at a later day, during the prevalence of Arminianism, assumed the form of fierce opposition. Through the agency of Mr. Motley, documents have been discovered in the libraries of the Hague, and thoroughly examined, which until that time had been buried from every eye. They reveal to us the private correspondence of Barneveld with the Dutch ambassador at the French Court, and present a very vivid picture of Henry, in the closing period of his life, as he appeared in his familiar intercourse with the envoy and with his prime minister, Sully. He esteemed Barneveld as the greatest statesman in Europe, and relied implicitly on his counsels.

The death of John, Duke of Cleves, leaving no legal heir to his patrimony, placed the Netherlands in a critical position. "It was as it were a triangle wedged in between Holland, France, Belgium, and Germany, and between Protestantism and Catholicism." The claimants were the Emperor of Germany, on the one hand, and the Elector of Brandenburg and the Palatine of Newburg, both Protestant princes, on the other. If it should fall into the hands of the Emperor, and under Catholic influence, the Netherlands would be ruined. Julick, one of the three duchies composing the inheritance, surrrendered to Maurice, the son of William of Orange, and a joint sovereignty was assigned to the two Protestant princes called the Condominium. Maurice had been distinguished as a soldier during the war, and had become the military, as Barneveld was the civil, leader of the Republic; but, his ambition having led him to seek the crown of Holland, which Barneveld discouraged, he became jealous of the distinction which the latter deservedly possessed, and this sentiment developed into enmity to Barneveld, and resulted finally in his arrest and death. The assassination of Henry IV., just on the eve of a war with Spain and Austria, had deprived the Netherlands of their most faithful ally, and embarrassed the preparations for the war.

The States were at this time rent asunder by theological discussions, which were very bitter, extending to all classes. The doctrines of Arminius, which were spreading rapidly, were opposed with great violence by Gomar, and the advocates were proscribed and persecuted. This led to a remonstrance from the Arminians, which drew

forth one in reply from the Gomarites, or Calvinists, — from which the two parties were known as Remonstrants and Counter-Remonstrants. Barneveld favored the views of the former, while Maurice adopted those of the latter, which added strength to his animosity against the statesman. It was proposed by the Counter-Remonstrants to form a National Synod, which should prescribe a uniform creed for all the States; but this Barneveld strongly opposed, on the principle that each State had a right to prescribe its own creed.

Maurice having determined upon the death of Barneveld, he effected his arrest by an act of treachery. He pretended to desire an interview with the statesman, and as soon as Barneveld entered the palace he was placed in confinement. His friend Hugo Grotius, the learned theologian, was his companion in prison, and was condemned by the same sentence, but escaped through the agency of his wife. Barneveld was tried and executed without witness, advocate, or indictment against him, — excepting the charge of complicity with Spain, whose determined foe he had ever been, as Spain well knew. His defense was made in a brave and submissive spirit, but his words were distorted into evidence against him. No friend appeared to intercede for him but the French ambassador and, too late, when she learned his danger, the widow of William of Orange. He suffered many indignities, and his family were not permitted to see him, nor could he hold communication with them: they refused to solicit his pardon, on the ground that he had committed no offense, and he approved their course. Such was the reward of this devoted servant of the Republic, after forty years of fidelity, and while bending under the infirmities of seventy-two years.

Still more sad was the sequel of this family history: his two sons, impelled by resentment for their father's death, conspired to assassinate Maurice. The plot was discovered: one was sentenced to banishment and the other to death; and unhappily, but not unnaturally, the odium of their crime was reflected on the memory of their innocent father.

We close this book with the impression that it delineates, in clear and forcible language, the character of an incorruptible statesman and a truly Christian patriot. All readers of this installment of Mr. Motley's great work will earnestly desire that his health may be restored, to enable him to complete the researches in which he has been engaged with such distinguished success.

The Building of a Brain. By Edward H. Clarke, M.D., author of "Sex in Education." Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1874.

Sex in Industry: A Plea for the Working-Girl. By Azel Ames, Jr., M.D. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

These volumes deserve to be generally read and carefully considered, for the physiological laws set forth and the perils illustrated in them. We are by no means so well satisfied that the open or implied argument common to them both, is either fairly stated or of much practical value in determining woman's true place and work in life. The intent and influence of the argument, unless we misinterpret the spirit of these essays, is to discourage young women, on peril of invalidism, from hoping to win any considerable success either as students or workers. To those women who must work with brain or hands, we judge that the doctrines set forth here must be thoroughly depressing; more than that, they seem to us to be largely misleading. While the mischiefs of over-exertion and unhealthful surroundings are strongly, and not too strongly, portrayed, the perils of regular employment or regular study for young women, under reasonable conditions, are, we are persuaded, considerably exaggerated. The true comparison is not between the sexes, between boys and girls at school, or young men and young women in the factory, the printing-office, and the college, — though there is much dissent from the conclusion of these authors in regard to the results of such a comparison, — but between the girls who study regularly at school and those who do not, the comparative health of the young women who are busy in the school-room, the work-shop, and the factory, and the young women who are occupied or idle at home and in society. Despite all undue incitements and all unwholesome surroundings and restrictions, we question if these physicians, or physicians generally, would venture to affirm that women who are employed as students, as teachers, as clerks and copyists, and in the handicrafts, are less healthy, or oftener sick as the result of their mode of life, than other women. We can conceive that just as impressive, and just as conclusive a book as either of these two might be written setting forth the disabilities of women and the perils to their organization in society and the domestic circle. Miss Anna C. Brackett, an eminent teacher of New York, complained with some reason, in the able paper she recently read at the meeting of the American Institute of Instruction, of the proneness of physicians to charge juvenile illnesses to the account of study and the school; and we are assured by employers of girls in the trades that much of the sickness among

these results from wretched dietetic habits and exposures outside their work-rooms, while some of it may also be ascribed to the greater steadiness with which they work as compared with men, in order to support themselves and balance the lesser rates which in many cases they receive for doing precisely the same work.

While the physiologists have contributed many important facts and suggestions to the discussions in regard to woman's place in education and industry, we may well hesitate to adopt all their deductions or accept their theories. We may be grateful for their warnings, and profit by them, while suspecting that they have sometimes generalized unwarrantably from their premises. Some caution is needed in reasoning from statistics of the sick to the duties of the well. "If I dwelt in a hospital," said Dr. Franklin, "I might come to think all mankind diseased."

In regard to the questions relating to the co-education of the sexes, too, it seems a little remarkable that these physiological difficulties should suddenly come to the front at a time when all the old arguments against co-education were evidently giving way, and its economic, intellectual, and moral advantages were being urged more strongly than ever before. Those who believe in the correlation of material and spiritual advantages in all just causes and true methods, will weigh carefully Dr. Clarke's argument before concluding that what seems proved to be socially and morally good, is of necessity physiologically bad.

Dr. Holmes has recently made the somewhat surprising statement that "the priest has had nothing for woman, hitherto, but a curse." It is to be hoped that in the brighter era of the physician to which he welcomes her, her course will not be hampered by any of the prejudice and professionalism of which the priest has in ages past enjoyed no entire monopoly.

The Ecclesiastical Institutions of Holland, treated with special reference to the Position and Prospects of the Modern School of Theology. By Philip H. Wicksteed, M.A. London: Williams & Norgate. 1875.

This pamphlet is in the form of a report presented to the Hibbard trustees, and contains a very interesting outline of the history of ecclesiastical parties and events in Holland, especially as these relate to the rise and position of the so-called Modern School of Theology. Mr. Wicksteed, who is the successor of James Martineau as preacher at Little Portland Street Chapel in London, is intimately acquainted with some of the leading liberal theologians in Holland, and has

made a special study of the "Modern" movement in that country. We expect to publish in the next number of this Review an article by him in relation to this subject.

The Oration of Demosthenes on the Crown, with extracts from the Oration of Æschines against Ctesiphon, and Explanatory Notes. By Martin L. D'Ooge, Ph.D., Professor of Greek in the University of Michigan. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.

The character of this Review, and the limited space at our command, prevent us from giving to this handsome book the notice which it deserves. It is published in Chicago, but is printed by the Cambridge University Press, in its best style. The peculiarities of the edition may be learned from the frank and modest preface; and the slight examination which we have been able to make of the English notes bears out what the author claims for them, that they illustrate the rhetorical and literary character of the oration more than its niceties of grammar. They explain the thought and the drift of the speech. It was a happy thought of Prof. D'Ooge to place at the foot of the page those passages from the oration of Æschines which the plea of Demosthenes meets and answers. The student so can hear both sides, and make a fair decision between the rival arguments. The short Introduction gives a clear statement of the cause of the oration and the conduct of the case.

The book is very creditable to the industry and the skill of the Greek Professor in the University where all the professors seem bound in honor to furnish proofs to the country of their scholarship and culture in their several departments.

Childhood Songs. By Lucy Larcom. Illustrated. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1875. Price, $2.25.

A book of pleasing verses, merry and grave, for children and about them. Perhaps the author may not quite realize the very high aspiration expressed in this charming stanza from the dedication of the book, —

> "And I, for one, would much rather,
> Could I merit so sweet a thing,
> Be the poet of little children
> Than the laureate of a king," —

but if not, it will be because the aspiration is so high. Many children will love the bright, breezy verses made especially for them; and perhaps more parents will enjoy those songs which have been as surely sung for their solace or delight. The book is well illustrated.

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THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF "MODERN THEOLOGY" IN HOLLAND.

"Nowhere in Europe is the conflict of opinion more earnest and sincere [than it is in Holland]; nowhere perhaps, — not even in Germany, — has theological science assumed a bolder or more decisive tone, though always within the limits of profound reverence, and an unenfeebled attachment to the divine essence of the gospel." — *J. J. Taylor.*

"Some of the most valuable critical works of the present day, on the Old and New Testaments, are only to be read in Dutch originals." — *Bishop Colenso.*

I.

DURING the stormy period at the close of the last and the opening of the present century, Holland passed through no less than five constitutions (republican, monarchical, and aristocratic), besides figuring as a province of the great Empire, — and all within fifteen years. At the close of this period, however, the country was left in a state of quiet religious fraternization and optimism, moving with a cautious liberalism along the old lines of faith, which showed how little hold the spiritual actions and reactions of

Germany and France had as yet obtained over the country that had felt the political shock of the age so severely.

A moderate Biblical supernaturalism, allowing mild attempts to smooth down some of the most startling difficulties of the Old Testament stories, encouraging exegesis, but not dreaming of the larger aspects of criticism, drifting gently but steadily away from the orthodoxy of the Synod of Dort, sinking all differences between Church and Church, and uniting Christians on the implicit basis of the Bible as the revealed word of God, — such is the idyllic picture given of the spirit of the churches of Holland from 1815 to 1836 by almost all historians, and by the churches themselves.

It is true that there was a party of irreconcilables, and that more than one ecclesiastical battle was fought during this reign of peace. But yet the period is strongly marked by the sinking of special church distinctions, particularly those between the Reformed Church and the Remonstrant Brotherhood, and by the general prevalence of doctrinal laxity and unquestioning Biblical supernaturalism.

Thus, in 1817, Scharp, a member of the Reformed Church who, not very many years before, had written virulently against the union of the Remonstrants and Reformed, now composed a poetical epitaph for the Remonstrant Frets which ends, "There (that is, in heaven) Gomarus and Arminius will not contend forever, since their names, thank God, even here on earth, have both melted into that of Christian;" and, in 1834, the Remonstrant professor, Van der Hoeven, in his commemorative address on the bicentenary of the institution of the Remonstrant Seminary, closes with the words, "At the end of my discourse I have only one more hope to utter, — that a third day of jubilee may never dawn upon this Seminary."

This spirit of fraternization among the churches was accompanied by a considerable degree of doctrinal freedom. The "cor ecclesiæ" — predestination — cannot, of course, have been looked upon as a vital point by those who thought of a reconciliation between Remonstrants and Reformed; and an improved exegesis had done much to shake the basis of the whole scheme of orthodoxy. On the other hand, the Bible was looked upon as the infallible and

only basis of Christian faith, and that too in virtue of its miraculous credentials. The argument of Christian evidences was briefly this: * —

The authority of the Old Testament and of the apostles rests upon that of Jesus, the authority of Jesus rests upon the miracles he performed. We know that these miracles really took place, because the Evangelists from their character *wished*, and from their circumstances *were able*, to speak the truth. We know that the Evangelists wrote the Gospels assigned to them from the testimony of the fathers, &c., and the authenticity of their works again is a matter of evidence that can be satisfactorily made out.

II.

Such was the prevailing temper of the theological and ecclesiastical world, in 1836, when a certain student of theology at Utrecht, J. H. Scholten, wrote his doctoral dissertation on "The Love of God toward Man, the Chief Point of the Christian Religion." Scholten was already much dissatisfied with the cold, mechanical view of Christian evidences just described. Rousseau's words, "Que d'hommes entre Dieu et moi," and "Je n'ai jamais pu croire que Dieu m'ordonnait sous peine de l'enfer d'être si savant," had made a deep impression upon him; and he could hardly believe that, as he afterwards put it, "not until A had certified that B had declared that C was of opinion that D was in a position to know, &c., that Eusebius really wrote the ecclesiastical history that bears his name, and that, therefore, as he declares, Papias and Irenæus did really say that the Apostle Matthew wrote the first Gospel, would it be finally certain that Jesus had performed miracles and risen from the grave; on the strength of which facts it would then be proved that he was right in calling himself the Son of God, and that, therefore, what he taught, and what he said about the Old Testament, must be received, with no further proof, upon divine authority." "Must," he exclaims, "all this line of witnesses, stretching through eighteen centuries, be heard before the Christian can boldly raise his heart

* The analyses and epitomes of books or opinions contained in this article are printed in a smaller type than the rest of the text, to avoid the possibility of any confusion between the writer's statement of personal opinion and his account of the opinion of others.

to the Father of spirits, before he can love his brother as himself, and fix his hopes on a blessed immortality?"

The difficulties which Scholten thus formulated in later years had already induced him, in 1836, to adopt and defend the revolutionary opinion that not the authenticity of the Bible, but the love of God to man, was the corner-stone of the Christian's hope.

This work seems to have excited but little attention, perhaps because it was immediately followed by a much more startling phenomenon, — that of the rise of the school of Groningen.

In 1837 appeared the first number of "Waarheid in Liefde" (Truth in Love), the organ of the Groningen theologians. Hofstede de Groot, Pareau, and Van Oordt were then professors of theology at the University of Groningen. Two years before they had founded a little "Theological Society" which had revealed to them a surprising harmony of beliefs and feelings among themselves and certain friends, together with a wide departure, on their part, from the received views. In 1837 they determined to preach their gospel to the world. In brief it was this: —

Revelation is education. God educates the world by special and universal means, and there are, therefore, special and universal revelations. Nature, history, conscience, are universal revelations or means of education; the lives of prophets, above all the life of Jesus, are special revelations or means of education. But the revelation is contained *in the life* of the prophet, and the Bible, therefore, is not the revelation, but the *record* of the revelation.

In fact, the Groningen theologians had "taken the bold leap from the Bible into the gospel."

So, too, *faith* is not a holding of any proposition or propositions for true, but a living in Jesus with head, heart, and soul.

Again, the Groningen theologians combated the main points of orthodoxy far more directly and boldly than had been customary before their time. Hofstede de Groot, as a boy, had wept and prayed through many a sleepless hour, in terror of eternal damnation; as a student he had determined to devote himself to letters if he found the doctrine of "rejection" in the Bible; and as a man he emphatically renounced this doctrine, and at the same time earnestly defended the belief in the freedom of man's will.

The doctrines of the Trinity, the vicarious sacrifice, &c., were also rejected by the Groningers.

On the other hand, the theologians of Groningen were supernaturalists through and through. Jesus, according to them, had existed in a perfect state in heaven, before his sojourn upon earth began, and was therefore removed altogether from the category of mankind in any ordinary sense. This deduction the Groningers endeavored to escape, and one of them wrote a treatise on the question, "Is such spiritual development as that of Jesus upon earth inconsistent with the perfect condition of his pre-existence in heaven? If not, what view are we to take of the connection between the two?" But the logical weakness of an intermediate position between the assertion of the deity, and the frank recognition of the simple humanity of Jesus, has never been fairly overcome, either at Groningen or elsewhere.

The weak point of the Groningers was criticism and exegesis. Their strong point was the vitality and spiritual earnestness of their conception of Christianity and the Christian revelation as a *life*, not a doctrine. New light and life broke upon many a sleepy congregation when a pupil of the Groningen school became its pastor, and perhaps no set of men have done more to quicken the religious life and consciousness of Holland than they.

But the Groningen school has no history. The Groningen professors published seven hand-books "on all the chief branches of theology, prepared by three individuals [Hofstede de Groot, Pareau, and Van Oordt's successor, Muurling], but the offspring of one and the same spirit," the journal "Waarheid in Liefde" lived on till the close of 1872, small points were sometimes modified, and individuals passed in and out of the ranks of the school; but Hofstede de Groot had formed, soon after 1831, convictions of which he could say, in 1872, that "neither arguments of others, nor doubt, nor death itself, could deprive" him, and he who stood in the van of liberal thought in 1837 is looked upon as a pillar of the conservative school in 1875. The world has gone on, and the Groningers have stood still. They will have a good account of faithful work to give, but for us they have no history.

III.

The pronounced anti-Calvinism of the Groningers, however, roused the latent Calvinism of a great proportion of the Dutch people. It appeared that the irreconcilables had been by no means purged out of the church, and the Groningers had to encounter the most bitter opposition from every quarter.

I have said that Scholten's doctoral disputation was perhaps eclipsed by the Groningen movement. If so, its author was destined to enjoy an ample revenge. The crown of heresy was soon to be torn from the heads of Pareau and Hofstede de Groot, and to be placed on the brows of Scholten and his followers.

At first, Scholten had rejoiced in the teaching of the Groningen school, which fell in well enough with his own views; but he could not long rest in it. If the Groningers had offended orthodoxy by denying the Trinity, &c.; if they had offended the old liberals by finding their revelation, not in the Bible, but in what the Bible recorded, they failed permanently to satisfy Scholten on account of the unreal views of the nature of Jesus which resulted from their halting between the conceptions of him as a heavenly æon and as a man. Accordingly, Scholten delivered an inaugural address as Professor in the Athenæum of Francker on "The Duty of Theology to Avoid, in its Conception of Jesus, even the Least Approach to Docetism."

This oration gave great offense. Some said it was pantheistic, some said that, if Groningen was Arian, Francker was Socinian; and then "what presumption to brand theologians, who had too much reverence for the gospel to bow down before the latest philosophical fashion, with the opprobrious nicknames of extinct heretics!"

Little disturbed by these attacks, Scholten continued his work, and, in 1843, delivered an inaugural address as Professor at Leiden on "The Witness to its own Truth and Divinity Borne by the Christian Religion in the Human Heart." The direction taken by his thoughts is sufficiently indicated by the title. For a considerable period the works of Scholten will furnish the thread by the aid of which we must trace the progress of Dutch theology; but here we must leave him for a moment, and introduce one or two new names.

In 1845 two eminent pupils of the University of Utrecht, Doedes and Van Oosterzee, the latter already famed for his wonderful eloquence as a preacher, undertook with others to edit a "Journal of Scientific Theology." The announcement of this periodical met a hearty welcome, for Holland was beginning to be more accessible to German influences and ideas than it had been, and was painfully conscious of being somewhat behindhand in its theology and philosophy. The first article in the new journal was by Van Oosterzee, and was entitled, "An Essay on the Present Position of Apologetic Science, and the Development it Should Receive in our Age." Van Oosterzee took up much the same ground as that occupied by Scholten. The "miracle" proof of Christianity was rejected, and the "conscience" or the "emotions" taken as the supreme arbiter of the truth of Christianity. This essay attracted a great deal of attention, but the most important opposition came, not from orthodoxy, but from a heretic of very deep dye. C. W. Opzoomer, the universality of whose genius had already excited admiration when he was a student of law at Leiden, was now, or very shortly afterwards, Professor of Philosophy at Utrecht, and had already tried his hand at theological controversy. It was he who now came forward with a powerful attack upon Van Oosterzee's essay. Opzoomer himself was at this time a Pantheist, or Panentheist, of the school of Krause, believed that the speculative method of philosophy led to certain truth, and insisted that the *reason*, and not the emotional nature of man, was the sufficient, only guide and the supreme arbiter in matters of religion. Van Oosterzee defended his position, and before long Scholten, who denied the sufficiency of reason *alone* to bring us to God, was drawn into the controversy. The "miracle" proof was rejected by all alike, but the question remained as to the special *faculty* by which man was led to the formation of an independent estimate of the truth of religious systems. Van Oosterzee and Scholten stood side by side in defense of the claims of conscience and man's emotional nature to a voice in the matter, while Opzoomer crying, as Scholten afterwards put it, "Mulier taceat in ecclesia," vindicated the supreme right of reason. The controversy seems to have been conducted with many misunderstandings and much bitterness and even personality. It is curious

to notice what a complete change has come over the mutual relations of the parties to this strange "triangular duel." Opzoomer is now a thorough empiricist, — the uncompromising foe of speculative philosophy, — founds his religious faith upon the direct knowledge given by the "religious sense" or "religious feeling," and rejects as utterly misleading all attempts to make *reason* guide us to religious truth and prove the existence of God. Scholten stands in this respect more nearly where he stood, but now, instead of having to maintain, in opposition to Opzoomer, that reason is *not our only* guide to religious truth, he has to maintain, against the same opponent, that it *is one* of our guides! And lastly, Scholten and Opzoomer, in spite of such points of disagreement, now stand side by side among the foremost champions of the "Modern School," while Van Oosterzee is a bulwark of the conservative citadel of Utrecht!

IV.

The immediate results of this controversy were, first, to drive Van Oosterzee gradually behind the entrenchments of the old Biblical supernaturalism, and to urge Scholten, "against whom this haven was closed for good," to prosecute his philosophical and theological studies all the more earnestly, in the hope of arriving at some clear and definite conception of the relation between philosophy and Christianity. His lectures on "Natural Theology," and "The History of Religion and Philosophy," * gave him abundant opportunity of following up this line of thought, and his rectoral address in 1847 had reference to the same subject.

Meanwhile orthodoxy had become restive, and was loud in its demands for a faithful adhesion to the doctrines of the Reformed Church, and the expulsion of those who defied them. This position of affairs induced Scholten to publish, in 1848, his "Leer der Hervormde Kerk" (Doctrine of the Reformed Church), — perhaps the best known of all his works. This remarkable book embodied the results of its author's researches with regard to the fundamental *principles* of the Reformed Church. "No church

* He afterwards published a valuable History of Religion and Philosophy which has reached a third edition, and has been translated into German, French, and, in small part, English.

without a confession!" says Scholten. "To speak out its conviction, and to lay down the principles to the recognition of which every member is bound, is a right that belongs to every society, and by the renunciation of which the church would destroy *de facto* her character as a religious union. . . . The Reformed Church, then, as a *Christian*, further as a *Protestant*, and still further as the *Reformed* Church, has certain definite fundamental principles which form her characteristic distinction from other religious and social unions. To refuse her the right of announcing these fundamental truths, and making her membership dependent upon their hearty adoption, would be absurd." Starting from this thesis, Scholten endeavors to show that the principles of the Reformed Church are not only compatible with the freest investigation, and the truest religious progress, but that they actually demand both the one and the other; that all the defects which have hitherto clung to the *doctrine* of this Church will disappear as soon as her *principles* are thoroughly carried out in the light of modern speculation and science, and that they will then form the rallying-point round which all the sects may gather, inasmuch as the *raison d'être* of each of them is to be found in a protest against some imperfection of the Reformed Church, rising, not from her principles, but from the necessity which has hitherto existed of applying them under such imperfect conditions of philosophical and speculative thought.

The first volume of the work in which this bold attempt is made is devoted to the *formal* principle of the Reformed Church, answering the question, How does man arrive at the truth? While the second deals with the *material* principle, answering the question, What is the truth?

After showing, in an introduction, that it is necessary to distinguish between *principles* and *special dogmas* of the church, and that the church has in fact practically recognized the distinction, Scholten goes on to maintain that "the Holy Scripture is the only fountain and the only test of the Christian profession." This he takes as the formal principle of the Reformed Church, and defends it against the Roman Catholic view, which includes the books of the Apocrypha and tradition.

This principle, that the Scripture is the *historical* test of the Christian profession, decides nothing as to the truth of that profession, but lays upon the church which accepts it the duty of constantly revising the formulas in which it expounds Christianity, and dropping out of them whatever appears to be unscriptural. This duty is recognized and enforced by the Reformed Church. In accordance with this very principle, the Christian doctrine as to the Holy Scripture must itself be tested by the Scripture; and the result will be to draw a distinction, only imperfectly and waveringly recognized by the founders of the Reformed Church, between "Scripture" and "God's Word." "God's Word," then, or "the religion revealed in Jesus, as testified by the Scripture," is the Christian religion. But on what authority are we to receive it as true? Clearly not on that of the Scripture itself, nor on that of councils and institutions which appeal for their own authority to the Scripture, for this would be to argue in a circle; nor yet on the strength of the miracles, and the chain of evidence by which they are supported, a line of argument which breaks down at every point. The reformers saw this, and, rejecting alike the ecclesiastical sanction of Rome and the rationalistic sanction of the Socini, appealed to the "testimony of the Holy Spirit" in support of the authority of the Scripture. This was an enormous step in advance, but the doctrine of the "testimonium Spiritus Sancti," as held by the reformers, needs revision. In the first place, it can only prove the *truth*, not the *authority*, of the Scripture; in the next place, it can only judge of "God's Word," not of the merely historical or scientific statements of Scripture; and, lastly, it must be conceived as the witness of God *through the reason and conscience of man*, not as a supernatural and immediate gift. This doctrine allows its full rights to historical criticism, and the freedom with which Luther, Zwingle, Æcolampadius, and Calvin treated questions of Scriptural criticism and history. The hearty welcome they gave to scientific research shows that the great founders of Protestantism were far from sharing the narrow prejudices of those who give themselves out as their only successors. This witness of the Holy Spirit implies a natural susceptibility on the part of man for religion; and in opposition to the Roman Church, which maintained that, even in the state of perfection, the knowledge of God was a *donum superadditum*, and no part of human nature; in opposition to the Socinians, who upheld so mechanical a view of man's religious knowledge as actually to maintain that Jesus himself had no natural or independent knowledge of God, but was taken up to heaven, before his public ministry, to hear and learn from the Father what he must teach; in opposition, lastly, to the Lutherans, who taught that, by the fall, man had become utterly corrupt, and had lost all natural aptitude for religion, — the milder anthropology of Calvin, Zwingle, and the Reformed Church upheld the natural religious disposition of man. Indeed, this is the only doctrine that makes *redemption* possible; for, according to the

Lutherans, there is nothing to redeem, and conversion becomes a distinct act of creation.

The second volume lays down the material principle of the Reformed Church as "God's absolute supremacy, and especially his free grace, the only ground of salvation."

This principle distinguishes the Reformed Church as *Christian* from the heathen and the Jew, as *Protestant* from the Roman Catholic and the Baptist, as *Reformed* from the Lutheran and the Remonstrant. Moreover, it is the fundamental principle laid down by Jesus, maintained and developed by Paul in his strife with heathen and Jew, defended (though in a one-sided and exaggerated spirit) by Augustine against Pelagius, and re-asserted by the reformers against the formally condemned, but practically embraced, Pelagianism of the Roman Church. The guiding principle of Luther and Melancthon was anthropological. They fought against the external holiness of works. Calvin and Zwingle, on the other hand, were inspired by a theological principle, and maintained the absolute supremacy of God against all appearance of worship of the creature instead of the creator. Hence the different methods by which Luther and Calvin attacked the Roman Church, and the different points against which their attacks were directed. Luther and Calvin, however, resembled each other in this: that they were both actuated by a moral and religious aversion to the Roman system, whereas the Socini were the leaders of an *intellectual* revolt. This intellectual origin of their movement, together with their purely transcendental conception of God, led them to a cold rationalism, which missed just the one true point in the doctrine of the Trinity, —namely, the unity of the divine and human, — and to contradict at every point the Reformed principle of the absolute supremacy of God. Their function was purely critical, like that of most of the early heretics. They showed that the problem had not been satisfactorily solved, but were wrong in thinking that it had not been properly set. The Anabaptists and Baptists again, while acknowledging the Reformed principle, suffered themselves to be drawn into erroneous and exaggerated deductions on the field of practical life, from which the Reformed Church remained free. If the followers of Luther and Calvin stand side by side as against Romanist, Socinian, and Baptist, there is nevertheless a wide difference between them; and in every case the Reformed principle of the absolute supremacy of God gives rise to a higher conception than that of the Lutherans. Thus Luther's doctrine of consubstantiation, and all that depended on it, was rejected as creature-worship. The Lutheran baptism, in case of need, by laymen or women, was rejected, because salvation depended on no outward form, but on God's free grace. Luther's Eutychian conception of Christ, by which, in virtue of the *communicatio idiomatum*, Mary "suckled God, rocked God in a cradle, made pap and gruel for God,"

was emphatically renounced. And if the Reformed teachers seem to fall into the opposite heresy of Nestorianism, and to teach a mechanical juxtaposition of the divine and human in Jesus, it is only because the true solution of the problem, found in God's immanence in the human soul, as in all else, was not yet possible. Even in the case of predestination and reprobation, Calvin was simply more consistent in his maintenance of God's absolute supremacy than Luther was. From the dualistic view of the final result of the creation, common to both parties, Calvin's position was unassailable. "Once more I ask," says Calvin, "how is it that so many nations, infant children and all, *have been* involved in eternal death by Adam's fall, without hope of restitution, unless it is that God thought it fit? I admit that the decree makes us shudder; but no one can get over the fact that God knew what the end of man would be before he created him; and he knew it because he had so ordained it by his decree." The true solution of the difficulty, — namely, that no one has been involved in the fall, and that all sinners will be restored, — was all but taught by Zwingle, but never dreamed of by the Lutherans. Even the milder anthropology of Calvin and Zwingle is not inconsistent with their guiding principle; and, lastly, they are enabled by it, at any rate partially, to rise above the Lutheran doctrine that the atonement of Jesus is the *ground* of human salvation. They see in it simply the *means and the pledge* of God's free grace to man, which existed previous to and independent of the satisfaction of Jesus. Again, the difference between the Remonstrants and the Reformed Church hinged on the same great principle. It is but a superficial view which represents this celebrated discussion as a question between *Particularism* and *Universalism*. The Particularism of the Reformed Church is a deduction, not a principle. The principle is here, as always, God's absolute supremacy. The celebrated "five articles" of the Remonstrants, presented to the Synod of Dort, though in some respects relatively true, are, on the whole, irreconcilable with the Reformed principle. Especially, the doctrine of Man's Free Will is utterly inconsistent with God's absolute supremacy, and leads logically to the possibility of a Redeemer with no redeemed, and a creation which eternally thwarts the will of its creator. True freedom consists in being self-determined, — that is, in being determined by inward, not outward, necessity. In this sense, and in no other, God is free. In this sense, too, the good man is free. Moral freedom and moral necessity are identical. This freedom is not the starting point, but the culmination, of human development.

The objections urged against this view, such as that it leads to Pantheism, that it makes sin a necessity, and so is inconsistent with God's holiness, justice, and love, and many others, are considered in detail. Finally, it is shown, in a concluding chapter, —

That the divergent schools which rose from the bosom of the Reformed churches, including that of the Remonstrants itself, had their origin in the attempt to remove some imperfection in the application of the great Reformed principle, though they sometimes sought a remedy worse than the disease; and these imperfections, being now easy to remove, there is no longer anything to prevent the union of all Protestants on the basis of *the fundamental principles of the Reformed Church.*

This bald sketch cannot give the least conception of the living force of Scholten's great work. The enormous learning, the marvelous acuteness, and the rare power of tracing historical parallels, clothing the dry bones of ancient controversies with the living interest of the questions of to-day, and showing vital principles at the basis of the seemingly frivolous and hair-splitting discussions of the churches, make this work, though technical and even scholastic to a high degree, at the same time popular in the truest sense of the word.

V.

It will hardly surprise the reader to hear that the union of all Protestant sects did *not* take place on the publication of this work. On the other hand, it brought, not peace, but a sword, into the churches of Holland. It was attacked from many different directions. In the first place, of course, it was rather hard upon the orthodox party, to be told by a man holding such views as Scholten's, that he was the legitimate descendant of the fathers of Dort, and that they were aliens. As one of them said, they "missed many *precious truths* in this work, especially the Trinity in God, the personal Deity of Jesus Christ, the justification of the sinner before God through faith in Jesus Christ alone, and *the utter natural corruption of man* (!)." Then again, the old biblical supernaturalists, the old liberals, and the Groningers, all found the most objectionable matter in a work which scornfully rejected the proof by miracles, looking upon the differences between Church and Church, as very far from being mere "paper walls," and proclaimed the absolute humanity of Jesus. Neither did the Reformed and Baptist churches at all acquiesce in the account Scholten had given of them; and, lastly, his philosophical opinions found eager combatants. Thus attacked on every side, Scholten's book was at least read. Each successive edition received from

the author's hand far more than a simple revision, and the book was then kept abreast, not only of the extensive literature it had called into existence, but also of its author's continued researches and consolidating philosophical, dogmatic, and historical views.* One of the most striking results produced by Scholten's work, in addition to the powerful stimulus to independent religious thought which it gave, was the revived interest it roused in the *raison d'être* of the several churches, which was altogether fatal to the view of the old Liberals who looked upon all ecclesiastical distinctions as mere "paper walls." The general result, however, of the host of monographs on the various functions of the different churches seems to have been amicable enough, — namely, that they need not interfere with each other in the least, as they each asked and answered a special question neglected by the rest. "Who saves?" asks the Reformed Church, and answers, "God Almighty." "What saves?" ask the Lutherans, and answer, "Faith." "How are we saved?" ask the Remonstrants, and answer, "By inward and outward self-surrender." "Who is saved?" asks the Baptist, and answers, "The citizen of the Kingdom of God." Whether all this supports or opposes the "paper-walls" theory, we are not called upon to say!

Opposition of another kind came from Hoekstra, the Baptist professor, who wrote, in 1857, a book on the "Free Will," in which he supported a modified theory of Indeterminism or Freedom against Scholten's Determinism. Scholten answered him, in the following year, in a volume comprising an elaborate defense of his Monistic Determinism.† This book caused still more indignation than the "Doctrine of the Reformed Church" had done, but its fame was of shorter duration, and it has not reached a second edition. The Remonstrant poet and preacher De Génestet sung of it, "Three times over I devoured the book, and for a whole fortnight I believed, 'The great riddle is solved!' though my head was swimming. Then, my wings began to droop, and I felt like a poor little fly caught in the inextricable web of a frightful big

* The sketch of the book given above is based on the fourth and final edition (1862).

† The book has been quite recently translated into German.

spider. I felt myself devoured alive by the mighty Monist.* . . . If this is the only choice, I think I'd rather be a Dualist!" Scholten, who considered this the best criticism his book ever met with, simply objected that he was not the spider, but a fly, like De Génestet, caught in the web of fact.

Of the other works published by this indefatigable author, between the years 1848 and 1862, the dates of the first and last edition of "Leer der Hervormde Kerk," it is necessary to mention his "Historico-Critical Introduction to the Writings of the New Testament," his "History of Christian Theology during the Period embraced in the New Testament," his "History of Religion and Philosophy," and his "Dogmatices Christianæ Initia." As these works had every one reached a second edition before 1862, it may be imagined that Scholten was not idle during this eventful period.

Of these works, however, none but the last named need at present detain us. The "Dogmatices Christianæ Initia" is written in Latin as a class-book for those attending the author's lectures on dogmatics; and, though a good deal of the ground it covers is already familiar to us from the "Leer der Hervormde Kerk," it is necessary to call attention to some of its main positions in order to complete this imperfect sketch of the cradle of Dutch "modern theology" at Leiden.

In the "Initia" we have, as before, a division of the subject-matter into *formal* and *material*. In the *formal* division we have a distinction † drawn between φανέρωσις and αποκάλυψις, or *manifestation* and *revelation*.

The former is objective, the latter subjective. An *external revelation* is a contradiction in terms; for every display of God's power or character is but a *manifestation* when regarded from outside. Only when the veil of sin is taken from our hearts, and we are *subjectively* prepared,

* Scholten is a firm upholder of the *Monistic* theory of universe,—that is, he thinks the opposition between "God" and "the universe" and, in a certain sense, that between "mind" and "matter," unreal and misleading. *Monists* may be *material* or *spiritual*. Scholten is the latter.

† Elaborated by Van Bell, a pupil of Scholten's, and now Professor of Theology at Groningen. Vide infra.

does the *manifestation* become a *revelation to us:* it then so regenerates us and works in our lives that our lives in their turn become a *manifestation* to others. Mysteries are not dogmas (such as that of the Trinity), which we are required to believe, though they contradict the reason (for the human faculties are precisely the "organ" to which the manifestation appeals, and by which it is transformed into a revelation); but (a), absolutely, truths which have not yet been manifested, and (b), relatively, manifested truths which have not yet been revealed to the individual to whom they are mysteries.

In the *material* section it is laid down that God is at once Immanent and Transcendent, whereby a rigidly monistic view of the universe is secured from Pantheism. God is at once the Infinite Subject and the Infinite Object, which is the true meaning of the *Eternal Generation.* God as Subject does not idly and passively contemplate himself as Object, but eternally *manifests* himself. There is thus a great and Scriptural truth in the idea of the eternal sonship; but, on the other hand, the introduction of a *third* "momentum" in the conception of God is absolutely worthless and rises from a simple confusion. Hence the hopeless failure of all attempts dogmatically to develop the doctrine of the Holy Spirit. Now, man's nature is potentially religious, but sin (which is no positive existence, but a morbid negation), prevents him from reaching his ideal; and, indeed, the struggle between the flesh and the spirit leads to a kind of moral fall. Jesus is actually what Adam was potentially, and is therefore the most perfect *manifestation* of God. Hence, though Jesus was a man, and not the λόγος or eternal son (that is, God considered as the Infinite Object), yet the λόγος may be said to have become flesh, that is, to have manifested itself under the form of a human life in him. The miraculous truth of Jesus was no dogmatic significance, and is no part of the κήρυγμα or preaching of the gospel. It is merely a biographical detail. Jesus is not God, nor is he in any sense an "incarnation" of a pre-existent heavenly being. His death is inseparably connected with his life, and has no value apart from it.

I have now attempted to sketch the main features of the the ological teachings offered to young Holland by Scholten; but these epitomes can give but a faint idea of his works, and his works themselves can give but a faint idea of the irresistible force of his personality. He is one of those men whose influence can never be fully understood except by those who know them. He possesses in no ordinary degree that power of fascinating his pupils, and taking them captive, as it were, and kindling their utmost enthusiasm, which is characteristic of truly great teachers. At the same time, his mind is so active, and his methods of teaching so stimulating, that the threatened danger was averted of his turning

out a set of "proof impressions" of his dogmatic system, of one unvaried type, and founding a school which supposed itself to have "attained."

With such a teacher, it is not surprising that a "Leiden School" of theology was gradually formed, which was open to all the influences of German theology and philosophy, and was prepared to carry out its principles fearlessly to all their logical results.

That Scholten himself had not yet done so can hardly be denied. In the first place, his affirmation that the miraculous conception of Jesus, the bodily resurrection and the miracles in general, are of no dogmatic importance, allowed him a convenient escape from the necessity of bringing his thoughts severely to bear upon the simple question, "true or untrue," with regard to a set of alleged facts for which in reality there was no room in this monistic system of philosophy. A more serious defect in his elaboration of his own system lay in his attitude towards Biblical theology. In theory, he looked upon the Bible as the *historical source* and test of the Christian religion only; but in practice he treated it as the *dogmatic norm* of faith also. In his "Initia" he distinctly lays down the principle that what is historically proved to be Christianity must be independently and philosophically estimated, that its truth or falsehood may be ascertained. Practically, we find him citing passages of Scripture to prove, not that his positions are *Scriptural*, but that they are *true;* and, in fact, almost systematically identifying Biblical theology and "dogmatics." This inconsistency told upon Scholten's studies in two ways: in the first place, it hampered the freedom of his own dogmatic development; and, in the second place, it perverted his views of Biblical theology. This latter defect is very conspicuous in his "Initia." Scholten's criticism, too, at the time of which we are speaking, was conservative to a degree out of all proportion to the freedom and breadth of his general views. To say nothing of the unhesitating use he makes of the Fourth Gospel, as the very key-stone of his conception of the teaching of the historical Jesus, he quoted with equal confidence from the Epistles to the Galitians and Epistles to Timothy as sources of the teaching of Paul, and showed in his treatment of the Synoptic Gospels only faint traces of those views of which he has since become such an able exponent.

Many of Scholten's pupils carried out his principles with all the ardor of youth, and startled their hearers in no small degree. Especially Busken Hwet, as early as 1867, roused many a theological sleeper by his celebrated "Letters on the Bible," which appeared in parts, and were concluded early in 1858. The book consisted of a fictitious correspondence between Machteld, whose theological surroundings are becoming more and more irksome and unsatisfactory to her, and her brother Reinout, a young man of business, who has devoted a good deal of attention to theology and criticism. The letters embrace a wide range of theological, ethical, and critical questions connected with the Bible, and are written, for the most part, in a spirit of free but reverent inquiry. The literary merits of the book, especially of the earlier letters, are very great, and it appears to have produced a most remarkable effect. Without the smallest pretension to novelty or originality in its conclusions, this volume was eminently successful in introducing to the great public questions and opinions which had previously been too much confined to the study. This is doubtless the explanation at once of the extraordinary effect it produced in stimulating public interest in questions of theology and criticism, and of the dislike with which it is still regarded by the conservatives of every shade. Otherwise, it would be difficult to account for the important part in the history of the modern movement which the "Letters on the Bible" have played. To us they seem rather behind than in advance of the period at which they were produced, and, in 1863, on publishing a second edition, Busken Hwet himself was perfectly aware that the very opinions he had felt constrained to defend from the charge of revolutionary and destructive furor, six years ago, now stood in great need of an excuse for not being abreast of the age, — so rapid was the growth of opinion on these subjects, due in no small measure to the success of Busken Hwet himself.

Young Hofstede de Groot (son of the professor) attempted to answer these letters, under the pseudonym of Leonard. He represented himself as Machteld's cousin, and a theological student, — quite competent as such to deal with the objections of his mercantile relative! His book has had the fate of most "answers;" and, though it is still to be met with sometimes, bound in one volume

with the original "letters," its chief hope of immortality depends upon the merciless satire with which De Génestet greeted it. The year 1858, in which the "Letters on the Bible" were completed, is generally looked upon as the birth year of the "Modern School;" but, before endeavoring to trace the main features of its history and work, I must attempt to give some account of the teaching of Opzoomer, who shares with Scholten the honor of having founded the "Modern School," and is still regarded as one of its ablest leaders.

VI.

Opzoomer had been, as already stated, a speculative philosopher of the school of Krause, and had spoken of Panentheism as "the ax which was laid to the root of the Christian Tree;" but at that time he was quite a young man, and his opinions had not yet consolidated or developed themselves with firmness and independence. He gradually left his old position so entirely that, in 1857, he placed as a motto, at the head of a chapter on "Speculation and Experience," the following passage from Scholten: "In this case, no reconciliation, no approximation of two terms of an opposition each possessing about equal value and about equal defects, can for a moment be thought of. On the contrary, the battle must go right on until it results in the utter defeat and extinction of those who represent the desire of dogmatizing in Philosophy and Natural Science, in State and Church, and in the unconditional acknowledgment that the critical and inductive method is the only true one, the only one which assures progress, and at the same time makes any violent revolution impossible."

Now, the University of Utrecht has always had conservative theological traditions, and its two most celebrated professors are, and have been for a considerable period, Drs. Van Oosterzee and Doedes, with whom we are already acquainted. Utrecht then seemed the natural counterpoise to Leiden, and as far as its theological faculty goes does its best to perform that function. But unfortunately Opzoomer is Professor of Philosophy in the same University. He is a man gifted with extraordinary eloquence, known not only as a philosoper, but as a legist and a translator and commentator of Shakespeare. The range of his interests and his studies gives him a wealth of illustration seldom surpassed;

and his influence upon his hearers is very great. His Empiricism is not only directly, but (which is far rarer!) *avowedly*, opposed to ecclesiastical and traditional supernaturalism, under every aspect, and he soon proved a most powerful ally of the rising school of Leiden. Indeed, he and his disciples not only helped, but supplemented, and in some points guided and controlled, the movement which was to result in the birth of the "Modern School."

It will be necessary to attempt some slight sketch of Opzoomer's philosophical system, in order that the second great *factor* of the modern movement may be to some extent understood.

Opzoomer, then, is a thorough Empiricist.

> All our knowledge is based upon *observation*. The mind *compares*, *separates*, and *connects*, and that is all. It separates and connects, however, not after some "form" inherent in itself, but what is connected or separated in nature. Opzoomer is an uncompromising opponent of the theory of the "Innate Ideas," which he combats with great acuteness. The law of sensation, the ideas of time and space, the axioms of arithmetic and geometry, may all be traced back till they are shown to rest upon observation. Logic itself is, in the strictest sense, an experimental science [an idea ingeniously worked out in its application to the method of the study of mental sciences], and the only ultimate test of *truth* is observation.

When dealing with modes of thought and investigation, with the scope and object of philosophy, &c., Opzoomer shows upon every page, almost in every line, the influence of Auguste Comte; but he avoids what appears to many the fundamental error of the great Frenchman, for he admits the possibility of self-observation. In other words, he does not limit the organs of observation to the so-called "five senses." He gives a clear and straightforward refutation of Comte's sophisms as to the absurdity of the "observation interieure," and triumphantly vindicates the right of the Empiricist to admit the observations of the "sense of beauty" and the "moral sense," for instance, as ultimate facts of primary knowledge.

> Of course the most glaring absurdities are often announced as the immediate data of these "senses;" but when we consider the difficulty of observing correctly, even in the simplest cases, we need hardly wonder that, with regard to mental phenomena, most men are still in the position of the child who *sees* that the sun is the size of a cheese-plate, and is

therefore proof against all attempts to break down by indirect evidence what he knows to be a fact from immediate observation!

We require, therefore, in the first place, a better training in the art of observing mental phenomena, and, in the second place, a more complete understanding of the method which has led us to the truth on the field of physical science, in order that we may be able to apply it to the mental sciences.

Philosophy is the synthesis of the sciences. It is the counterpoise to the mental "division of labor" so characteristic of the present day. It is at once more and less than the sciences with which it deals; for it stands to them in the in relation of the globe to the atlas: while it shows their organic unity and brings out their mutual relations, it supplies no detailed information about each one. Philosophy is a constitutional monarch, and can do nothing unless it can find one of its ministers, the sciences, who will be responsible for it!

Ultimately, therefore, all philosophy, as well as science, rests upon observation; and we ask, What are our organs of observation? The answer is that they are *five:* first, physical observation (the five senses). This is the sole organ of the physicist as such. On the field of physical science the materialist is unassailable; nay, the spiritual philosopher and the theist must put aside their spiritualism and theism when they step upon the territory of physical science. *Their* materialism is the true and only creed. Second, the carnal sense * (pleasure and pain). Third, the æsthetic sense (sense of beauty). Fourth, the moral sense (sense of duty). Fifth, the religious sense. Each of these latter organs (numbers two, three, four, and five) enables us to observe a perfectly distinct set of facts absolutely inaccessible to all the rest. These facts are neither more nor less "forms" of the observing mind than are the data of physical observation.†

It would lead us too far from our subject to follow Opzoomer into his expositions of physical observation, — the carnal sense, the æsthetic and the moral sense. In these he is always eloquent, always suggestive and stimulating to a high degree; though few

* I am not aware that English usage warrants the employment of the word "carnal" in the philosophical sense given it above, but it seems to be not only the best word available, but essentially a good word for the purpose.

† This is perhaps the place in which to notice the fact that Opzoomer is a dualist, not a monist as Scholten is. He is far from regarding dualism as dangerous to religion, but, on the contrary, he believes monism, if seriously embraced, would lead to Atheism; for, he says, if God and the world are not both recognized as existent, men will ultimately prefer Atheism to Acosmism.

who read his books will consider that he is equally convincing or free from confusion and error. It appears to be Opzoomer's habit to give prominence to the various sections of his subject-matter rather in proportion to the attention which they happen to be exciting at the moment, and the strength of his personal interest or feeling with regard to them, than in proportion to their intrinsic importance. There is, therefore, a certain want of proportion about his writings; but this defect, if it be a defect, is more than balanced, for the present at least, by the increased interest and animation which this treatment gives his works. Perhaps it accounts for the great difference between the successive editions of the same work noticeable in Opzoomer's literary activity. His books sometimes change both title and contents in their progress, till they remind us of the ship of Theseus.

The sketch of Opzoomer's method which I have attempted is founded upon three books: "Het Wezen der Kennis" (The Nature of Knowledge), "Wetenschap en Wijsbegeerte" (Science and Philosopy), "De Waarheid en hare Kenbronnen" (Truth and its Sources). Obviously, then, there is no room in his system for miracles or miraculous revelation; and, as Opzoomer was never the man to allow his religious convictions to be "inferred," the faith of the orthodox students of Utrecht was exposed to the direct fire of his powerful battery. His intellectual strength of knowledge, his passion of conviction, his living interest in the present phase of every controversy or problem, all gave him a most powerful hold upon the minds of his pupils; and, in spite of all the efforts of Van Oosterzee and Doedes, Utrecht became the second cradle of the modern school. The specific contribution brought by the school of Utrecht to the new movement, was the avowal of the unqualified rejection of *miracle* as such. This avowal was the necessary consequence of the unflinching application of the inductive, as opposed to the speculative, method of philosophy, and is one of Opzoomer's strong points. The delight he takes in recurring to it, and the relentless thoroughness with which he treats it, almost justify Hofstede de Groot's sarcastic remark upon "the unmeasured horror of miracles which inspires him, which is displayed by him everywhere, down his very 'Reading-book of Logic,' and which makes us suspect that Opzoomer has discovered in the be-

lief in miracles the prime source of all the misery that exists in the moral world."

In spite of all differences, then, the pupils of Opzoomer joined hands with those of Scholten; and the "New School" of theology began to make its voice heard in the pulpits and the homes of Holland.

VII.

We have seen that the new school was by no means a mushroom growth; but, nevertheless, its appearance seems to have startled the Dutch world in no small degree. It is not common in any country to find theologians as outspoken and free in the pulpit as in the lecture-room or the study: and when a number of young preachers announce, without the smallest disguise, their disbelief in the miracles, and the whole view of the Bible, of Jesus Christ and of Israelite history which hung together with him; when, in short, a number of pastors not only rejected supernaturalism as the basis of a creed, and pursued the inductive method of investigating history, but preached without reserve what they believed and disbelieved, and why they believed and disbelieved it, — we can well understand that no small "sensation" was produced. The apostles of the New Gospel were remarkably fearless and thorough, but apparently not always equally reverent. Van Koetsveld, at least, a moderate and liberal-minded opponent of the "moderns," speaks of "unholy mockery" as being sometimes heard from the pulpits of young enthusiasts. The best proof, however, that these excesses were, at any rate, rare, is to be found in the extensive sympathy at once manifested towards the new movement.

A graphic picture of the state of the theological parties at the time of the rise of the Modern School may be found in the "Lay-verses" of De Génestet, whose criticism on Scholten's "Free Will?" has been already given. These "Lay-verses" were written between 1857 and 1860, and strike the weak points of the various parties with inimitable humor and relentless severity. It seems almost a crime to rob De Génestet's dancing verses of the double charm of rhythmical flow and that epigrammatic point which invariably defies translation; but even thus deformed they will help us to comprehend the forces at work in Holland (and

elsewhere), and we shall not be at a loss to understand the fame which the "Lay-verses" won for their author.

De Génestet's Jan Rap has become the type of the frivolous "modern" who is "very free-thinking,—very," does not like "pious people," and, if the truth were known, does not like "piety" much better. He is no slave of the law, but always obeys his conscience, which is of a roomy description. He says, "Love is the highest and best side," that "it is'nt a matter of praying," but what it is "a matter of" he prefers to have unsettled. He knows innumerable anecdotes about parsons. He is particularly fond of poking fun at missionary societies. Of course, "Jan is not fond of going to church, his thoughts are so very exalted." "His temple is the blue vault, his religion is — his life!" You need not look for him among the pious throngs at the service hour on Sunday! He attends service just as well in the midst of God's works — and smokes cigars! Nor are the weaknesses of the more earnest "moderns" spared by the satirist. "They tell us how it *is'nt*, but how it *is*, my good friends, we may learn in time, or in eternity, perhaps!" "'Liberty! Liberty! no authority!' is the motto on our flag. Now, that's *settled*, and no layman is to say another word for or against it." "To believe on authority won't do in our times! But to *disbelieve* on authority is quite the order of the day." "Never believe on authority, my good man. Hold fast to that principle. Believe nothing except what I tell you, and never contradict me!" But if the dogmatic "moderns" are chastised, the faint-hearted and time-serving come off no better. "Preach as you believe and think; as long as you put it in such a form that no one will be hurt by it, and not a creature will see what you are driving at!"

So much for the "moderns;" but De Génestet takes equal delight in exposing all the motley array of motives which *prevented* men from hailing the new movement. One has married an orthodox wife; one is overheard to whisper, "All this free-thinking has always been my aversion! It is so *bourgeois*! Nay, I may say, by God's blessing, that, even before I was stayed on my idle way by his grace, my whole heart always leant towards a religious school that seemed much more *gentile!*" The poet gives the general advice to his readers, "Swallow *everything*. It is the

best thing you can do, — even financially!" And who does not sympathize with the good old pastor who declared, "There is much that is true in these new views, — I can't deny that! But I will not accept them; for they are quite at variance with my stock of sermons!"

But it is not only the weaknesses of the various schools which De Génestet sees. In his "Lay-verses," as in all his poems, there is a deep and earnest spirit of practical piety; and, though he is merciless upon those who are afraid of "going too far" in the abstract, he feels a tender sympathy for the old men who begin to see that they are unequal to the strain of continued pursuit of truth. "This new doctrine is, — for those who can bear it! Leave me in peace, young man; I had rather not go into all these things. I have trodden the hard path of duty all my life through by the old light. And now the haven is near. Bear with me a little, — and I shall know all about it better than you will here."

According to De Génestet, theological disputes are utterly unprofitable, and we are to work in the great field of life with a fresh and joyous strength; to work and to love; to build up our house on earth, and learn our philosophy from our wives and children, instead of attempting day and night to arrive at some "reasonable conception of God" by poring over the last new book!

Holland was very deep in theology, however, just then, and our author tells us that even the railway carriage and the exchange were full of it. His unhappy country has become one vast theological discussion! If he had a free will (but Scholten has shown the contrary), he would never more trouble his mortal head with these questions! Meanwhile, however, every body is hard at it, as appears incidentally in an exquisite satire already alluded to: Two lovers are talking earnestly by moonlight. What are they saying? "Ah," says Leonard (young Hofstede de Groot), "its authenticity is as certain as my love! A theological student, such as I am, can settle all these difficulties; those *merchants* (that is, Busken Hwet in his assumed character of Reinout) know nothing!" "My darling," answers Machteld, "did I ever doubt your love? but all your tenderness cannot enable me to reconcile the Epistle to the Galatians and the Acts of the Apostles!" Oh,

what a splendid girl! She deserved to marry a Leiden professor!

VIII.

Before speaking of the opposition to the new school, which was, of course, vigorous, I must introduce another scholar who had played an important part in the history of liberal thought in Holland. I have already mentioned that, at this time, Scholten's criticism was decidely in arrears. Opzoomer's activity never brought him upon the field of Biblical criticism, and the Dutch Moderns, therefore, could not point to any great critic in their ranks. This defect was soon to be supplied in a most brilliant manner. Abraham Kuenen, a colleague and former pupil of Scholten, published, in 1861, the first volume of his "Historico-Critical Inquiry into the Origin and Collection of the Books of the Old Testament." The second and third volumes succeeded in 1863 and 1865. Although this book has not been translated, *in extenso*, into any of the better known European languages, it is one of the few Dutch works which has earned their authors a European reputation. Men of such different tone of thought as Rénan, Colenso, and Réville all hailed it as probably the best and completest introduction to the Old Testament in existence. It is indeed a masterly work. For clearness and arrangement, for accuracy of scholarship, for closeness of reasoning, for calmness and impartiality of tone and judgment, it stands almost, if not quite, unrivaled. It is not necessary to the object of this article to give, even in general terms, the results arrived at in this work. All that need be said is, that, while pursuing, with characteristic caution, the inductive method, and making the books of the Bible reveal their own true history, and themselves refute the account given of them by ecclesiastical tradition, Kuenen does not hesitate to avow that his "view of the world" has influenced his views of the Bible; or, in other words, that he has his own opinions as to what is possible and what impossible, what probable and what improbable, and that he does not set about a historico-critical inquiry as if he had not. Indeed, it is difficult to see how any critic or historian ever did or ever can do otherwise. To, demand in the name of impartiality, that, in a highly difficult inquiry, we should begin by renouncing the most important criterions of truth which we already possess,

and should investigate the Bible as if we knew nothing of nature or of man from any other source, is surely absurdity itself.

No man could be less given to "subjectivism" than Kuenen. His hypotheses, even when most startling, are built up on the basis of patient research. Into his equations of probalitity the unknown quantity of his own authority is never allowed to enter. He possesses a very remarkable power of analyzing the grounds upon which his own impressions rest; and when he wishes to convince us he gives us grounds, instead of calling upon us to accept his impressions as evidence. Hence the powerful ascendancy enjoyed by Kuenen over his disciples; and it is hardly an exaggeration to say, that, on the field of Old Testament history and criticism, all the Dutch moderns are Kuenen's disciples.

Scholten's ascendancy is largely personal, Kuenen's chiefly intellectual. Scholten must be heard to be understood, Kuenen need only be read. In listening to Scholten, you feel that he has laid the grasp of a giant upon his hearers; in listening to Kuenen, you feel that he has grasped his *subject* with a hand which few could lay upon it. You may come from Scholten's lecture-room profoundly convinced of the truth of his teaching, the inspiration and fire you have caught from him are yours forever, but the conviction may soon begin to disappear. If you come from Kuenen's lecture-room convinced, it is not the man, but his arguments and facts, that have convinced you, and the conviction will abide.

The transparent candor and generosity of Kuenen's character as a scholar have exercised a most beneficial influence over his disciples. I think it is largely due to him that so many of the Dutch scholars are so evidently more anxious to arrive at the truth than to secure a triumph. Kuenen is not only willing, but anxious, to learn of those who differ from him; and gives us much weight to an argument when brought forward by another, after he has published his own opinion, as he would have done if he had discovered it himself before he had given his views to the world. He never seems to ask himself whether he can still defend his position, but simply whether it is still the best position he can take. The very model of a courteous opponent, he spares neither friend nor foe where truth is at stake, and is at once a severe and a most indulgent critic, — severe because no weakness escapes him, indulgent

because it is always his desire to bring out the value of the work he criticises, and show what contribution it brings towards the solution of the problem with which it deals.

Such a man can not fail to impress upon his readers and hearers a deep sense of the responsibilities of authorship. Never to speak without a thorough and, as far as possible, exhaustive preparation, never to be lead by the thirst for definite conclusions to assertions not warranted by our present state of knowledge, to resist the temptations of brilliant hypotheses for which no sufficient grounds can be assigned, in a word, to work under a severe self-restraint with the single purpose of discovering the truth, not of rounding a system and exciting surprise or admiration, — such are the lessons of literary morality which Kuenen teaches almost on every page.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE DIVINE IMMANENCE.

THE highest and worthiest conception we can form of God is that which represents him as most intimately present and active in all things and events. He is not an idle or indifferent spectator of his universe. He perpetually upholds and governs all that he has made. Every part of his creation, the most vast and the most minute, is instinct with his mind. The laws that we see everywhere in operation are not an independent power. They did not make, and they do not enforce, themselves. Laws imply a lawgiver, a power that enacted and that executes them. These laws of nature, as we call them, are simply methods of the divine procedure. Could we penetrate to the farthest verge of creation, we should find that God is there before us. We should everywhere meet tokens of his presence and ever-working power. The same hand that looses the autumn leaf from its stalk, and lays it gently upon the ground, rolls the planets about the sun, and binds the comet in its eccentric orbits, and guides the sun itself, with all its

attendant worlds, around a mysterious centre in the unmeasured depth of heaven. To the spiritual eye, all the forces of nature are varied manifestations of his power; all events are his acts; all causation his volition. By the necessity of his nature he cannot but attend to all things, small and great. Such is the necessary dependence of creation on the Creator, that his universe could not go on without his constant support and agency. Man can make machines that will work in his absence, because he is never, in the highest sense, a creator. He can only combine and modify, and adapt to his uses, forces which he did not originate, and which do not depend upon him. His clocks go on whilst he sleeps, because the finger of God is steadily drawing down the weights or uncoiling the springs. In him all things subsist, and would cease to be if he could for a moment be withdrawn from them.

This truth of God's immanence in all things becomes especially interesting when we contemplate it in reference to ourselves. God is in each one of us. He thoroughly penetrates and informs us, body and soul. We are a part of his creation, and these laws, which are expressions of his purpose, and methods of his agency, are unceasingly at work within us. There are the laws of our animal nature, — the law by which food conduces to the nourishment and growth of the body; the law of assimilation, by which all varieties of food are changed into a homogeneous fluid; the law of respiration, by which that fluid is made to receive, from the outer air, the last element that is needed to fit it to accomplish its end; the law of circulation by which it is sent into every part of the body, to repair its waste; sent by an impulse from the central organ, of which science can give no account, which it calls vital force, a name by which it conceals its ignorance. There are the laws of motion, by which the limbs are made, through the medium of the subtile nervous fluid, to obey the behests of the will; and the laws of sensation, by which, through five different channels, knowledge of as many different kinds is conveyed from the outward world to the percipient soul.

Law rules also in the realm of mind. All our mental operations are conducted upon principles that our Maker has fixed. We perceive, think, learn, reason, remember, imagine, contrive, invent, under divinely appointed regulations, the observance of which

constitutes sanity and mental health. Every natural appetite and desire is a part of God's idea in the constitution of our nature. Not one of them was given to be utterly suppressed or rooted out. Each one is meant to serve a wise and beneficial end. Each, as God designed it, is innocent and right and good. The gratifications that flow from it are among the blessings he intended for us. It becomes an occasion of sin and degradation only by our abuse of it, by being directed to wrong ends, or by being carried beyond just bounds. All our native affections, which bind us together in the various relationships of family, kindred, neighborhood, friendship, country, race, are varied manifestations of God's love, which circulates through them all, and which has provided for itself these channels through our hearts, whereby it may flow forth and bless the world.

Especially is the law of our moral nature felt to be the law of God. It is an expression to us of what he would have us do and be. It is the supreme law of our being. Such is the constitution of our nature, and such the order of the universe, that only by obedience to that law can our highest welfare be attained. This law penetrates and prevades our whole life. There is a right and a wrong way of doing almost everything that we have occasion to do. Thus, in his moral law, does God beset us behind and before; thus, in conscience, does he lay his hand upon us.

In the deep primal instincts of our nature, which man in every condition inevitably obeys, God has marked out the track in which he meant that the progress of the race should run. Such is the social instinct, which forbids men to live side by side, independent and unrelated beings, but which first sets the solitary in families, then groups them into tribes and nations, and finally prompts the organization of some sort of social order and civil government, as surely as the bee builds her six-sided cell. Thus sacred is the whole constitution of our nature. Thus full of God is it. Thus perpetually does he work in and through it. Well may our hearts be awed within us when we think of the great miracle that still goes on in silence, not only around us, but in our own souls.

Still more closely does the circling power of God seem to be drawn around us when we consider that he impressed upon each one of us the type of our individual being, and made each one

the manner of man that he is. What infinite variety is there among men. As no two faces are exactly alike, so no two men are exactly alike in their mental, moral, and spiritual characteristics. All the various elements that compose a man are mingled in endlessly varied proportions in different individuals. In some, the animal nature predominates; in others, the intellectual. There are also distinctions arising from the predominance of one class of intellectual faculties over the rest. Some are pre-eminent for fancy or imagination, others are distinguished by a large development of the reasoning powers. Extraordinary quickness of apprehension and energy of will fit some men to make their mark in the world as men of action. Some men are naturally ardent, impulsive, passionate; others cool, slow, and cautious; some social and sympathetic; others retiring and reserved. And over all the differences produced by other causes is superinduced the peculiar tone given to the whole personality by the mysterious influence of temperament. In saying this, I do not deny the freedom of the will, or the efficacy of education and self-discipline. But no one will assert that a man can make of himself anything that he can imagine or desire. It must be admitted that the sphere of the will and of discipline is limited; and the differences of which I speak manifest themselves outside of that sphere, and modify the results which our utmost endeavors can produce within it. We are at liberty to use our peculiar faculty and endowment well or ill. We may make a good or bad character out of it. But the type of our goodness or badness will be determined by the type of our individual nature. We may suffer our talent to rust, or we may improve it to the utmost; but if we achieve greatness by it, the sort of greatness will depend on the peculiarity of our original constitution. I say, then, that each individual is an individual, — a man by himself, — with a peculiarity that distinguishes him from every other individual of the species. How came we so? How, but by the fiat of the Creator? Before I existed, — each man may say, — the idea of such a being as I, was in the mind of God; and it is because he willed that such an one should exist, that I am here.

So, too, on any morning of our lives, when we go to our usual occupation, we step into a certain environment of circumstances

constituting our place in the work and business of the world. We find many things to be done, buying and selling, making and mending, ordering and administering our own affairs, or those of others. We meet, converse, and deal with many persons whose interests are to some extent in our hands, to be well or ill affected by our acts; we encounter trials of patience and temper; temptation to wrong doing; occasions of sacrifice and self-restraint; opportunities of doing good; labor to be endured and pleasures to be enjoyed. What is the meaning of it all? How does it happen to us? Whatever may be our philosophy on the subject, unless we take a decidedly atheistic position, we must come at last to say, that it happens through the will and agency of him without whom not a sparrow falls to the ground. Every minutest circumstance of one of the most common of the days of our lives is an expression of some thought or purpose of his concerning us. It is an address to us personally, telling us what he would have us do that day. Thus is our ordinary life, in its humblest conditions, full of divine meaning. Of our place in the world, whatever it may be, we may say "surely the Lord is in this place;" and if our spiritual eye is open, we shall see, as the Patriarch saw, that a way of ascent is open from it, leading directly upward to the highest heavens.

C. PALFREY.

ISAAC CASAUBON, THE SCHOLAR.

NOT till this year, more than two hundred and sixty years after his decease, has this man, renowned for his erudition and the story of whose life is of profound interest, obtained a biographer. Though he was a Frenchman by birth and lineage, his home for his last four years, the most favored and tranquil period of a troubled existence, was in England. There he died, and his dust reposes in Westminster Abbey. It was fitting, therefore, that he should be indebted to the pen of a competent English scholar for his biography. The rector of Lincoln College, Oxford, Mark Pattison, well known as one of the contributors to the famous "Essays and Reviews," has brought to this grateful task a thoroughly competent and appreciative ability and spirit. We have followed the writer through his carefully wrought pages, which give evidence of his own full knowledge and patient and extended inquiries; and with the impression made upon us by the perusal of his noble volume we essay a brief report of it to our own readers.

Casaubon takes and fills his place in a line of men, few or many, according to the scale and standard for their estimation as such, who have been eminent alike for the amount of the erudition which they acquired, and for the obstacles and difficulties wholly unknown to those who have followed them in the track of learning, in strong conflict with which they mastered it. The names of Erasmus, Scaliger, Lipsius, Casaubon, and Grotius, and of a few scholarly printers, the Aldi, the Stephanses and Froben, will always fill the highest places of honor in the history of literature since the classical period. There is no occasion for drawing comparisons or contrasts between them and those who have succeeded in the line, as they and their successors have worked under very different conditions.

Isaac Casaubon was born of Huguenot parentage, at Geneva, Feb. 18, 1559. It was by the fortune of the times, in their anxieties and miseries, that his life opened in the city of Calvin; for that was not the home of his parents, — indeed, they hardly had

a home. His birth occurred at a period of distraction and suffering for all who in Europe held the reformed faith, and even at a critical stage of a long continued and woful conflict. It was the era of the fresh energy of the Catholic reaction in Europe after the Reformation had seemingly reached its last triumphs. The intrigues of princes and ecclesiastics, and a revulsion of feeling from the excesses and follies and disappointing results incident to the convulsions through which Christendom had been passing, had turned the tide and threatened to bring about a complete restoration of the papal sway. The Catholic league was in full activity, aided alike by political and religious appliances. Sad and bitter were the experiences of Protestants in regions where the conditions of life were in themselves ruggedly severe, and where no princely power was pledged to avert from them the direst forms of persecution. Events were to prove that even the solemn guaranties of royal edicts for their immunity might be revoked at a breath.

Arnold Casaubon, the father of Isaac, was a Huguenot pastor ni Gascony. To escape being burned alive, he, with his wife and hundreds of exiles, had to flee, and many of them, like himself, sought a refuge in Geneva. The edict of Chateaubriand, in 1551, followed by the wildest outrages of infuriated mobs, had driven the Huguenots in all directions to encounter a varied experience of miseries in wandering through mountains and valleys, with cold and starvation in their houselessness and destitution. Even the refuge found in Geneva was but precarious. It was vigorously besieged by the Duke of Savoy, and the eminent Catholic saint, Francis de Sales, urged the total destruction of the Protestants.

When Isaac was in his third year his father ventured to go with his family to Crest in Dauphiny, to assume the charge of a feeble Protestant church, subject at any moment to the risks of death or flight. Here, under the sternest privations and hardships, Isaac passed his childhood, his father, who had some scholarly acquisitions and tastes, being his only teacher. He had no other help from school or college till he was nineteen years of age. At nine years he was able to speak and write Latin. On the news of St. Bartholemew, in 1572, the family had to run to

the hills, and found shelter in a cave. The father was at intervals absent from his family for years together; and when at pauses in the outbreaks of popular fury he ventured to return, it was to find his poor dwelling sacked. In 1578, at the age of nineteen, Isaac was sent by his father to Geneva, to obtain, under the spur of his consuming zeal for book knowledge and with the meagre appliances of academic help, a more thorough training than his lonely studies had been able to afford him. Here, as student and professor, he remained eight years.

Greek learning under native teachers had been revived in Italy and Germany after the fall of Constantinople. Erasmus, who had died but twenty-three years before the birth of the young scholar, had been the most earnest disciple and patron of the new learning, and well did he fight the battle, with the weapons of satire, as well as with the more consistent weapons of industry and elaborate knowledge, against the monkish ignorance and prejudices of his time. The rich additions then made to the libraries of Europe, of Greek, classical, and patristic manuscripts, furnished the material for the scholarly ambition of the few who fostered the love of learning. Casaubon was favored at Geneva by having a native Greek to aid him in attaining a proficiency in the language, in which, after the death of Scaliger, he stood without a superior in Europe.

According to our present standard the Grand Academy at Geneva, in which Casaubon was at first a pupil and afterwards a professor, was simply an elementary school and seminary for the education of Calvinistic ministers. Its curriculum was contracted, its teaching was meagre, its corps of instructors small and feeble, its funds the scanty grants of the municipal council. But its discipline was rigid, and all who were concerned in its oversight or as pupils were held to make the most profitable use of its scanty, but in those days of poverty costly, means and appliances. It was the impulse of craving and earnestness in the scholar himself, and not the elementary and elaborate aids which now make the pursuit of learning but a pastime for all who are not dullards, that mastered the difficulties of brain-toil and produced at the time a few prodigies of erudition.

Casaubon, as Greek professor, instructing through the form of

lectures, had a hard struggle with drudgery and poverty. His living stipend was ten pounds a year and free rooms for a domicile. Even on those conditions the tenure of his office was very precarious. Only the evident conviction of the Geneva council, that his services as a guide and inspiration were indispensable to the continuance of any vitality or efficiency in their Academy, ensured the parsimonious dole which was all they had to give. He enjoyed the close friendship of Beza, the successor of Calvin. Others of the academic corps were discouraged into resignation, or dropped from necessity. Casaubon stood patiently in his lot, looking forth, however, to any preferable appointment where daily bread, unedited manuscripts, or a learned man, might fill for him the measure of his earthly aims.

The poverty of a scholar makes but an imperfect appeal to our sympathies till it shows itself, as in most cases it does, aggravated by domestic straits in the necessities of a steadily increasing family. Of these, as we shall see, Casaubon had a full share. In 1583 he married the daughter of an impoverished refugee. She died a year and a half afterwards, leaving a daughter, who soon followed the mother. In 1586 his father, Arnold, worn out by a life of perils and hardships, and especially by the twenty-five years of miseries through which he had pursued his devoted ministry, died at Die, in Dauphiné. Isaac, who was the only one of the family not present at the last scene, was for many years afterwards the main support of the widowed mother and her other children. When the year of his bereavement had closed he married a poor girl, Florence Estienne, of eighteen years, daughter of the great Geneva printer [Henricus Stephanus II.], the editor of the famous "Thesaurus," and the possessor of a precious collection of manuscripts. A literary feud which Casaubon had previously had with this fitful and moody man, because the former had written some notes favoring a rival editor's publication of Greek poetry, had broken friendship between them. Though the father-in-law, while he disliked, had not prevented the match, his relations with Casaubon were never cordial, but simply vexatious. If Casaubon thought he was marrying Stephanus' manuscripts as well as his daughter, he was disappointed, as he tells us he never but once saw the inside of his father-in-law's great library, and had a life-

long difficulty in obtaining the daughter's dowry. Florence, however, proved to be a most congenial and devoted wife, held to her husband by a sacred mutual attachment. Though she did not enter into his scholarly pursuits, by her fidelity in relieving him of all household cares, she left him free for entire absorption in close studies, in which he was impatient of any intrusion or abstraction that took him from his beloved communings. His biographer says that, "except in being too prolific," — they had eighteen children, — Florence proved an excellent scholar's wife according to the model which is still traditional in Germany. The straits of the household all through the lives of its members, with but rare intervals of relief, were softened by close affection and sympathy. An aggravation to them must have been incurred by the insatiable craving of the father for literary nutriment. We are amazed at the number of manuscripts and books which he contrived to accumulate, some of them, too, quite costly, and procured only through great embarrassments and difficulties. Public libraries were then few and meagre. Casaubon had recourse to every shift, art, and effort to supply his consuming craving. He borrowed, begged, teazed, and importuned acquaintances and friends in every direction to give or loan him book or manuscript. While at Geneva his labor was, for the most part, all by himself, unaided. He had no congenial literary atmosphere around him, no spur from fellow or rival, and no patron. In 1594 he ventured to open a correspondence with that prince of scholars, Scaliger, eighteen years his senior, whose fame had raised him to the first place among the learned, and who had recently left France to reside in Holland. Though Scaliger seems at first to have received with coldness the advances of Casaubon, he very soon recognized the ability and promise of the man who was to succeed to his own honors. The two never met; but from the time their correspondence began, an intimacy of spirit and a profound appreciation of each other's talents and acquisitions ensured its continuance, in the frequent transmission of letters concerning their pursuits till the death of the elder of them closed it. Scaliger, in his will, left a silver cup to Casaubon as a token of his respect and love.

With the hope of enlarging the means of culture and study in access to more books and the society of men inspired by the same

zeal in the cause of learning, possibly too with the expectation of relieving himself from the sharp grip of poverty, Casaubon, in 1596, accepted an invitation to Montpellier. Here he remained for three years. His duties were similar to those which he had been performing at Geneva. But the change was hardly a betterment of his experience or fortunes. Montpellier then contained the wreck of an old university, in which a medical school that had long been famous had still some remnant of vigor. Here, too, the reaction from the Protestant fervor of the half century previous, and the rallying of the energies of the Roman Church through princely and priestly intrigues, had brought the two religious parties into a balance of relations with consequent jealousies. The balance, however, was rapidly shifting in favor of the old church. Casaubon retained for a while friendly and respectful relations with leading men in both parties. At first his lectures, as a novelty, were received with a popularity almost approaching enthusiasm. This was but short lived. He found some facilities in working upon his edition of Athenæus, and added to the number of his scholarly correspondents such distinguished men as de Thou [Thuanus], Bongars, and de Fresne, who like himself were moderate and tolerant on religious variances. He met through his whole course great perplexities and annoyances in securing the publication of his works. The printers and publishers then were few and widely scattered. To steer a way through their rivalries and jealousies, to make and secure contracts with men lacking in one or another qualification for their art, with their over-caution, narrowness or bigotry, and to be able to oversee the work in progress and to have the privilege of correcting the proof sheets, were grievous embarrassments to the scholar when his own toil was accomplished.

As, three-quarters of a century previous to the residence of Casaubon at Montpellier, all the potentates of Europe whose dominions included a university were rival claimants in their efforts to induce Erasmus to receive their patronage and honor them by making his home with them, — dubious as was his religious position between the two contending parties, — so it was in scarcely less measure in the case of Casaubon. It is amusing to us, but it was painfully harassing to him, to trace the workings of that vacillat-

ing and almost treacherous policy, half threatening, half fawning, but all beguiling and bewildering, which marked the course of the King of France in his efforts to draw Casaubon to Paris. Henri IV. of Navarre, that royal recreant to Protestantism, seems to have had some elements of nobleness in his nature, as under the sturdy training of his Huguenot mother he had withstood the wiles of Catherine of Medici and of Pope Sixtus V. But finally yielding to the conviction, enforced by the earnest appeals of his friends, that under no other terms could he quietly hold his throne against the machinations of the Catholic league, he abjured his heresy, and made profession of the Roman faith, in the church of St. Denys, in 1593. The next year he was anointed King, and acknowledged by the Pope. The great Sully was his prime minister. By the edict of Nantes, in 1598, he granted entire religious freedom to his former Protestant brethren. What a king can grant a king can revoke. The recreancy of the monarch, instigated with new zeal, inflamed into fanticism the reactionary party, which, while presuming on the full assurance that they could reclaim the whole of continental Europe, had also some vengeance to wreak for their past humiliation.

The king and the university of Paris were ardently desirous to draw Casaubon to them as the foremost Grecian of the age, and as eminent for various learning. But he was a heretic. Place, fashion, and influence were at the disposal of hostile zealots. The king was incessant in his importunities, and to a degree generous in his promises. He played fast and loose in his messages to the hesitating scholar. Casaubon, however, must have discerned from the first that, even if no pledge to that effect had been exacted or implied, there was an expectation that sooner or later, under court influences, he would renounce his heresies. At any rate, during the whole of his ten years' residence in Paris that expectation was kept alive and never abandoned. Casaubon was made to feel that his full welcome and the crowning honors of his learning depended upon his retraction. Nor did this hope lack the assurance of what looked like wavering in himself. The renunciation of Protestant heresies was then the fashion. It was something more than the fashion, favored by royal example and the influence of the court. There had been many converts, in low as in high

places. Some had been made under the influence of sincere conviction, others through disgust. There were cases in which men of broad and discriminating minds had yielded to an intense revulsion from the doctrinal elements and the discipline of Calvinism, and found quiet and personal immunity in the old fold. Scholars, statesmen, rural magistrates and great soldiers, had, in ways preferred by them, public or private, reconciled themselves to the church. In 1591, the famous scholar Lipsius, the editor of Livy, who had been living at Leyden as a Protestant, went to Louvain and submitted to Rome.

After long dallying and hesitation Casaubon yielded to the solicitation of the king, reinforced by his passion for new scholarly resources, and went to Paris in the year 1600. As a heretic he could have no place in the university, but he had friends from the start and he made new ones. The king was always his friend, treating him with kindness and respect. His first appointment was as assistant or subordinate in charge of the Royal Library, succeeding on the death of his superior to the higher place. A small pension was secured to him, supplemented by gifts from the king and by presents from friends. Occasionally the dedication of one of his publications to a rich patron would draw forth a sum of money, though as the many copies which he gave away were by the courtesy of the times required to be sumptuously bound at the expense of the donor, his credit account from this source showed but a small balance. His office as librarian was quite unlike what is implied by that title now. He had not to superintend the loaning out of books, but to be the careful custodian of precious volumes and rich vellum manuscripts. Doubtless he regarded free converse with these as his best emolument. He was a bookworm in the fullest sense of the epithet, though having in view a turning to the account of general enlightenment the fruits of his unwearied, lonely toils.

But all privileges and favors, and, to some extent, personal comfort and security for Casaubon during the whole of his ten years' residence in Paris, were well understood, as has been said, to depend upon the expected contingency, that sooner or later he would renounce Protestantism. Influence and blandishments, as well as more consistent agencies, were employed, with unflagging

zeal, to secure this much desired result. Large numbers of persons in humble or ordinary stations in life, who were constantly taking the fashionable or politic step of deserting the impoverished and imperilled Huguenot fellowship, were received back into the Roman fold without much parade or boastfulness. It was a matter of course, of every day occurrence, hardly attracting notice, and felt only in the private breasts and experience of the more constant and sincere. But when the expected recreant was of conspicuous rank, position, or influence, after secret intrigue had prepared the way for a public avowal, much pains was taken to give the result notoriety and display. The object was to have it appear in each case as consequent upon a free, fair, and able discussion, with all the helps of learning and argument, of the points of difference, and the merits of the issue as between Romanism and Protestantism. The wires and puppets were well prepared beforehand. The plot culminated at what were called "Conferences," where the feats of the disputants were enacted after a full understanding as to the party who should be vanquished.

The astute and zealous Cardinal Du Perron, at the wish as he said of the king, held many private interviews with Casaubon in the library, and though respecting the scholar's acquisitions and sincerity of character, was importunate in his appeals and efforts to win so eminent a man as a convert. Other private agencies also were brought to bear upon him. Finally the machinery of a conference at Fontainebleau, with much parade and skill, was tried upon the scholar, and he seemed only moderately firm and assured when arguing before it.

Word went forth among the jealous and watchful Calvinists in various regions that Casaubon had yielded and made a renunciation. The report was for the most part traceable to his enemies or to those who wished to make or have it true. For the rest, with but a slight residuum of probability, it seemed as if Casaubon himself had for a time wavered and hesitated. His state of feeling and his position afterwards found a full explanation consistent with his intellectual steadfastness and his sincerity. When, after leaving France, he went as he then supposed merely to make a visit to England, he soon found himself in full sympathy with the few learned prelates and moderate divines of her establishment,

who were lovers of the primitive Christianity, of the ancient church as set forth by the Fathers. His mind and sympathies were working in that direction while he was in France. He was engaged upon what he considered as one of his greatest labors, the refutation of that boasted champion of Romanism, Cardinal Baronius, the author of the twelve great folios filled with the fruits not of research, nor of discriminating judgment, but of a simple copying of unauthenticated documentary ecclesiastical materials running down through the twelfth century. Casaubon had been led temporarily, and in part, to withdraw from his devotion to classic authors and to engage with the earliest Christian writers. In these studies, by the expansion of his own mind, he became grievously dissatisfied with the harsh dogmatism and the limitations and the sympathetic narrowness of Calvinism. He came, in a discerning interpretation and use of them, to prize the writings of the Fathers, and his views and inclinations, fostered by his insight into primitive standards and usages, made him substantially what is understood in our times as a "Broad Churchman." The Huguenot fellowship in Paris and the neighborhood was but a remnant, odious, threatened, insulted, and always in dread of a popular outbreak against them. They were still nominally at liberty to go for their Sunday worship to their chapel in Charenton, though exposed on the way, either by road or by the river, to the rude jeers and occasional violence of those to whom they were but a hateful and despicable handful of ungenial schismatics. Casaubon with his family went as often as was possible, amid rough experiences and exposures of health and life, to these Sunday services. But he soon found himself out of sympathy with the pastor, Du Moulin, who, though a man of ability and zeal, was a narrow-minded and bigoted Calvinist. He evidently reciprocated Casaubon's dislike, and fostered the suspicion that he would yet be among the perverts.

The efforts used to secure this result in the case of Casaubon himself proving thus ineffectual, zealous attempts to the same end were made upon members of his family. His wife stood firm in the faith in which she had been trained, as did also his daughter Phillipa, a girl of great attractiveness, genius and promise, who had been made an inmate of the household of the English ambas-

sador in Paris, but who, to the profound grief of her parents and loving friends, died at the age of eighteen. To the equal distress of the parents, though in another form, the eldest son, John, succumbed to the arguments or inducements brought to bear upon him, renounced Protestantism, and was received into the Roman Church. He became a Capuchin in 1619. This, however, was after his father's death.

It was amid the anxieties and uncertainties incident to Casaubon's personal and official position in Paris at this time that Henry IV. died, May 14, 1610, assassinated by Ravaillac, as he was riding to the coronation of his wife. It gives us an idea of the easy and kindly standard applied in those days to persons of highest rank, that Henry was called the best king France ever had, though he had proved so unstable and calculating in the most serious religious obligations, had unrighteously divorced his first wife, and had many children by four mistresses.

It was after this catastrophe, and while the dismayed Huguenots were hourly looking for an outbreak of desperate and exterminating violence against them, that the invitation of King James was most opportunely renewed, through his ambassador, urging Casaubon, on generous inducements, to visit England. After some hesitation he was allowed to go, the conditions being that he should leave his family and library in Paris, and return whenever he should be summoned. His French pension was continued through his life, the remainder of which he spent in England, as his return to Paris was never exacted. He felt grievously the separation from his wife and his books. Of some of the latter he seems from time to time to have had the use. His wife came to him, and with the exception of occasional intervals, calling her on affairs of business to France, she was with him till his death. He was helpless and wretched without her, uncomfortable, neglected by his servants, thriftless as a housekeeper, an invalid, and shrinking from all visitors unless they were the choicer scholars.

Casaubon had occasionally met some roving Englishmen on the continent, among whom was Sir Henry Wotton, who had lodged with him for a time in Geneva. He was, however, always fettered in his intercourse with the English, because either he could not, or would not, master their tongue. Four years' residence in the

country did not relieve this embarrassment. It is remarkable that this should have been so not only in his case, but equally in that of the other famous scholar, Erasmus, who had twice resided in England, but would not or could not adopt its speech. Though he was a Dutchman, he thought there ought to be no other languages than the Greek and Latin.

King James had written to Casaubon in 1601, from Edinburgh, asking a visit from him there, and the scholar had replied in the usual style of fulsome adulation. On July 20, 1610, he received an official invitation from the Archbishop of Canterbury, offering him a prebend, with a good stipend, and promise of promotion. Yet he lingered in Paris for some months, Du Perron still pressing him with zealous and shrewd, though with courteous, efforts to convert him. The cardinal also thought that Casaubon "wavered," and sought to win him by representing that "the question between them was one of pure learning and the love of truth."

At last the scholar accepted the offer of Lord Wotton, embassador extraordinary, who was returning to England, of a free and privileged passage with himself and suite. That channel voyage, never, even under modern facilities, a delight, had some dismal and funny annoyances for this hypochondriac exile. He tried to comfort himself by recalling the sea voyage of the Apostle Paul. Reaching London on the last of October, he was received with warm hospitality. Some of the most scholarly of the bishops treated him with marked respect and attention, and the king at once put himself into relations of confidence and intimacy founded upon real respect for his erudite guest, and measured by his own power of appreciating him. Casaubon was among the most privilged of the groups of intelligent favorites gathered around him by the king at Theobald's for learned discussion. In these assemblies James himself was the only one seated, while his guests stood, proximity to his chair and direct colloquy measuring degrees of his regard. Even the monarch who is presented to us as the prince of pedants, shallow, conceited, pretentious, and egotistic, had really for his time and surroundings some qualities and attainments fitting him for the role of a patron of learned men. He resolved from the first to try to retain in his kingdom the

scholar who had come only on a visit, and at once settled upon him, from his own purse, a pension of three hundred pounds, besides frequently making him valuable presents. It would seem as if Casaubon must have looked to some permanence or protraction in his stay, as he took out papers of naturalization.

Even while enjoying all these resources of respect, patronage, comfort, and security beyond those to which he had been used, Casaubon, so far from being at ease, was impatient and querulous because thwarted in his absorbing passion for lonely study. The king's demands on his time and patience, his visits to the court, and the many distractions to which he was subjected, were constant occasions of fretfulness. Books and manuscripts engaging his craving and laborious solitude, researches and critical questions, were the aliment on which alone he could thrive. Besides what he regarded the waste of his time when spent in any other way, his inclinations were crossed by an exigency incident to the use which his admirers and patrons wished to make of him. His own tastes had led him to devote himself exclusively to the classical works of antiquity. The school of English divines which looked to him as a strong and honored champion, and in which his own broadening sympathies led him to class himself, was engaged in using the writings of the Christian fathers and the standards of the primitive church, as they have within our own time been employed, for confounding the Romanists on their own ground, while repudiating the limitations and the rigid formulas of the Calvinists. Casaubon, with some reluctance, though not without drawing even satisfaction from the task, devoted a good share of his time to this form of anti-papal controversy. His "Epistle to Fronto," and his "Answer to Baronius," were the fruits of his scholarly acumen in this direction. He made a restless visit of two months to the Bishop of Ely at Downham, famished all the while from the lack of books. A brief visit to Oxford, where he was honored, but not much pleased, yielded him as the only joy the privilege of mousing in the library.

There were other drawbacks also to his satisfaction and comfort in his own home in London. Some little jealousies stirred among the native scholars because of the regard and favors shown to him, a foreigner. Identified also with the unpopular "church party,"

he received some indignities from rude persons in the sects. Did we not know how he lavished most of what he could acquire for books, we should marvel at the stinted and comfortless character of his household life, especially when, in the intervals of his wife's absence, he was left to the annoyances of poor and troublesome English servants, with no medium of a common language. His yearly income from English and French resources was at least five hundred pounds, no mean allowance for the time. But his large family and his poor relatives were constant drains upon him. He had a brief visit in London from the learned Grotius, with whom he was in full sympathy.

Always weak in body and liable to frequent accesses of disease, Casaubon died in London, on July 12, 1614, after a fortnight of excruciating suffering, borne with the sweetest serenity, patience, and Christian trustfulness. A *post mortem* examination disclosed the cause of his life-long invalidism, explained his frequent querulousness, and made it appear a marvel that he had lived so long and done so much in his fifty-five years. "A monstrous malformation of the viscera," congenital, and aggravated by sedentary habits, had affected all his days. He was buried in a grave on the west, or so-called "Historical Side," of Westminster Abbey, opposite the poetic side. Six bishops, two deans, and almost all of the metrôpolitan clergy attended his funeral. Dean Stanley says, "His resting place was the first in a long succession of the eminent and honored on that side of the Abbey." His friend Morton, Bishop of Durham, erected a monument to him in 1632. The famous Isaac Walton, wandering through the solemn aisles, scratched his well-known monogram on the marble, with the date "1658." The angler is said to have been the first of all scribblers there. The biographer of Casaubon adds to this statement the breathing, "O si sic omnia!" The French ambassador sent a nobleman to Casaubon on his death-bed to ask, "In what religion he professed to die?" thus indicating how strong and interested was the expectation, founded on the unintermitted efforts of Du Perron, to bring the scholar to the Roman fold. Casaubon, expressing his horror of the supposed deceit, on his part, implied in such a question, firmly answered, "Then you think, my Lord, that I have been all along a dissembler in a matter of the great-

est moment!" The minister of the French church in London had constantly and reverently attended him, but he received the eucharist on his last day from an English bishop. Though he had at first been troubled by some of the saints' days, and other matters in the English liturgy, he enjoyed the services so far as his lack of the language would permit.

In his last will Casaubon indicated the unhappiness which the perversion of his eldest son John had caused him, by leaving to him, "for reasons known unto him," nothing but a piece of plate. John, however, received a pension in France. Another sentence in the will has a more gracious recognition: "To that son, who, walking in the fear of God, shall be fitted to sustain my family, I do give the cup of Mr. Scaliger, of most happy memory." The king continued the pension to the widow through her life, and provided a studentship for the son Meric at Christ Church, Oxford, which he held for thirteen years. After settling her husband's affairs, Florence Casaubon returned to France, but came back again to England, where, after surviving her husband twenty-one years, she died, March 11, 1635, and was buried in the Cloister of the Abbey.

The papers of Casaubon had been much scattered, as they had more than once passed between France and England, and some of them had been loaned to friends. Collections of what remain of them are in the Bodleian, the British Museum, and the National Library of Paris. His letters, like those of all the scholars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, are voluminous, as epistolary intercourse was a prime essential of knowledge, while so many other mediums of it were lacking. His "Ephemerides," or diaries, were printed at Oxford in 1850. A collection of eleven hundred and ten of his letters, with fifty replies, was published at Rotterdam in 1709. Scaliger's letters to Casaubon were published at Leyden in 1627. The principal works of his, mostly in solid folios, the publication of which he superintended, were the following: "Notes on Diogenes Laertius," "Notes on Strabo," "A Recension of the New Testament, with Notes," "Animadversions on the Roman Antiquities of Dion Halicarnassus," "An Edition of Polyænus," "An Edition of Aristotle in Greek and Latin," "An Edition of the Letters of the Younger Pliny," "An Edition

of the Characters of Theophrastus, of Diogenes Laertius, of Suetonius, of Theocritus and Athenæus," "A Letter to the Synod of Gergeau," "The Augustan Historians," "The Satires of Persius," "Notes on Greory Thaumaturgus," "Origen against Celsus," "Epistle of Gregory Nyssæus," "A book on Ecclesiastical Liberty," "An Edition of Polybius, with Commentary," "Epistle to Fronto, the Jesuit," "Answer to Cardinal Perron," and "Answer to Baronius."

Formidable as is this enumeration of projected works laboriously completed, — and one's thoughts ache at the contemplation of the stupendous mental toils of which they were the fruits, — it represents but half of the objects which he had before him in intention and preparatory labor. It has been said that the title-pages of the works which Coleridge announced as purposed, and in progress through his mind and pen, would fill a volume. So the schemes of Casaubon, uncompleted, of which we have hints in his letters, or notes or fragments relating to them in his papers, are painfully suggestive of the disproportion between the aspiring aims of the scholar and the brevity of human life. He was crushed by the accumulations of his knowledge, and tormented by the craving for more. Like Newton, and how many lesser explorers of the fields of all truth, he had the infinite before him, and only finite powers and a finite span for dealing with it. The titles of some of his proposed or promised or attempted works, are as follows: Treatises on "Transubstantiation," "On Sacrifice," "On the Shows of the Amphitheatre," "On the Games of the Circus," "On the Roman Magistrates," "On the Art of Criticism," "On Clothing," "On Colors," "On the Method of Reading History;" "An Edition of the Septuagint," "A Commentary on Homer," "An Edition of Æneas Taeticus, of Josephus, of Stephanus, of Byzantium, of Juvenal, of Celsus;" "Notes on the Tragedians," "Notes on Cicero," "An Arabic Lexicon," "A Thesaurus," &c. He refers to many of these as if he were actually engaged upon them, and to some, in fact, as if they were really done. He wrote in Latin, freely introducing Greek words and phrases if more apt to express his meaning. He published twenty-five distinct works, not including prefaces or repeated editions.

In estimating the assiduous toil, the mental forces, and the

acquired knowledge, improved and applied for the attainment of more, of which such labors, with their fruits, are the exponents, we must take into account the circumstances and conditions of the time in which Casaubon lived. We must put aside all the facilities, amounting almost to substitutes for his own efforts, which the scholar, whatever the range of his powers or studies, now enjoys in mastering or cultivating the field of knowledge. Grammars, lexicons, authenticated and illustrated texts, cross references, explications and all the primary and secondary apparatus now at the hand of the classical student, were then unknown. Memory and wide reading of original works, often in several manuscript texts of them, were the prime furnishings of a scholar. Instead of having dictionaries to fix the etymology, or the meaning of a word, he had to keep in mind the occurrence of it and its use in various writers, and to be able to make the references to it wherever it occurred. Our most ambitious pupils would listen with consternation if told that they must "learn by heart" a Greek and a Latin lexicon. The early scholars did that without having the volumes already gathered and wrought for them. Their lexicons were inchoate in the whole body of the then extant classical literature. Memory was the main requisite, and the use of it, and reliance upon it, made it a mighty faculty for work. Erasmus, at the age of thirteen, could repeat the whole of Horace and Terence without opening his eyes. From the depth of his poverty he wrote, "If I could get some money I would buy some Greek authors, and then some clothes." Lipsius, the editor of Livy, offered to repeat the whole of his author without book, with a dagger pointed at his breast, to be plunged in, if he faltered.

We have reserved for mention at the close, — and that mention must be most emphatic and full that it may be just, — the spirit of devotion, of thoroughly earnest and all-absorbing piety, with the profoundest sense of religious responsibility and dependence upon Divine aids, which were characteristic of Casaubon. Calm and deep and never failing, earnest and daily renewed, were the exercises by which he kept himself to the tasks of his life, and in preparation for the reckoning with his Maker. His "Ephemerides," or diaries, are the record alike of study, prayer, and spiritual exercises. Daily, almost hourly, in connection with every incident

and undertaking, with every member of his family, with all his relationships and friendships, with the privacy of his home, his movements from place to place, the alarms of danger, the enjoyment of tranquillity, and the beginning and completing of each of his scholarly tasks, we find breathings of aspiration and consecration. Nor had this "piety" of his any morbid or fantastic elements, heats of excitement, or depressions of dejection. It was healthful, rational, and strengthening. In no biography of man or woman, however great or good, have we ever had presented before us so vividly the analysis of our human nature, which refers its composition to three elements, all equally craving for their respective nutriment, presenting themselves in the order of their need and culture, namely, — body, mind, and spirit, — as in reading the life of Casaubon. Daily food, shelter and clothing were often to him matters of solicitous anxiety, for his own frail and invalid body and for those who depended upon him. Poverty always made him sufficiently aware of the body's needs. His mental wants were more consciously and permanently before him, in his craving for and dependence upon the resources from which he could never draw enough in amount or range. But there was a third element in his nature, the longings and exercise of which were in no sense secondary or subordinated to the supplying of the needs of the body and the mind. What, in the light of modern physical science, was the basis and essence of that spiritual longing and discipline in him which made his frugal table, his library, his closet, and his bed, an altar for communion with God?

GEORGE E. ELLIS.

MEMOIRS OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.*

THE later volumes of Mr. Adams' diary belong to the department of history rather than to biographical literature. As he grew older, and became more deeply involved in public affairs, he had less time for literary pursuits, and he indulged less frequently in the depreciating self-criticism to which the first two volumes owed a peculiar interest. In spite of his love of public life, it was no doubt a sacrifice for him to give up, so much as he seems to have done during these busy years, reading and self-examination. But it was an inevitable result of the circumstances in which he was placed. Much time was required for receiving visitors; and in March, 1824, he had not less than two hundred and thirty-five. As the canvass for the Presidency went on, the number increased; and in the following May, he writes, "My time is chiefly worn out with visitors, of whom the number personally received in the course of the month has been two hundred and sixty-four. I never exclude any one. But necessary and important business suffers by the unavoidable waste of time." Under these circumstances it is not surprising that the two volumes of his diary now before us contain almost nothing about the books which he read, and very few personal details of any kind, except such as are directly connected with his course on important public questions. At length he found it impossible even to carry on his diary with the same degree of minuteness with which he began. He kept brief notes of each day's transactions; but the work often fell into arrears, and some entries were never fully written out. The fact that considerable portions of the diary, though based on notes taken at the time, were not completed until two or three months after the events and conversations recorded in them no doubt weakens its authority to some extent; but it must be remembered that Mr. Adams possessed a very retentive memory, and his nar-

* Memoirs of John Quincy Adams, comprising Portions of his Diary from 1795 to 1848. Edited by Charles Francis Adams. Vols. V. and VI. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1875.

rative can have lost very little of its value from any imperfect recollection of the writer. That the later records are less minute than those made during the first years of his service as Secretary of State cannot be regarded as a serious loss, except by the most omnivorous reader of state papers. As it is, Mr. Adams was probably right in the opinion, which he expressed to Mr. Monroe's son-in-law, in May, 1824, that this diary "contains the most complete materials for the history of Mr. Monroe's administration extant."

The volumes now before us cover the period from March, 1820, to May, 1825. It was an interesting and important part of Mr. Adams' career. At the beginning of the period the excitement created by the discussion of the Missouri Question, in which he took a deep interest, had scarcely begun to subside. At a little later date came the announcement of what has been called the Monroe Doctrine, — a doctrine which has been often misunderstood, but of which Mr. Adams was the real father. The delay of Spain in ratifying the Florida Treaty was for a long time a source of anxiety and embarrassment. There were important negotiations pending with Great Britain, France, and Russia. And over all other questions loomed the election of a successor to Mr. Monroe on the close of his second term of service. So early as the end of February, 1821, Mr. Adams wrote, "This subject of the next Presidential election comes up in forms almost numberless." From that time it was an often returning apparition.

What Mr. Adams said and did with regard to all these questions, and what was said and done by others in the Cabinet meetings and in his intercourse with foreign ministers and members of Congress, are related with great, and sometimes tedious, minuteness. His own opinion on this point is given in a very striking passage in his diary, at the end of May, 1820; but it can scarcely be accepted as his deliberate judgment, and it certainly underestimates the real value and interest of his memoirs. He had been indexing his diary from 1795 to 1809; and the work did not give him much satisfaction. He wrote, —

"The general impression upon my mind in reviewing the journal of that time, is its extreme inanity. It contains scarcely ever either observation or reflection, incident or character, grave remark or sally of hu-

mor. It names the persons with whom I dined or played cards; the walks that I took; the visits that I paid or received; the books that I read; and sometimes the letters that I wrote or received. It records no operation of the mind, and scarcely ever a sentiment of the heart."

And he adds, —

"I have spent too much of my life in plodding upon the thoughts of others, and too little in active energy. My life therefore has been laborious and unproductive. Until the year 1806, whatever of intellect I did exercise is contained in my letter-books, and nothing in my journals. The really important period of my life began with the British attack upon our Chesapeake frigate, in the summer of 1807. Since then my journal has been a record of events, opinions, and important conversations; but it is only more prolix, without being more interesting, and will never be fit for exposure to any eye but my own."

When we remember that his contemporaries were fond of comparing him with the stormy petrel, happiest in stress of weather, his concluding reflection is even more curious: "Not all can have the wisdom of the serpent. All can be harmless as a dove." The real truth, is, that with an utter want of everything which goes to make up a lively and entertaining book, with almost no personal anecdotes, few attempts at careful portrait painting, no humorous descriptions, no flashes of wit to light up the narrative, and few deliberate judgments on men or measures, the volumes, as we have said more than once before, are a very important contribution to historical literature.

Mr. Adams, however, did not always entertain this low estimate of the value of his diary, and occasional passages in it, as well as its general tone, show that he wrote with a view to publication. Among the passages from which this purpose may be fairly inferred is one that shows also his opinion of the corruption of public life. He wrote in November, 1822, —

"Reading further in Walpole's Memoirs or Secret History of the Administrations from 1750 to 1760, I find in them many things that remind me of the state of things here. The public history of all countries, and all ages, is but a sort of mask richly colored. The interior working of the machinery must be foul. There is as much mining and countermining for power, as many fluctuations of friendship and enmity, as many attractions and repulsions, bargains and oppositions, narrated in these Memoirs, as might be told of our own times. Walpole witnessed it all as a satirist."

To this he adds the suggestive inquiry, "And shall not I too have a tale to tell?" With all his self-depreciation, Mr. Adams was conscious of his own powers, and was fully aware of the value of the materials which he was amassing for a history of his times.

Among the most interesting passages in his diary are those in which he gives from time to time his opinions of his contemporaries. They are always expressed with great freedom, and are often modified by later entries. Indeed, there is scarcely one of them which if taken alone could be fairly cited as presenting the writer's deliberate estimate of the person to whom he refers. They are true to his feelings at the moment when they were set down; but in his judgment of individuals Mr. Adams was very apt to be hasty, and to say things which needed qualification. He always brought his opinions on any great moral or political questions to the test of fundamental principles; and when he spoke or wrote on any of these questions we may be sure he meant just what he said or wrote, and that his views were the result of a careful consideration of the subject. But it would not be safe to take individuals at Mr. Adams' valuation of them, especially if they advocated opinions different from his own. For many years Mr. Adams and Mr. Clay were to some extent rivals, and entertained very different views on questions of foreign and domestic policy; and during those years Mr. Adams wrote some very hard things about Mr. Clay. In April, 1820, he wrote, —

"In politics, as in private life, Clay is essentially a gamester, and, with a vigorous intellect, an ardent spirit, a handsome elocution, though with a mind very defective in elementary knowledge, and a very undigested system of ethics, he has all the qualities which belong to that class of characters."

A year later, in March, 1821, he wrote, —

"Clay is an eloquent man, with very popular manners and great political management. He is like almost all the eminent men of this country, only half educated. His school has been the world, and in that he is a proficient. His morals, public and private, are loose, but he has all the virtues indispensable to a popular man."

And he added: —

"Clay's temper is impetuous, and his ambition impatient. He has long since marked me as the principal rival in his way, and has taken no

more pains to disguise his hostility than was necessary for decorum and to avoid shocking the public opinion."

In June, 1822, his aversion to Mr. Clay was even more strongly marked. He wrote, —

"As to myself, Clay's conduct has been always hostile to me, and generally insidious. From the time of the Ghent negotiations I have been in the way of his ambition, and by himself and his subordinates he has done all in his power to put me out of it. In pursuing a generous policy towards him, I do some violence to my inclination, and shall be none the better treated by him."

Afterward each learned to understand the other better; and it required no sacrifice of principle or self-respect on the part of Mr. Adams, when he was chosen President, to invite Mr. Clay to become Secretary of State, and none on the part of Mr. Clay to accept the appointment.

For Mr. Crawford, whom he regarded as his most formidable rival, he seems never to have entertained very friendly feelings. All through his diary there are passages indicative of a deeply seated dislike and distrust. Under date of October, 1820, he wrote, —

"Crawford's intense passion is unbridled ambition, and he has great address in his conduct, though he has exposed to so many the nakedness of his heart that he cannot be called very profound. His ambition has been inflamed by success far beyond either his services or his talents, — the former of which are very slight, and the latter much overrated. His principal merit is firmness."

In August, 1822, he quotes, with apparent satisfaction, Mr. Calhoun's opinion, "that there has not been in the history of the Union another man with abilities so ordinary, with services so slender, and so thoroughly corrupt, who has contrived to make himself a candidate for the Presidency."

Of Mr. Calhoun, a third aspirant for the Presidency on the expiration of Mr. Monroe's second term, he at first entertained a very high opinion; but he afterward modified this judgment, and it is somewhat curious to compare the earlier references to this remarkable man with Mr. Adams' later impressions, and with the opinions and traits of character by which Mr. Calhoun is now known. In December, 1820, Mr. Adams and Mr. Calhoun had

a conversation, in the course of which the latter remarked, "It would be of great advantage to this country to have statesmen of a philosophical turn of mind." To this Mr. Adams adds, in his diary, by way of comment, "He is himself of that character, and it has brought him to a high distinction at a very early age. But he is the only man of the present administration who does possess it." In October, 1821, he writes that Calhoun "is above all sectional and factious prejudices more than any other statesman of this Union with whom I have ever acted." Evidently Mr. Calhoun had not yet learned the pestilential heresies of which he was afterward the most influential advocate; for a year afterward, in October, 1822, Mr. Adams wrote, "Calhoun has no petty scruples about constructive powers and state rights." In April, 1824, again referring to Calhoun, he writes, in direct contradiction of one of the opinions which we have just cited: —

"Precedent and popularity, — this is the bent of his mind. The primary principles involved in any public question are the last that occur to him. What *has been done*, and what *will be said*, are the Jachin and Boaz of his argument."

Of Jackson, afterward his chief rival, he seems to have had at first a very high opinion; and in recording a conversation at Mr. Monroe's, in January, 1822, he reports himself as having said, "Gen. Jackson had rendered such services to this nation that it was impossible for me to contemplate his character or conduct without veneration." Jackson was, in fact, the candidate whom he preferred to have associated with himself in the canvass of 1824. In March of that year, Mr. Southard, Secretary of the Navy, asked him who his friends would vote for as a candidate for the Vice-Presidency: —

"I told him, probably Jackson. He asked if that would not strengthen Jackson's chance of success for the *Presidency*. I had no doubt it would. But, what then? My friends would vote for him on correct principles, — his fitness for the place, the fitness of the place for him, and the peculiar advantage of the geographical association. If by voting for him as Vice-President my friends should induce others to vote for him as President, they and I must abide by the issue."

Of the famous ball given by Mrs. Adams to Gen. Jackson, in the previous January, we have only a glimpse: —

"This being the anniversary of the victory at New Orleans, we gave an evening party or ball to Gen. Jackson, at which about one thousand persons attended. Gen. Jackson came about eight o'clock, and retired after supper. The dancing continued till near one in the morning. The crowd was great, and the house could scarcely contain the company. But it all went off in good order, and without accident."

It was an occasion which set all Washington in an excitement at the time, and inspired some lively verses in one of the Washington newspapers, recently reprinted in Sargent's "Public Men and Events." But it had a much deeper significance than appears on the surface.

Of Mr. Webster we have a few brief notes, but they are scarcely worth citing. At that time Mr. Adams saw in him only a man of ambition beyond his deserts, and "a zealous Crawfordite," anxious that the Federal party should not be proscribed in the event of Mr. Adams' election as President. Our great statesman had not yet refuted the political heresies of Hayne and Calhoun; and Mr. Adams seems not yet to have discovered the extraordinary powers which he afterward exhibited. In the Presidential contest of 1824, Mr. Adams' confidential friend and adviser was Mr. J. W. Taylor, one of the Representatives in Congress from the State of New York, and at one time Speaker of the House. There are numerous notes of conversations with him, but nothing specially worth quoting. Of Rufus King, Mr. Adams almost invariably speaks in high terms, esteeming him "one of the wisest and best men among us." There are also appreciative notices of John Holmes, of Maine, "perhaps the ablest man in the delegations from New England, and highly qualified for the public service;" of William Lowndes, of South Carolina, "the ablest and most popular man on the other side;" of DeWitt Clinton, whom he distrusted, but who, he thought, was well qualified for any foreign mission; of John Armstrong, whom he "believed to be one of the ablest writers and most unprincipled public men that this country had ever produced;" and of others with whom he was brought into official or personal relations.

There are, besides these characterizations of our own statesmen, occasional notices of the foreign ministers resident in this country, some of which will be read with much interest. Of these minis

ters the best known, at the present day, is Stratford Canning, the present Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. He had some qualities in common with Mr. Adams which made it not easy for them to get along well together. We read, under date of June 24, 1823, —

"He is to depart to-morrow. I shall probably see him no more. He is a proud, high-tempered Englishman, of good but not extraordinary parts; stubborn and punctilious, with a disposition to be overbearing, which I have often been compelled to check in its own way. He is, of all the foreign ministers with whom I have had occasion to treat, the man who has most severely tried my temper. Yet he has been long in the diplomatic career, and treated with governments of the most opposite characters. He has, however, a great respect for his word, and there is nothing false about him. This is an excellent quality for a negotiator. Mr. Canning is a man of forms, studious of courtesy, and tenacious of private morals. As a diplomatic man, his great want is suppleness, and his great virtue is sincerity."

On more than one occasion Mr. Adams confesses that he became very much "heated" in his interviews with Mr. Canning, and the discussion fell little, if at all, short of a personal altercation. That the remembrance of these painful occurrences had not led him to exaggerate the Englishman's faults of temper is curiously shown by several anecdotes in the recently published "Greville Memoirs."

Of the French minister, Hyde de Neuville, he draws a somewhat more flattering portrait. He writes, in June, 1820,—

"No foreign minister who ever resided here has been so universally esteemed and beloved, nor have I ever been in political relations with any foreign statesman of whose moral qualities I have formed so good an opinion, with the exception of Count Romanzoff. He has not sufficient command of his temper, is quick, irritable, sometimes punctilious, occasionally indiscreet in his discourse, and tainted with Royalist and Bourbon prejudices. But he has strong sentiments of honor, justice, truth, and even liberty. His flurries of temper pass off as quickly as they rise. He is neither profound, nor sublime, nor brilliant; but a man of strong and good feelings, with the experience of many vicissitudes of fortune, a good but common understanding, and good intentions biased by party feelings, occasional interests, and personal affections."

To all this the writer adds a reflection not at all complimentary to the diplomatic profession: —

"He now goes home with a professed intention of returning next winter; but I do not expect him, and perhaps ought not to desire that he should come back. To part in peace once in a life with a diplomatic man is as much as can be reasonably anticipated."

Unfortunately M. De Neuville did come back, and it is sufficiently evident from the diary that his subsequent official intercourse with the Secretary of State could not have been very pleasant on either side.

If Mr. Adams had an unfavorable opinion of diplomatists as a class, he thought even worse of editors. Referring, in September, 1820, to Major Noah, once a well-known and influential editor in New York, he writes, —

"He is, like all the editors of newspapers in this country who have any talent, an author to be let. There is not one of them whose friendship is worth buying, nor one whose enmity is not formidable. They are a sort of assassins who sit with loaded blunderbusses at the corner of streets and fire them off for hire or for sport at any passenger whom they select."

In reading this fierce diatribe, we must remember that Mr. Adams was very sensitive to what he regarded as unjust criticism; and no doubt when he wrote it he was smarting under some real or fancied injury. But it is not much sharper than what he says of ex-members of Congress: —

"An ex-member of Congress is a wasp who has lost his sting; and it is piteous to see them soliciting offices of high distinction, for which they are not qualified, as consolation for the loss of the confidence of their constituents."

Mr. Adams' sensitiveness to unjust criticism is very apparent in these volumes, particularly during the Presidential canvass. "No man in America," he wrote in November, 1822, "has made his way through showers of ribaldry and invective of this character more frequent and various than I have breasted." Two months later, he wrote, that great exertions had been systematically made to exclude him from the position of a candidate for the Presidency. "Persecuted by calumny in its basest and most insidious forms, I have more than once defended myself in the face of the nation; whether successfully or not, the nation and posterity are to judge." And he adds: —

"'All rising to great place,' says Lord Bacon, 'is by a winding-stair; and, if there be factions, it is good to side a man's self whilst he is in the rising, and to balance himself when he is placed.' I have neither ascended by the winding-stair, nor sided myself in the rising; and the consequence has been that all parties disown me, the Federalists as a deserter, the Democrats as an apostate. I have followed the convictions of my own mind with a single eye to the interests of the whole nation; and if I have no claims to the suffrages of the whole nation, I have certainly none to those of either party."

And on the eve of the election, in August, 1824, he wrote, —

"The bitterness and violence of Presidential electioneering increase as the time advances. The uncertainty of the event continues as great as ever. It seems as if every liar and calumniator in the country was at work day and night to destroy my character. It does not surprise me, because I have seen the same species of ribaldry year after year heaped upon my father, and for a long time upon Washington. But it is impossible to be wholly insensible to this process while it is in operation."

Though there is much less of personal criticism on himself in these volumes than there was in the earlier volumes, we notice a few passages to which some reference is proper in this connection. In July, 1820, he writes,—

"I went out this evening in search of conversation, an art of which I never had an adequate idea. Long as I have lived in the world, I never have thought of conversation as a school in which something was to be learned. I never knew how to make, to control, or to change it. I am by nature a silent animal, and my dear mother's constant lesson in childhood, that children in company should be seen and not heard, confirmed me irrevocably in what I now deem a bad habit."

In the following December he writes, —

"Literature has been the charm of my life, and, could I have carved out my own fortunes, to literature would my whole life have been devoted. I have been a lawyer for bread, and a statesman at the call of my country. In the practice of the law I never should have attained the highest eminence, for the want of natural and spontaneous eloquence. The operations of my mind are slow, my imagination sluggish, and my powers of extemporaneous speaking very inefficient. But I have much capacity for, and love of, labor, habits on the whole of industry and temperance, and a strong and almost innate passion for literary pursuits. The business and sometimes the dissipations of my life have in a great measure withdrawn me from it. The summit of my ambition would

have been by some great work of literature to have done honor to my age and country, and to have lived in the gratitude of future ages. This consummation of happiness has been denied me. The portion of life allotted to me is that of my mortal existence; but, even in this failure of my highest objects, literature has been to me a source of continual enjoyment and a powerful preservative from vice."

This is only another instance of the dissatisfaction with their business or their profession which so many men feel at one or another period of their lives. Yet few persons, we think, can doubt that Mr. Adams obtained as a statesman a higher and more durable reputation than he could have won by a life devoted to literature.

Of two famous pamphlets published during this period, and to which it would be impossible not to refer in any account of the life of either the elder or the younger Adams, we have in the portion of the diary now printed only a few slight notices. Of the correspondence between John Adams and William Cunningham, we read, under date of Sep. 9, 1823, on which day the pamphlet was published,—

"The malignity of the publication consists in its being now made for the purpose of injuring me, by exciting personal enmities against me among leading men of both parties and their families and friends. There is an introduction of venomous bitterness, well written, and attributed to the pen of Jonathan Russell, who, together with Mr. Crawford, has the credit of contributing to bring it forth. How far this is true I have not evidence sufficient clearly to ascertain."

After stating that well-meant but very injudicious efforts had been made by Gov. Eustis to suppress the publication, Mr. Adams concludes: —

"The newspapers of Mr. Crawford's scape-gibbets began to let out the secret of the mine that was to blow me up. And since I have been here [in Boston], the publication has been letting out whiffs of smoke from day to day till the great explosion of this morning. And, blessed be God! here I am, sound wind and limb, neither better nor worse for the Cunningham correspondence."

Of Col. Pickering's "Review of the Correspondence," we read only that John Reed, then a member of Congress, and afterward Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts, "had a long conversation" with Mr. Adams, in May, 1824, upon general politics, in

the course of which he spoke with regret of Col. Pickering's pamphlet. Mr. Adams writes, —

"I told him that there had been provocation to Mr. Pickering in the publication of Cunningham's pamphlet, though contrary to my father's will, yet I could not censure Mr. Pickering for exhibiting to the world his resentment against him. I thought he had injudiciously attacked Mr. Jefferson, and unjustly renewed an old attack upon me. There was in his invective upon me only one thing deserving of notice, and that was a gross misrepresentation, equivalent to a willful falsehood. It was that of my having uttered a sentiment of servile subserviency to the executive in the debate upon the embargo in December, 1807. I told Reed how the fact in that case had been, and he said he regretted not having known it some days since, when he had heard the same thing spoken of."

As we stated in a previous article, Mr. Adams did not wholly sympathize with the Northern objections to the admission of Missouri into the Union; but his views on the subject of slavery were early recorded, and are expressed with great freedom and emphasis. On the 3d of March, 1820, he wrote, —

"And so it is that a law for perpetuating slavery in Missouri, and perhaps in North America, has been smuggled through both Houses of Congress. I have been convinced from the first starting of this question that it could not end otherwise. The fault is in the Constitution of the United States, which has sanctioned a dishonorable compromise with slavery. There is, henceforth, no remedy for it but a new organization of the Union, to effect which a concert of all the white states is indispensable. Whether that can ever be accomplished is doubtful. It is a contemplation not very creditable to human nature that the cement of common interest produced by slavery is stronger and more solid than that of unmingled freedom. In this instance the slave states have clung together in one unbroken phalanx, and have been victorious by the means of accomplices and deserters from the ranks of freedom. Time only can show whether the contest may ever be with equal advantage renewed."

In the following month he told one of the Representatives from Kentucky, that, since the Missouri debate, he "considered the continuance of the Union for any length of time as very precarious, and entertained serious doubts whether Louisiana and slavery would not ultimately break us up." Talking about slavery, with Mr. Baldwin, of Pennsylvania, in December of the same year, he told him, that, weak and defenseless as was the condition of the blacks,—

"So much the more sacred is the obligation of the Legislature of the State to which they belong to defend their lawful rights; and I would defend them should the dissolution of the Union be the consequence. For it would not be the defense, it would be the violation of their rights, to which all the consequences would be imputable; and if the dissolution of the Union must come, let it come from no other cause but this. If slavery be the destined sword in the hand of the destroying angel which is to sever the ties of this Union, the same sword will cut in sunder the bonds of slavery itself. A dissolution of the Union for the cause of slavery would be followed by a servile war in the slave-holding states, combined with a war between the two severed portions of the Union. It seems to me that the result must be the extirpation of slavery from this whole continent; and, calamitous and desolating as this course of events in its progress must be, so glorious would be its final issue, that, as God shall judge me, I dare not say that it is not to be desired."

With the sixth volume of these memoirs one chapter in Mr. Adams' career closes. From his first entrance into public life, down to his election as President, with the exception of a few years in the Senate of the United States, where his course had not given satisfaction to his constituents, he had been almost uninterruptedly in the diplomatic service of the country, or at the head of the ministry for foreign affairs. As a diplomatist, he unquestionably stood at the head of our statesmen: no man among them had so wide or so accurate an acquaintance with international law, or had been in a position to render such various and such important services to the country. As minister to Russia and to England, and as one of the negotiators of the treaty of Ghent, he had shown himself the master of every question which came before him, and had zealously and effectually upheld the national honor. The record was one of which he might justly feel proud. In the higher office of Secretary of State he showed not less ability; and especially in the negotiation of the Florida Treaty with Spain, and in the enunciation of the so-called Monroe Doctrine, he rendered services to the country which can never be forgotten. Every question, whether involving great principles of public law or mere details, found him ready and equal to the emergency; and if in a few instances, where a strong party feeling was enlisted, it may be thought that a different policy would have been better, no one at the present day will question the general soundness of his views on all matters connected with our foreign relations.

In addition to the regular duties of his office,— the personal carrying on of important negotiations, and the preparation of instructions for our ministers abroad,— Mr. Adams was called on by Congress, while Secretary of State, to make a report on the subject of weights and measures. He had given much attention to the subject while resident in Russia, and had collected a great mass of curious and important information, which, with the results of his subsequent investigations, was embodied in an elaborate report sent to Congress in February, 1821. It closed with several important suggestions, of which no notice, however, was taken by Congress. But abroad its value was at once recognized; and it is even now an acknowledged authority with writers on the subject. Not many months afterward, in September, 1822, Mr. Adams published another elaborate volume, a vindication of the part which he had taken in the negotiations at Ghent. There is much in the diary in reference to the unfortunate controversy which led to this publication; but any discussion of the subject is aside from our present purpose.

In the volumes before us we have the record of a little more than two months of Mr. Adams' occupation of the Presidential chair, filling just thirty pages. It is much less minute than the earlier pages of the diary, and contains little more than a very brief account of the formation of the new Cabinet and a memorandum of the persons who came to see him and of the topics of conversation. But in other parts of the sixth volume there are some very interesting notices of the conversations between the writer, Mr. Letcher, of Kentucky, Mr. Barbour, of Virginia, Mr. Clay, Mr. Webster, and others with regard to the then approaching election of a President by the House of Representatives, in default of a choice by the electors. It suited the purpose of the party hacks, at the time, to assert that there had been a corrupt bargain between Mr. Clay, who was not eligible in the balloting by the House, and Mr Adams, in pursuance of which the votes of Mr. Clay's friends were transferred to Mr. Adams; and this charge continued to be repeated by unscrupulous partisans nearly to the close of Mr. Clay's life. But there never was a more audacious falsehood. In the inevitable choice between Mr. Adams, Mr. Crawford, and Gen. Jackson, there could be no hesi-

tation. Mr. Adams and Mr. Clay had not been on very friendly relations; but their political opinions were in much nearer accord than were those of Mr. Clay and those of either of the other two candidates, and Mr. Adams' immense superiority in ability and public services could not be questioned for one moment. The result was that, in the ballot in the House, Mr. Adams received the votes of thirteen states, Gen. Jackson of seven, and Mr. Crawford of four. "The election was thus completed, very unexpectedly, by a single ballot," Mr Adams writes. "Alexander H. Everett gave me the first notice, both of the issue of the votes of the electoral colleges as announced in the joint meeting, and of the final vote as declared." The same evening Mr. Adams attended the drawing-room at the President's. "It was crowded to overflowing. Gen. Jackson was there, and we shook hands. He was altogether placid and courteous," we are told in the dairy. But very soon the signal was given for a relentless opposition. Two days afterward, Mr. Adams records a conversation with Mr. George Sullivan, who told him what the Calhounites said: —

"That if Mr. Clay should be appointed Secretary of State, a determined opposition to the Administration would be organized from the outset; that the opposition would use the name of Gen. Jackson as its head; that the Administration would be supported only by the New England States, — New York being doubtful, the West much divided, and strongly favoring Jackson as a Western man, Virginia already in opposition, and all the South decidedly adverse."

This conversation, taken in connection with other things which he enumerates, "unfolds the system of opposition as formed by Mr. Calhoun. It is to bring in Gen. Jackson as the next President, under the auspices of Calhoun. To this end, the Administration must be rendered unpopular and odious, whatever its acts and measures may be, and Mr. Calhoun avows himself prepared to perform this part. I am at least forewarned. It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps."

A month later, March 7th, referring to the votes against the confirmation of Mr. Clay as Secretary of State, he writes, "This was the first act of the opposition from the stump which is to be carried on against the Administration under the banners of Gen. Jackson."

Mr. Adams did not find the office of President an enviable position; but of the new experience on which he had now entered we shall learn what he himself said and thought when we receive the next volume of his Memoirs. Meanwhile, we have only room for one more extract. It describes his course of life at the beginning of this interesting period. Under date of April 30, 1825, he writes, —

"Since my removal to the Presidential mansion I rise about five; read two chapters of Scott's Bible and Commentary, and the corresponding commentary of Howlett; then the morning newspapers, and public papers from the several Departments; write seldom, and not enough; breakfast an hour, from nine to ten; then have a succession of visitors, upon business, in search of place, solicitors for donations, or for mere curiosity, from eleven till between four and five o'clock. The heads of Departments of course occupy much of this time. Between four and six I take a walk of three or four miles. Dine about half-past five till seven, and from dark till about eleven I generally pass the evening in my chamber, signing land-grants or blank patents, in the interval of which, for the last ten days, I have brought up three months of arrears in my diary index. About eleven I retire to bed. My evenings are not so free from interruption as I had hoped and expected they would be, nor have I the prospect of methodizing the distribution of my time to my own satisfaction. There is much to correct and reform, and the precept of diligence is always timely."

Such was the life of a President of the United States half a century ago.

C. C. Smith.

ATHANASE COQUEREL, FILS.

THE death of Athanase Coquerel is a very serious blow to the friends of pure religion in France; and he had so many friends in other lands, and the sympathy with France, in her trials, is so great, that the news must be regarded, in all circles of thoughtful and intelligent men, as the news of a loss which cannot be filled easily.

To the end of his life he chose to sign himself "Athanase Coquerel, *the son*," in tribute of the distinguished position of his father, who bore the same name. The father, one of the first preachers of our time, had been educated among and by the English Unitarians, — he spoke English better than most Englishmen or Americans do, — and was naturally the point of communication between the Unitarians of England and those of France. At the same time he was a statesman, — that is to say, he was a person of intelligent and broad views of the condition of France, and a wise adviser in her experiments and trials. He was chosen by immense majorities to the Constituent Assembly of 1848, and did good service in that capacity. Our friend, the son, inherited his father's facility of address, his aptitude for affairs, his intense faith, and his unflinching courage. While he did more than his share of work in the pulpit, he did his full share in the work of the liberal press, he was at the very front in the organizations of charity, and was the recognized leader of the French Liberals in their double fight against the Orthodoxy led by Guizot, and the Romanism led by the Jesuit body.

The handful of Orthodox Christians in Paris have shown themselves quite as Jesuitical as the Church of Rome ever was, in their dealings with M. Coquerel. They had wit to see that he was the legitimate leader of the Liberal Christians, and that they might wisely leave the rest of the army alone, if they could silence him by their heaviest blows. They have the slightest possible majority when they come to elections. They have used this majority to deprive M. Coquerel of all positions which receive any compensation, in the hope of starving into silence the leader whom they have

found it hard to answer. But the love and respect of the Christians of Paris is not affected by such trifles as official dignity or emolument. Nothing has been more pathetic than to see the large classes of young people whom M. Coquerel instructed in preparation for their first communion, when he presented them for confirmation to another shepherd, who, under the preposterous rules of their mechanical churches, was entrusted with a nominal supervision, — while another teacher had the love and confidence of the flock.

In the debates of the last Synod of the Protestant Church, M. Coquerel led the free church with wisdom, toleration, caution, courage, and eloquence which made the debates of that blinded body well worthy of preservation and study. Almost at the same time, France had been overwhelmed by her German conquerors, and M. Coquerel showed himself at the front in the labors and endurances of the siege and the hospital, as he had been in the pulpit, in the class-room, and in the senate of the church. Nor is there a more remarkable instance of the varied effort by which he illustrated the Christian ministry, than in one alone of a hundred services which he rendered as that cruel siege went on. To keep people cheerful, to keep them from despair, was a great necessity. And in the midst of a siege, Coquerel met this necessity by delivering, to immense audiences, a course of lectures on the Fine Arts, as serenely and as eloquently as if there were no Prussians in the world, and Paris were the old Paris of art, of beauty, and of amusement.

For, among M. Coquerel's other accomplishments, must be counted wide information regarding the history of modern art, to the criticism of which he has contributed several essays and treatises which have been and will be widely read and circulated.

His plans for charities, and his execution of them, were skillful, courageous, and successful. The orphan schools for boys and girls are monuments of his success, and the Protestants of Paris always found him in such matters an efficient and practical counsellor.

An extract from a recent private letter will show the confidence with which he was looking forward to the duties of the future: —

PARIS, May 28, 1875.

. . . Do you all suppose I am dead? I assure you I am not. I have been rather near the great unknown last summer, but after a long illness and difficult convalescence, I am, if not quite strong, yet quite myself again, and I lectured lately in one of the great circuses here without being either too tired or too excited. However, I resume gradually my work, and not yet in a complete and regular way.

Our poor church was nearly killed a few months ago by the coalition against her of a Jesuit minister of public instruction and worship, Viscount de Cumont (a new made Viscount), and an Orthodox Protestant minister, de l'Interieur, Gen. Chabaud Latour. The fall of the detestable government *de combat*, and the establishment of the legal republic, have saved us from the violent measures proposed by our two powerful enemies. However, we are as yet saved in hope only, and our long wrongs and sufferings are not at an end. But this is certain: either the republic will recognize our birth-right as members of our own church, or we will, *before the end of this year*, found a free church. This is what I have long wished for; but the great majority of my own friends have always wished to resist to the utmost the efforts of our opponents to monopolize the church of our fathers; and, moreover, they have objected, up to this day, that we can fall back on no legal liberty, and that, at any time, either the government or the police can shut a liberal church or prevent us from opening it, without so much as saying wherefore. Fettered though we be, we are ready at last to break the tie if our legal right is wrested from us.

M. Coquerel's health had been terribly shattered by the intensity and variety of his work. He was a great sufferer physically, but he bore all his diseases with the true martyr spirit. His work will live after him, and it will be long before his loyal and timely contributions to pure religion will be forgotten.

The evils under which France is this day groaning began with the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and the consequent banishment of the very best of her children. The noblest friends of France this day are those who, like M. Coquerel, are trying to redeem that crime of the Bourbons.

E. E. HALE.

EDUCATION AND LIFE.

A SERMON.* BY REV. W. G. TODD.

"Arise, and eat; for the journey is too great for thee." — 1 KINGS xix. 7.

THE character of the prophet to whom these words were addressed was unique and grand. So Hebrew history wrote it, and so the testimony of the ages has rewritten it. On the pages of this history he stands out before us in bold relief. Surrounding him are striking men, — men of fanatic imagination, as Daniel and Ezekiel; men of true poetic imagination and fervor, as David and Isaiah; men of great executive ability, as Moses and Joshua; men of piety and devotion, as Ezra and Samuel, — but for rugged human strength and force, beautifully combined with a saint-like God-consciousness, for mingled executive ability, poetic fervor, energy, intensity, and lofty inspiration, none meet us more prominently, nor stand forth in more unique and striking attitude, than the Prophet Elijah. His picture speaks; it is alive. He is altogether himself, and none other. Those that I have mentioned may be compared together, but he with none. Solitary and grand, the Monadnoc amidst sweeping hills, verdant valleys, and

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* Delivered in Hingham, before the pupils and alumni of Derby Academy, July 14, 1875. Derby Academy, founded by a legacy of Mrs. Sarah Derby's, bequeathed in 1789, was formerly a school of much note in New England: many young men, not only in its immediate vicinity, but within the precincts of Boston, being fitted for Harvard College by it. "Lecture Day" was then a gala day in Hingham: business was partially suspended, friends from abroad were received, and people crowded the streets. At present the aspect of the day has changed, but the programme is still carried out.

The following is a section of the deed of lease and release given by Mrs. Derby: "And the aforesaid grant, release, and confirmation is in this further trust, that the said trustees, their survivors or successors, annually, after said Sarah's decease, appoint some able minister of the gospel to deliver, in the said North Parish, a sermon to the said scholars, for the purpose of inculcating such principles as are suited to form the mind to virtue."

far-off lofty peaks, he at once interests our thought and fascinates our imagination. His history is romantic, his life tragic and exciting. He remains before the eye and present to the thought when more prosy natures weary us, and those of a loftier type of piety become cloud-like to the steady gaze. His stern, dark face we love, though the eyes look far away, following the leading of a thought which would go beyond us. He is a man of moods, and we know not how much he may disappoint or enrapture us. Adown the Judean hills he strides, bringing the word of Jehovah to kings; and in every movement of feature or frame, in the very coat of skins which beats on the winds in his rapid march, there is written inspiration and authority. Under the juniper tree he is another man: he is afraid, he cowers in the dust beneath his wild mantle, and begs for death. There we see him sink in grief and despair, his tired human feelings rebelling against the diviner promptings which surge through his nature; there, too, we see him arise, when nature is refreshed, and, obedient to the divine call, take up again his journey for the Mount of God. Here we see him on the same journey which every soul takes that would find God as a great realized fact, — he is surrounded by the storms, the lightnings, the rent rocks and whirlwinds, until, passing through all these, he finds at last the still small voice: and in its import the end and aim of all life and all human achievement. This is life, — his life and ours.

I take this scrap of Hebrew history to-day that we may find its inspiration. It shows us life, and in life the meaning of education. I do not mean to-day to present you any theory of education, nor to examine our imperfect institutions which forward its interests; but to look from the side of life upon the meaning and worth of true mental and spiritual development. The journey of life towards its end, the Mount of God, gives education its significance. Elijah's life journey was not unlike our own. He is our own life written large. If a prophet to Israel by the spoken word, so also is his life a prophecy to human nature, showing us its probable struggles, and possible rewards. Our lives are no less tragic than his. We live in moods, and are rent by conflicting tendencies. The juniper trees over our heads see humiliation as great, cast shadows of doubt as dark, and shadows that help

create, by their contrasts, the purer beauty to come along the future.

Our lives, or life in general, is no less beautiful than his. There is a pure deep glory in every-day living when we realize its meaning. There is a transcendent glory in it which fills the soul with rapture when we look upon its loftier heights of possibility. To youth, the latter is most present; and I want to say to the young before me, Don't believe the croakings of those who tell you that life is a sphere of disappointment. The future holds out its arms to youth, — arms laden with promises and dropping with rewards; and, though more experienced and hardened minds whose mistakes have purchased chains instead of crowns, cry out, "This future is an illusion, these promises are vain," don't believe them. Their words are not true. I tell you, my friends, young men and maidens, — yes, old and young, — this is absolutely false. This accusation, directed against the future, slanders God. The future, beckoning you, is God's voice, — his promise in you, true as he is true, and to be found so if you work for it. Life is not an illusion, nor its end disappointment. It is a grander reality than ever youth can be induced to believe. The future is not too lavish in promises. Its paths drop fatness, nourished by clouds that are not merely made for the eye, but beautiful forms of heaven's utilities. God is not a deceiver. Half way along the journey you may think so. You may lie discouraged under some juniper tree, feeling that life is a disappointment. So did Elijah, and so deeply as to wish for death. Even at the end, you may think that life is a failure and a fraud. So did not Elijah; for ere this he had found the Mount of God, found the heights and the glory of life, the goal of all its hopes, the sum of all its promises, in one great reality, — knowledge of that Eternal Being who is the source and end of all, from whom all things come, to whom all things point: and had found this through knowing the accents of that still small voice more potent than earthquake or whirlwind.

We are disappointed in life because we do not look far enough. We do not look beyond and within the outer shell of form to the reality. We do not look through things, through earthly events, to their divine idea. We expect the good in the thing and in the event, not realizing that it comes, not in, but by, the event, by the

disposition engendered in us as we pass through the experience of meeting it. God is the end of life, and all things point to him as their interpreter. God is the thought in all that surrounds us. If we find that, in its silent voice we find him. If we find him in every trial and joy, we find life a treasure. If we find him not, then truly we are in some way defrauded, though not by life, not by the Author of Life, but simply by ourselves.

This that I have been speaking to you of in the very commencement of my thought is the end, the goal, of life. Have I put the end before the beginning? It is a circle where beginning and end are one. But you who are this day stepping out from one school door either to enter another, or to engage in other duties, call yourselves at the beginning. You are at the beginning of life's highway. Here is where we all commence. This is the path that Elijah trod. And what did the angel say to him as he set out on his journey? He spoke of food, — "Arise, and eat." And of the difficulties by the way, — "For the journey is too great for thee." Let me show you the value of this beginning by showing its connection with, and its significance in, the end to which it leads. First, our food, such as we receive in school. It supplies the spirit with that which is necessary to its growth and strength. It generally comes to us first in youth as a foreign material, — that is, a substance similar in essence, yet unlike in form, to that of which our own beings are composed. It comes in the shape of facts, axioms, events in history, results of scientific experiments, &c. Its form is that of a, b, c, the multiplication table, rules of arithmetic and grammar, and so on through the whole course of study and experience.

We partake of these facts as we partake of food from our tables. Half of the time, too, we do this without knowing why. Our parents or teachers direct us. And here comes in a thought which ought not to be passed over. It is in regard to this direction given by others. The true theory in partaking of food for the mind is, and always should be, to eat only when hungry; for this insures the assimilation of what we eat. There should first be a desire on the part of the pupil before the teacher gives the food. This, I say, is the true theory; and it is the best working theory that I know of when it leads teacher or parent to create, or

inspire into activity, an eager want as the first step in education. Like all other theories, however, this must be flexible, and adapt itself to circumstances. The child says sometimes to himself, if not to his teacher, "I am not hungry for this, I have no desire for it;" or perhaps in plain language he says, "I hate it." What is to be done in this case? Our schools have already struck upon the only feasible plan that I know of in their present condition. They require the child to eat, even though he is not at present hungry, presupposing that the normal appetite is there, although for the time smothered by present sports and immediate interests. They urge the child to partake of food for future rather than immediate needs. In this they follow the course which every mother employs when her child's appetite for breakfast is taken away by some new toy or some journey to be undertaken. "You must eat something," says the mother, well knowing the need that will come in a few hours. In the same way, those who are older and have experienced the needs of life's journey, who have already contended with its storms and rocky paths, have the right to say to the little one in whom no appetite can be awakened for its morning meal, "You must take this now; for in a few years you will need it, and the breakfast table will have been cleared away."

I speak of this, not as giving advice to teachers or parents; for the best word to them would be, Try a higher method first. Awaken the appetite. And I speak of it, not as comforting teachers and parents; for too many already find an indolent repose on this lower plan, of compulsory eating: but I speak this word to the children that they may see why they are sometimes required to eat mental food without appetite. Soon the time will be past for your morning meal, and the tasks of midday will demand of you a strength that you have not. You will have entered upon a journey which is indeed "too great" for you.

The next point after eating is assimilation of food. A fact or rule is a dead thing, and must be made alive by incorporation with a living spirit. And here may be seen one great fault in much of our education and culture. Men learn, yet are not educated. They hold facts in the mind, and yet have never found out that the essence of these facts and the essence of the spirit is one. In

proportion as the mind digests its food, in that proportion is it educated or grown. Growth is perhaps a better word to apply to the spirit than any other. You will readily acknowledge, I know, that a child may as well hold Mother Goose in the mind as the multiplication table, yes, even better, if he is never to know what part "twice two is four" is to play in his life, how it is to enter into those examples and problems that he will meet with. But it is just as true that a child may as well know "fe, fi, fo, fum" as some fact or date in history, provided he is never to make the life of the nation creating the history his own, provided he is not to enter into the spirit of the history and realize it. In other words, he must digest and assimilate what he has given him, or it is as though he had never partaken of it.

I find people who are satisfied with their education and culture because they can recollect, and talk about, in gossiping style, certain great events in the world's history. But of what use is it to us to be able to talk in memorized words about the reign of Queen Elizabeth, of Lord Bacon or Shakespeare, if we have never entered into the spirit of these remarkable characters, or that eventful age? I find people, too, who fancy it has added to their culture because they have heard, met with, and perhaps conversed with, the prominent men of our own age, yet who have no subtle spirit-relation to them. In these cases, the culture is but a sign suspended over an apartment which is not merely empty, but satisfied with being so, if only the sign is perceived. More than one-half of our culture is no culture of spirit or mind at all. It is mere parrot-talk. The child or adult who has it bears on his back a budget of words and tinseled shows, — a peddler's pack, worn for others, not for himself. The world needs grown men, and not pack-men, laden like mules; growths of spirit, and not outside excrescences.

Now, to whom am I saying these things which seem to reflect upon a prize continually held before us? It is not so much to the teachers, who cannot, one-half of the time, help themselves, and who perhaps are indifferent the other half; not so much to any one of outside influence as to the children themselves. They are the sufferers, and with them the remedy lies. Our teachers have a little, and only a little, time for awakening thought. They are

crowded with duties which crowd the hours into machines for cutting out certain forms. The power of the school is limited: it can only give the food. Derby Academy, or any other institution, is formal in character, and vital in effect, only as the recipients of its bounty are truly receptive and truly awake in thought.

The work of assimilation is the work of thinking about what one formally learns. Thought reduces masses of dead fact to their elements; and the spirit, by thought, takes these up into its life. Derby Academy may not last long in one's life, but the thinking done in it, and over the material it gives, will enter into the soul's growth and last forever. True education is in eternity, not within time. Thought is not imprisoned in years, though mere learning may be a dream continuing from the cradle to the grave. Even in the present life, thought constitutes the strength of the man or woman. It is the fibre and tissue of life. It is that which enables one to follow the journey on to the end, however great may be the obstacles. It leads us along rocky paths: for it is no effeminate guide, but the strength it imparts by the way makes all barren spots to bud and blossom in beauty. Are you in trouble, encumbered by the mass of material which man and nature give? Thought, and thought alone, can bring light, by reducing this mass to order and system. Are you discouraged or tempted? Thought alone, deep thought, is your anchor; and the strength it gives, your hope. It is the partial thought which tries us and brings unrest: the deeper finds God's truth and reality.

And we need this strength because of the greatness of the journey. Let us consider this. Elijah heard the words, "Arise, and eat; for the journey is too great for thee." "Too great for thee" only means, too great for the man without food, too great for the Elijah under the juniper tree, — not for the Elijah slaying Baal's prophets. It is, therefore, not a discouraging, but an encouraging, thought. It simply declares that this journey is too great for the man, unless he makes use of that food which thought transforms into strength.

I cannot tell you who are leaving this school to-day about the events of that journey which lies before you. I cannot do this, simply because youth can never be understandingly told those things that lie in its future. The angel did not tell Elijah. He

said nothing of the lightnings and earthquakes to come, nor yet of the still small voice; but only, "Arise, and eat, for the journey will be too great for you as you now are." And I can only say to you to-day, This journey which lies before you is a great one, and you will need all the food now offered you in youth. Elijah found out the details of that journey by experience. So must you. There is a future holding out its promises to you. It speaks the truth. It offers truth, not illusion; but that truth must be found out by yourselves, worked out by you in your own daily living.

But, although I cannot tell you about the details of that journey of life which is reckoned by years, that journey which spans the distance between the cradle and the grave, yet I can say something of a journey whose meaning and value includes this: of a journey of the soul towards the heights of moral excellence, a progress of the soul in growth. This is the real journey which man takes; and which life's traveled path, measured off in years, only symbolizes. It is every man's destiny to grow to his full size in human character, just as it is the destiny of the tree to get its growth; and this growth is the journey whose end is rich in glorious promises, yet which is lined with trials by the way. It is a journey, too, whose end may be reached before life's close. In the light of this end perhaps I can better present to you the difficulties which beset growth than by themselves; for all of life points to this, and becomes deeply significant by it. That end, I have already said, comes when we perceive the true meaning of life, and in pure reason's teachings hear the still small voice of God speaking from out its varied experiences.

Out of these trials and vicissitudes of life with which our strength, derived from thought, grapples, we wrest a disposition and a reasonableness which provide the right conditions under which we hear the pure voice of reason itself. When, in our intercourse with our fellow-men in business or social life, we can rise above our selfishness, above our prejudices, and become reasonable beings, we see for the time being the end of the journey; for we rise to the Mount of God, and hear his voice. It is a great ascent; and in its difficult course lie the obstacles to our path in the soul's journey. They are within. In ourselves is

the rocky path, the wearisome way, and finally the Mount of God foreshadowed to us by angel voices. To reach it, we must triumph over ourselves, over the selfishness, the prejudice, and all the obstacles in the lower nature hindering us from the end and goal of life. We must fight down all that is narrow and partial in ourselves before we find the pure voice of reason; and this is hard work, and takes us long. One of the most difficult things to learn in life is to be perfectly fair, to be strictly just. We must live for principles alone, and crucify all desires that conflict with them. This work it is which raises within us, as often outside of us, the storms and earthquakes and whirlwinds, none of which are God, but which must be passed through, and lived down, before we find God's true voice.

All of this work is work requiring heroism, perseverance, and faith. We cannot accomplish it if we are in the condition of Elijah under the juniper tree: it requires food and thought. If, then, youth would be successful in this life, — more than this, if it would be successful in the great journey of the soul in growth, — it must wisely employ its time in gaining mental and spiritual food, and in assimilating it.

This, then, is the one word that I have to say to those who are to-day leaving Derby Academy for a wider sphere of active life, and also to those still remaining in it. I say to both, Your work, in its results, depends upon yourselves. You can make these results what you please. You have a destiny that is to some extent shaped for you, but which is principally shaped by that strength of mind and character obtained from the mental and spiritual food you assimilate.

I say to you, also, Do not cease your efforts for obtaining the same food when the doors of Derby close behind you. If you do, life will disappoint you: this future which you now see will truly become an illusion; for you will not find the fulfillment of its promises. Your future is not born without your help. You and it share the same partnership which the artist's conception shares with his hands. *It* will work if *you* work; if not, it remains an idea that mocks you. I know your temptations here. I know that you are in danger of neglecting those opportunities of culture and growth which will continue to surround you. Perhaps

some of you will enter our universities. Perhaps more of you will engage in business. If the latter, you will not only meet with improving influences from the business itself, but will still have hours for education outside of these. You will probably be placed in such a position that you can easily waste as much time as one spends in study during his whole collegiate course; or you can gather up these spare hours, and out of them obtain an education which contains the real kernel and meat of all that is taught in our highest institutions of learning. Indeed, the opportunities for culture outside of our universities are to-day, in our land, immense. They are unrealized and unappreciated. Every town is full of books; and the very atmosphere we breathe is freighted with ideas. You can, however, remain insensible to these. You can select books which enervate and unfit the mind for thought; and you can, within this very atmosphere of thought, create your own belittling, thoughtless circle for gossip and idle talk on street-corner loafing-places or at home.

You can have your choice; but with you be the results of that choice. Two roads await every youth: both are easy of access; but the one leads up, and the other down. There is no such thing as treading both, no such thing as blending their directions; for their natures are utterly opposed. If you improve your time wisely, you will find yourselves, at middle-age, well informed; with minds so well stored with useful knowledge that all your life will be richer and fuller, all your actions wiser in conception and more effective in execution. If you do not improve your time now, the opposite of this will be true.

Almost any young man or woman can, up to the time of middle life, find one hour and a half each day for the cultivation of the mind. This for one day seems little. This for one year may seem little; but for all those years which lie between your present age and middle life, — that period when a man does his best work, and ought to be able to do it, — it will amount to about four years of solid labor in direct mental and spiritual improvement. Four years of study, four years spent in communing with the best minds the world has ever known, are yours, if you grasp them with a strong hand; four years of idle talk, indolent loafing, or worse, are yours, if your hands are weak and your will undetermined.

You know that in every circle of mechanics or merchants there is some one who towers far above the others because his mind has taken in and assimilated food. He has "laid up a treasure where moth and rust doth not corrupt." I have heard as shrewd observations on life made over the work-bench as from the professor's chair; and, on the other hand, I have heard a gang of neighboring workmen, for hours long, utter only the most empty inanities, interlarded with — or, as it seemed to them, judging by the laughter, spiced with — gross allusions and low remarks unworthy of men, and which they would have blushed to use before their sisters or mothers. I hear the same, too, from little groups of young men as I pass along our streets at evening. Would not better food in childhood produce a better kind of conversation? Men talk about what their minds are stored with. Do these young men realize what road they are traveling? These foot-prints point not upward. They lead not to the Mount of God. This low style of living, this foodless living, this lack of moral nerve and fibre, leads one with weak steps, stumblingly and carelessly, along the downward road to spiritual death. I tell you, my friends, in a spiritual sense, the facts of heaven and hell are among the most tangible facts of our existence. You can go to heaven, or you can go to hell, as you please, and as fast as you please. You need not wait for death to give you an introduction. Every step in the improvement of your minds is a step towards God and heaven, and is for eternity. Every step in the opposite direction is towards the opposite pole of being; and is also for eternity, if you make no positive effort in a contrary direction. I believe that true culture and education, true refinement of mind, of disposition and heart, refer to more than this life. If we are immortal, it must be *our* immortality: we must be the same in mind and heart when we arrive in another world that we are when we leave this. If our love is low here, it will be low there; if refined and purified here, the same there. On any other grounds, we should not know ourselves, and the immortality would be that of another, not our own. While we leave our material treasures here, we carry our mental and spiritual state, which represents our "treasure laid up in heaven," along with us. True education, true culture, pass into our growth, and are for eternity.

What a man lays up in the savings bank has a great influence upon his life. It gives him greater power, greater security, and, if wisely used, greater happiness than he otherwise would have. It, however, directly affects only this life. What you lay up in the safer treasury of spirit remains beyond this morning of existence. In the former case you store possessions in fire-proof, in the latter in death-proof, safes. Such a possession gives you greater power in dealing with the problems and traits of this life, and all life. It takes you out of that position wherein you feel yourselves to be the sport of circumstances, gives you greater security, and in this way, and by an enlargement of your vision, greater happiness. Education liberates; ignorance enchains. The one builds up the divine soul-sustaining power in us; the other rusts away the foundations of all higher life.

All this work, too, which means so much to ourselves as individuals, means just as much to society and the state. The people, not the king, sustain American society. Our culture finds its roots in no royal court, but each man's hearth-side upholds the nation's dignity, culture, and morals. To make the nation, we begin at home; to influence public sentiment and make laws, we begin with number one. Where do we vote, and when? Not at the polls alone, nor on election days. We are voting all the time; and in this most vital voting the woman's as well as the man's ballot is counted. It is not the men whom we send to the state house and to Washington who make our laws, but we who have made them before the men were sent. They never act effectively beyond our sentiments; and, when they rise to their greatest heights of moral excellence, it is only the high tide of our sentiments at home. In public sentiment, we make a king, we create a creator, and he is made out of the books we read, out of the thoughts we think, out of that hour or half hour which the mechanic, merchant, and day-laborer can wrest from the hand of idleness. In our literature we find the expression, "Savior of his country." It has heretofore been applied to one man, and associated with a peculiar emergency. To-day, every intelligent, educated voter is the savior of his country, and the occasion which makes him such is not a peculiar, but a permanent, condition of affairs.

But time will not permit me more than thus briefly to touch upon the broader reference of your lives and your studies. Now, in all this talk about culture, improvement, &c., I may perhaps seem to some of you to have neglected the religious side of the question, and to have placed too much dependence on education alone. Let me, then, say now, in plain language, that all the true and natural religion of which I have any knowledge, that all the true and natural religion which I believe God, and not man, has ordained, is, and always must be, included in the terms "education," "culture," and "growth" as I have been using them. There is no such thing as a genuine religion shut off by itself and outside of these. In this world of God's orderly and formulated thinking, which we call laws of nature, and in this age of scientific thought, which, bowing before these eternal laws in humility, saying, "Not my will, but thine," praying, "Give me truths, for I am weary of these surfaces," — this age, which is changing the whole aspect of theology, and pushing to the wall man's vain imaginings, man's false supports in morals and thought, there is no room left for that kind of religion which is outside of law, or different from the processes and laws of true education, culture, and growth.

Understand me, however, not as using these terms in any narrow sense. Education is not mere learning, stored in memory, but an unfolding of the whole nature. Culture is not that superficial thing which often bears the name whereby a man plasters things upon his external self as the Indian his paint and gaudy trappings. True culture is of the spirit, is internal and eternal, including the whole man, his faith as well as reason, his worship and devotion as well as thought and investigation.

A man is only educated when this educing process refers to the bringing out or unfolding of his whole nature; and if religion is not in this process, it is not at all. A man is only cultured when he is refined in every part, like gold cast into the furnace; and, as I know of no fire that purifies one part of the gold and not another, so I know of no true culture that refines the head and not the heart, that refines man human-ward and not God-ward. And what is true of these is true of growth also. Religious faith and

worship cannot be separated from thought. You gain no knowledge without that faith which is inseparable from the state of mind necessary to its attainment. You gain no single thought, no plane of moral life, no grade of character, no point in development above you, that you do not first admire, worship, and long for. The contest between religion and intellect is like war between a man's hands and his feet. Your hands of faith and aspiration reach up, apprehending and feeling after a round in the ladder of life above you; and, by these, you draw yourself upward and climb to a higher level, raising thereby, step by step, the plane of comprehension and intellect on which your feet stand. The whole work is one effort of one organic whole. The separation of religion and education is also like separating sweetness from the unfolding of the rose. As form, color, and sweetness are different manifestations of the flower's unfolding, so the intellectual, moral, and spiritual are different manifestations of an unfolding in each individual. The intellect is alone incomplete. It is only half. Religion, not morality, is the other half. Religion is not, as sometimes said, the mere aroma of morality, not a mist of sentiment arising from its ebullition; but its inspirer, and, together with the intellect, its creator. If cloud-like, it is, like the clouds of heaven, the creator of the stream, and, together with thought, the creator of that applied power which runs the machinery of human society.

Whatever man may say of the needs of religion as one thing, and the needs of education as another, I simply know they are two names of a single process, and a single journey of life, towards the Mount of God. I simply know one fact, — a fact verified by past and present, — that God is the end, the end of all natural human unfolding and growth. He is hinted in every fact; he is revealed in every law; every cause of existing phenomena points to him, every principle in life or thought, and every gleam of human beauty or shade of darkness, just as the broken sunbeams of color point to the perfect yet invisible ray of light back of them, and just as these beams of invisible light, still further back, are seen as one central yet omnipresent sun.

All intellectual work in seeking principles leads to the last principle in one mind and person: all moral gain leads to one

harmonious law and order: and all spiritual effort, made in upspringing love and devotion, raises man on the pinions of his own spirit's tendency to the One God who alone satisfies our thought, our life, and our love.

My friends, old and young, you who are whitening with age, and you tender souls in budding manhood and womanhood, this finding of the religious aspect and growth; this finding your deep relations to God, at every step of the way in life's journey; this finding God at the beginning, and God all the way along to the end, — is a work to be accomplished by yourselves alone. No man can do it for you. Souls are not grown by proxy nor vicariously. Here you stand alone with no helper but God. Your teachers and your best loved friends remain helpless beside you. They may give the food, they may furnish suggestions, but they cannot give the growth. This is your own hour, your glorious opportunity. Here, as in all genuine education, you are the creator of your success. Step by step, too, you reach the goal. No leap in the air is it to God. At school, entering into the principles of the problems you solve, entering into the life of the history you study, into the laws of language or science, you pass, solitary and alone, within the veil of the external, into that One Life which is real life. Outside of the school it is the same. Every relation of man or nation in business leads to deeper unity of human interests and hopes. Every angle and curve in mechanical labor bends to you from one central thought, structure, and circle. Every step in the intricate web of society's relations suggests a second, every second a third, nearer a centre of truth and unity, while through all that love which is the pulsation of One Life in various forms inspires you, and that faith which is the vision of One leads you on.

And let me repeat, this finding God as the end of your growth and education comes by your earnest and devoted seeking for truth and reality; by your arising from beneath the juniper trees of indifference, discouragement, and despair to eat that food on whose strength you may journey to the Mount of God, may pass through the trying lightnings and earthquakes, and find at last the still small voice of the Invisible One, — the voice which is in all

and through all, vocal with the essence of all, and which most strongly speaks to you in the depths of your own consciousness.

"'The journey is too great for thee,'
The prophet heard;
And all may list in secrecy
The self-same word.

"Life's way and work lie forward spread
In duty's sight;
And who but needs more strength and stead,
And fuller light?

"'The journey is too great for thee!'
Beyond the bounds
Where time parts from immensity
Its measured grounds.

"Oh, then that other word attend!
Its offer meet, —
The calling of an angel friend,
'Arise and eat.'

"Eat of the fruits of holy trust
In heavenly good;
Not grown of dust, to mold in dust,
But angels' food.

"That food shall nerve both limb and heart
When faint with fear;
And pour through each immortal part
Its power and cheer.

"Thus, girt with zeal, the traveling soul,
With patience shod,
Arrives at Horeb's distant goal,
The Mount of God."

EDITORS' NOTE-BOOK.

SHALL THE UNITARIAN CHURCHES DISBAND?

A RECENT issue of the leading Episcopal newspaper in this country, "The Churchman," contains an able, and in large part sympathetic, article on the history, condition, and future of the Unitarian body. It recognizes the rise of this body as the protest of common sense against metaphysical theology, and asserts that it absorbed the best life of the old Puritanism in Boston and its vicinity. It declares that the members of the Unitarian body have done more than the members of any other body to increase and broaden and exalt the literature of this country, that they "have done a work for which all men are thankful," and that the body "contains, in proportion to its size, a greater amount of intelligence and breadth and wise thoughtfulness than most others." It confesses an admiration for the sincerity and honesty of many leaders among its ministry and lay people, and honestly believes that there are many calling themselves Unitarians who are sound in the faith, and are daily doing good service in the Master's work.

But, as "The Churchman" reads the signs of the times, the work of the Unitarian body is done. Its usefulness, such as it has been, is of the past. As a theology or philosophy, Unitarianism has come to nothing. Devoted to speculative opinion, it has originated no grand missionary movement. Its genius went into Transcendentalism. It has dissipated its strength in the thin air of modern opinion. "It finds its aims in the asides of Evangelical religion, and in the glow and aspiration of the world's culture." It has spent its force in general influences along the whole line of the age. Its voice for the future is for aimless work, and the Free Religious Association has gathered up its enthusiasm and missionary force. Lethargy has crept over the disorganized Unitarian body, and it seems to those outside to be drifting anxiously to some friendly anchorage. The fit haven, we need not say, is the Episcopal Church, which stretches out its hands in hearty

welcome, and in which the "best work which the Unitarian body aims to do, its honest and God-fearing work, is done."

The recognition of the past services of Unitarianism is thus joined with statements of its inherent weakness and disastrous outlook, which statements, and others like them, have been steadily made concerning it from the time when no such past services were acknowledged.

Some of the criticisms made upon the present aspects of Unitarianism we should accept, and should be disposed to carry them even still further. For instance, when "The Churchman" says, that, after breakfasting on Goethe and dining on modern science, the denomination "goes to sleep to the music of the beautiful cadences of hymns of the liberal faith," we are obliged to say, that much of the denominational drowsiness of Unitarians is promoted by airs infinitely less sacred than these. Nor are we willing to have their short-comings and lack of earnestness in other respects accounted for, or offset, by their devotion to "generous philanthropy, and by enthusiasm for social reform." These things we ought to have done, and not to leave the other undone. The fact is, that the Unitarian Church, at least, needs an intenser devotedness and a new baptism of piety. In common, too, with other religious bodies, it has not wholly succeeded in adjusting its administration of religion to the conditions of success in the present age, and, lacking the prestige of Orthodoxy, has failed, perhaps more largely than they, in commending its organized religious methods to the acceptance of the world. Whether for good or ill, it has cherished a distrust of institutional religion, which has done more than anything else to diminish its missionary activity and cripple its denominational efficiency. The Unitarian churches need, perhaps, more than all things else, large accessions to their ministry of men, who, while not ignorant or forgetful of the tendencies of modern thought, believe in the Christian Church, are interested supremely in the religious life, and are earnest above all things else to be helpers of the faith and spiritual growth of men. We presume that to administer religious institutions worthily and effectively is not found an easy task by the thoughtful and discerning portion of any religious body to-day; and are entirely willing to allow that we are not well satisfied with the

condition and prospects of our own. If, indeed, in the face of the obvious facts of the widening breach between the intelligence of the age and the current ecclesiastical order, and of the increasing desertion of the churches by the masses, any denomination is thus self-satisfied, it must be very easily content.

But some of the statements of "The Churchman," cited above, can hardly receive our concurrence. It will be a surprise to most free religionists, for instance, we suspect, to be credited with the main portion of the enthusiasm and missionary force that has hitherto belonged to the Unitarian body. Enthusiasm and missionary force do not strike us as specially noticeable in the Free Religious Association, nor has the Unitarian body ever had so much of them that any loss in the direction indicated has been seriously missed.

Nor can we accept the estimate, above referred to, of the work undertaken by the Unitarian body, and its conception of religion, as intelligent or just. The Unitarian churches do not find their aims in the "asides" of Evangelical religion, unless love to God and man, discipleship to Jesus Christ as the grand revealer of the grace and truth of God, and following him in the power of an endless life, are aside from the substance of Evangelical religion. However inadequately administered and wrought out, however departed from or "dissipated," Unitarianism in its aim and central conception is that central, spiritual Christianity of which all the disputed doctrines of the sects are but asides, and of which the creeds and rituals of Evangelical churches are only partial and temporary wrappings and swaddling-clothes, when, indeed, they have not been its masks or bonds. We do not doubt that Unitarians have been too negative and too individual in their methods in the past, too distrustful of the organized and definite agencies by which alone a church can be extended; but it cannot be reckoned wholly a misfortune that they have largely spent their force "in general influence along the whole line of the age." The age, at least, needed, as every age needs, that the whole line of its activity should be subject to the influence and pervaded by the spirit of religion; and so far as our churches have earnestly devoted themselves to solving the moral problems of society, and enforcing righteousness in the secular life of men, they can well

afford the loss to their ecclesiastic progress whereby society has been the gainer. It is, indeed, true that they may have sometimes been diverted to profitless discussions and fruitless experiments; but it will be less and less reckoned a misfortune and mistake that a church is broadly interested in whatever relates to the higher interests of society, and counts nothing foreign to its work which concerns the vital well-being of men.

We rejoice in the increasing breadth and liberality of a large branch of the Episcopal Church: though we had expected no such justification of the Unitarian fathers as underlies the statement of "The Churchman," that that "Church contains, as its normal expression of life, the cherished points for which the Unitarian body lifted up its voice fifty years ago." Why does this not also justify us, since the Episcopal Church contains much that in this case must be abnormal, and which certainly is to us untrue, in standing in freedom on the same essential basis as our fathers, administering religion in our churches as wisely and faithfully as we may, — at least until that "normal expression" shall become the characteristic expression of the Episcopal Church, and it shall cease to insist on a uniformity of creed and ritual which confessedly no longer expresses any corresponding unity of belief? For it certainly does not belong to a Church which in this country is lamenting the recent secession of some of its most earnest and respected members to form a new sect, — a secession the occasion of which is still a source of discomfort to many who remain, — and which in England is discussing the question whether the Establishment which alone secures the semblance of external unity is worth preserving, to offer to Unitarians a definite creed, or a settled policy, or even a secure place of anchorage, in the drifting away from old moorings, which certainly does not, in these days, characterize Unitarianism alone.

We say this in no love of an isolated position in the Christian Church. Unitarianism, as a separate movement, was not born of its own will, but came into being through the exclusive spirit and sectarian action of New England Orthodoxy. Its founders were men who had plead for catholicity in the Congregational body. Excluded, it is not unlikely that they exaggerated, as their opponents had done, the relative importance of the points of diver-

gence, and laid undue emphasis at times on individual liberty as compared with the truth to which liberty is but the portal. But the Unitarian body has its profound convictions, which no assurance of personal toleration elsewhere will permit it to smother, and truths whose defense and diffusion no promise of increased influence or larger fellowship will persuade it to desert. We are glad to believe that some who have gone from us into the Episcopal Church find there a larger opportunity of usefulness, and more satisfactory conditions for the promotion of the religious life, in the exercise of their special gifts; but for ourselves, while appreciating the worth of a broader external fellowship, the value of strong organization, and the helps that gather round a great historic church in gaining the hearing of men, we cannot accept with these advantages symbols of faith which do not seem to us in their obvious meaning true, nor subscribe to a unity which can only be preserved by maintaining intact an order of ritual with which no member of that unity is wholly satisfied, which is interpreted in opposite ways by different parties, and of which no honest interpretation seems to us either rational or in accord with the religious necessities of the age.

Nor are we at all certain that for the future the advantage is so decided as it appears. The partition wall which Orthodoxy built against its Unitarian neighbors, fifty years ago, the hands of its own children are to-day removing. The grounds of fellowship which Unitarianism has always maintained are coming to be more and more approved; and an "unpermitted orthodox liberalism," as "The Churchman" phrases it, in all the churches, is planting itself upon this basis every day more firmly.

In point of fact, the aims for whose accomplishment Unitarianism accepted a separate existence are being accomplished. Its "creedless creed" does not differ widely, save in simplicity and straightforward frankness, from the "historical" acceptance which a large section of the Episcopal Church yields to the language of its creeds and prayer-book, and the Congregational and Presbyterian bodies to their ancient confessions. When a leading dignitary of the English Church goes to Kidderminster to celebrate the unveiling of a statue of Richard Baxter, and quotes with approval the words in which the great liberal Nonconformist

prescribes the Lord's Prayer and the Decalogue as the essential and sufficient basis of religion, commending them to Churchman and Nonconformist, Radical, Liberal, and Conservative, for their guidance and admonition, Unitarians may well be encouraged to stand in their historic place, and rejoice in the share that is given them to do of the religious work of the age, — a work which is coming to be more and more adequately comprehended, and more and more dissociated from the arbitrary conceptions and crude methods that have obstructed its progress in the past.

We gratefully recognize the fact that this central work of simple Christianity is done in increasing sections of many Churches, the Episcopal among others. But dominant sections of these Churches yet retain other, and, it seems to us, quite unworthy, conceptions of Christianity, and are strenuous to hold their members to quite different methods and ideals. We do not urge that those who sympathize with our simpler and more spiritual theology in these Churches should abandon their present fellowship to connect themselves with ours. They must judge for themselves as to where they can most faithfully and efficiently serve the Christian cause. In these days of widening fellowship and increasing individual freedom, in all the sects, we can understand that the necessity of severing ecclesiastical relations may not be so frequent or pressing as formerly. We rejoice in the profound sense of religious sympathy which the barriers of sect have no power to forbid or chill; and have hearty welcome for the work of all, who, whether they stand with us or not, are in essential accord with us in Christian faith and life. But neither the reproach brought upon us by the vagaries of those who are intoxicated with the name of liberty, nor the disadvantages of a system which is so jealous of freedom that it shrinks from compromising it even to gain greater efficiency, nor the larger hearing and following that Liberal Christianity, in these days, easily secures when set forth under the guise of Orthodoxy in the old historic churches, — none, nor all, of these things can persuade us to exchange our disadvantages for theirs, and to desert our broader position for one of even apparent acceptance of a ritualism or a dogmatic system which our convictions, not to say the intelligence and conscience of the age, disown.

SUMMER CHARITIES.

No more beautiful charity has ever been engaged in than that which gives to invalids and children, confined in the stifling atmosphere of cities through the heated and sickly season, opportunity to breathe the sweet air of the country, and get some glimpse, at least, of the glory of the summer. The Young Men's Christian Union, in Boston, has been accustomed for several years to expend certain funds in taking invalids and feeble persons, without means, to drive in the suburban towns. The relief and invigoration that has thus been afforded is very great, and the amount of happiness imparted simply incalculable. The good that can be done by bringing the fevered and jaded nerves of that great number of people who are bound by indigence and infirmity within cramped and unholesome tenements, into contact with the soothing and invigorating influence of country scenes and sounds, is only limited by the limits of the generous thoughtfulness which provides the means for furnishing such relief. Nor is the kindness that prompts the charity itself the smallest part of the help afforded. We hope that they who are privileged to leave comfortable mansions on broad avenues closed through the season, and who are drinking in vigor and refreshment among green hills or beside the sea, will not let these special funds languish, which procure for the poor a taste of the blessing that the summer pours on them so freely.

Excursions for poor children by land or water have become common in all our large cities, and the intense delight they give, to multitudes of children who have no other "vacation," amply rewards those who find the arrangement and oversight of these excursions no holiday task. With all drawbacks, the crowding and straying, and the anxieties as to safety and moral influence, there is no doubt but that much good is done to the bodies of these poor children by even a day's sail or ramble, and a bright place left in the memory of many whose lot is otherwise monotonous and dull. Most pathetic instances have been related to us of sacrifices made, and even suffering endured, by children to secure the privilege of joining these excursions.

But the most perfect and adequate form of this remembrance of

the poor is the opening of country houses, for a week or more, to receive sick or languishing children of the poor.

We read of ranges of seaside cottages, where mothers with sick infants are sent to escape miasma and to recruit. Several churches near Boston have provided homes where successive relays of children are welcomed and cared for. In other places, children selected by physicians and city missionaries as having most urgent need of the change have been received for a fortnight into families that have volunteered to take charge of them. In one church, where attention was called to the matter, members of the congregation volunteered at once to receive in this way over thirty children. It would be hard to imagine a more genuine charity than this, or one where beauty and utility so completely unite, and the good accomplished so nearly corresponds with the happiness bestowed.

MR. PLIMSOLL AND THE BRITISH SHIPPING BILL.

We are glad to record even the partial triumphs of justice and humanity over the old abuses that survive in the usages of commerce, and the spirit of reckless greed which wantonly sacrifices human life to the interests of trade. It has long been notorious that many English ship-owners are accustomed to improperly load their vessels, and to send out utterly unseaworthy ones, taking care to insure themselves abundantly against probable loss. The loss of vessels, noticeably of these worthless and decayed ships, has been very large of late; and the indignation of many humane people has been awakened against this reckless gambling in human lives on the part of ship-owners and merchants. Mr. Plimsoll, member of parliament for Derby, has been for several years endeavoring to arouse public sentiment to demand further legal protection for the seaman against the avarice of his employer. Hitherto, any shipped sailor who refused to go to sea, however unseaworthy the vessel might be, was sent to jail; and in some instances was not allowed even this alternative. In a recent case, the sailors had begged to be sent to jail rather than sail in a vessel they deemed especially unseaworthy, but were compelled by the authorities, and the vessel was never again heard from. The inspection of ships has been hardly more than nominal; and it is

alleged that more than half the losses of the last few years have been of vessels that should have been condemned and broken up.

A bill had at length been introduced to lessen these evils, by the long continued efforts of Mr. Plimsoll, which, although regarded by him wholly inadequate, he had hoped to materially amend and carry through the House. The exertions of the shipping interests induced the government to abandon the bill; and, when Mr. Disraeli gave notice of this intention, Mr. Plimsoll became greatly excited, and denounced in strong and even violent and unparliamentary terms (for which he afterwards apologized), the course of those who sought to delay and defeat the bill, charging that the lives of thousands of men would be sacrificed in consequence of their action, and startling the House of Commons by a written protest, which, for intensity of solemn earnestness and vigor of epithet, recalls the indictments drawn up against this country by the early abolitionists. The protest showed such acquaintance with the facts involved, and made the case so plain, that the prime minister, who had moved that Mr. Plimsoll be reprimanded by the speaker of the House, was glad, after the matter had been a week before the country, to recall his motion; and we now learn that the bill was then taken up and passed, and the Queen, in her late speech proroguing parliament, congratulates the House upon its having become a law.

It is clear that the administration and the shipping interest had presumed too much on the indifference and ignorance of the country in regard to this outrageous treatment of British seamen; and Mr. Plimsoll's success in this matter may perhaps be quoted by Mr. Wendell Phillips to illustrate the doctrine enforced in his recent magnificent oration at the O'Connell Centennial, that harsh and even violent language is in place in calling attention to long-standing abuses, and compelling attention to neglected reforms.

OF THINGS AT HOME.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL READING.

WE have received a valuable paper from the Ladies' Commission on Sunday-school Books, which we commend to the attention of all who are interested in the higher education of the young. Not being at present in active connection with this work, we can with more freedom praise it. The ladies modestly speak of their task as "an obscure one;" but we are ready to "magnify their office," and to say that a society which has labored so many years in the examination of juvenile literature, and has shown such unwearied patience and faithfulness, such delicate treatment of moral questions, such large and sound principles of criticism, deserves recognition throughout all our churches and the whole community. We need not, however, say more; for this paper speaks for itself, and shows the important questions which they have to deal with, the manner in which they have disposed of them by the final verdict of the society, and the results of the last year's work of the Commission.

As the winter's work of the Ladies' Commission on Sunday-school Books draws to a close, one peril to youthful readers is forced upon the attention of its members, — the pernicious influence upon the imagination of the flood of fiction which pours over every home, every library, and every Sunday school in the land.

Without some special reason for learning the facts in the case, few grown persons can in the least realize how low is the standard of popular fiction, — not necessarily low in a moral sense, but ordinary in itself, and of no possible service to the child's life. How many parents rejoice to see their children "quiet and happy with a book"! What a blessed interval of peace descends upon a noise-stricken household when the restless boy or the talkative girl takes down the gayly covered Christmas present, and is lost in a story! But what is the book doing for the child? It makes no demand upon the attention. It amuses only, by describing modes of life and styles of character just enough removed from our own to make the every-day world seem tame and uninteresting. The talk is full of slang; and for wit, or gay nonsense, absurdity is the cheap substitute. The situations are unreal, — such, for instance, as the representation of a nephew, or more likely a niece, converting an elderly, hard-fisted uncle. With these sources of entertainment, it is easily seen that there can be no healthy stimulus to the imagination. There is not one particle of genuine, beautiful, veritable romance from title-page to

finis. Who shall say how the future possibilities of the soul are dwarfed and narrowed by a misguided taste for reading, formed in childish unconsciousness of aught beyond the pleasure of the moment? Can any people need more than Americans do the careful, thoughtful guidance of the imagination? It has been said that we possess little by nature. We shall not here diverge to that subject; but, whether Heaven has been pleased to endow us with much or with little, our lives — exciting and hardening for men, with their business or professional toils, and often full of privations, from ill health, for women — demand all the salutary influence that may flow from a cultivated, "pure-eyed," expanded imagination. How often do we hear this gift of God spoken of as a misfortune to its possessor! And such it is, if ill directed. When fixed upon personal maladies, social position, the establishments of neighbors, the defects of friends, a lively imagination may become the curse of a household or a village. But the greater the value of any power, the more pressing is its need of culture and control. Under wise guidance, the "curse a blessing shall be found." And have we wandered from the work of the Ladies' Commission in thus enlarging upon the training of the youthful imagination? We think not, while so very large a proportion of the books subjected to our criticism consists of works of fiction, and while our search for narratives of facts and events is crowned with so very small numerical success.

During the past winter, three hundred and twenty-five books have been read, and eighty-three volumes, or about twenty-five per cent, added to our lists. The thoroughness of the examination will be best shown by stating that each book must have been approved by five readers before it is offered for acceptance at a meeting of the Commission. Some account of the book is then given, and any ladies present, who may feel not quite satisfied to vote for it from the report of the five readers, are not merely allowed, but urged, to examine it for themselves before a second meeting. If, after many readings, the final vote of the Commission prove a tie, or any reason for grave consideration appear, the services of twenty members may be needed for a single book. Such an investigation can hardly fail to discover even minute defects, including those which belong to the publishers' department. The Commission not unfrequently find old friends re-appearing under new names, — a source of annoyance to all persons who have much to do with a catalogue. Curious inaccuracies in works professing to be historical are sometimes detected, — for example, in Banvard's "Southern Explorers," slavery is spoken of as still existing in the United States, though the book bears the date of 1874. Some writers of popular stories, the titles of which may or may not appear in the catalogue, would doubtless be greatly amused could they listen to the analysis of their successful works presented by the "two sides" of a discussion in the Commission. The only wonder is, that, with unrestrained freedom in the expres-

sion of every shade of thought and feeling, any book that excites discussion ever gains admission to our lists. We venture to say that there is not a meeting in New England at which "pros" and "cons" find warmer advocates.

The charming story called "The Old Woman in a Shoe" furnished a striking illustration of this thoroughness. The numerous readers who recommended it enlarged upon its attractive picture of life, the pleasant dispositions of the children, the vivacity of the talk, the tender love of the old "Granny," and the sweet religious spirit breathing through certain chapters, until an ignorant listener would have said to himself, "Why, here is an ideal book!" But then came the turn of the objectors, who, admitting every single merit above mentioned, could not, in conscience, sanction a book which portrays life in such a golden haze of reward and success. They feared it might kindle the desires of friendless orphan children for such prosperity as is lavished upon the six heroes and heroines of the story. They found the treatment of the old "Granny" altogether lacking in filial respect and consideration. The lively talk was much impaired by slang; and last, but not least, they deplored the successful issue of a country girl's running away, alone, from her quiet home, to the city of New York,—believing that, for one ignorant young creature who might safely run the gauntlet of such perils, a myriad would be lost.

"Romain Kalbris" was the subject of another controversy. One member wrote thus concerning it: "Its merits are purity and simplicity of style, and entire absence of slang and profanity. Romain, the hero, is always truthful, pure minded, and strong in the presence of temptation: On the other hand, the book is very romantic, full of startling adventures, and some most painful incidents, shocking experience of menagerie life," &c. Another member held that the stripping off of all lustre from the lives of menagerie and circus performers was a valuable element in a book of the present day; that the horrors were not such as to offer even a suggestion of temptation to a child's mind; and that the interest of French characters and French sentiment (even though the latter sometimes degenerated into sentimentality) was wholesome for Yankee children whose attention is but too often fixed upon "amber jelly," "flaky pastry," "kids" (meaning gloves, not animals), school exhibitions, skating matches, and other details familiar to their own experience.

Again, "Harry Blount" received from those to whom it was first sent an almost unanimous, and in several instances an enthusiastic, acceptance. The few rejections were accompanied by such admiring praises as might seem to any of us a foregone conclusion as to any work from the hand of Hamerton, which had hitherto touched nothing that it did not adorn. The only objection to the book, it was said, was its tendency, from the constant mention of a very free use of wine by boys in

England, as a matter of course, at home and in social life, to excite in our own young people a longing for a like freedom, and an impatience of the wholesome restraints which, with few exceptions, are the rule in what we consider our wiser training of youth. Thus far the ayes had it, and gave good reasons for their approval. They said, that, as the scene was laid in England, the customs of the country, as regards the drinking wine freely by young people, would be considered as foreign by American boys, and not thought of as an approved example. The introduction of Harry (a child of thirteen years old, just sent from home) to the reader as having been made to "take a pleasant view of things, rendered still pleasanter by two glasses of excellent port wine," would not make much impression, as he was an English boy. The book was well written, and very spirited and entertaining without being extravagant; Harry's adventures on sea and land were brilliant and exciting, but not impossible, nor absurdly improbable even; the characters were well drawn and well sustained. Thus far the book seemed in a fair way to be received with cordiality into our catalogue. But the easy flow of acceptance was interrupted by a small, but hard, rock of objection. The book was sent out again, to be read by any or all who were doubtful after hearing the "pros" and "cons." In its second ordeal, "Harry Blount" was thought, by some of the new readers, to be wanting in the high moral tone that we look for in books that we recommend as "valuable and profitable." A boy has been found out by the head-master to have stolen a valuable seal from one of of his companions; and to his robbery he has added the most unblushing falsehood and vile cunning. He is punished; but the scene in which "the doctor, in his shirt-sleeves, and red with anger, working himself up into a steadily increasing fury," assaults the boy, and beats him, till he has broken a cane all in pieces over him, is so revolting, — the pleasant remark, that the master "deeply enjoyed the infliction of corporal punishment," is so disgusting, — that a boy unused to such exhibitions of rage might almost lose his sense of the depravity of the delinquent in his indignation at the brutality of the punishment. Of this boy the author says, "At school, he could never, by any possibility, become a scholar or a gentleman; but on his native soil he was a fine type of the young, rich farmer. His robbery of Blount's seal, and his indiscretion in opening his private desk, were due to a total absence of delicacy of feeling. There was nothing of the gentleman in him." In the moral atmosphere that the pupils of our Sunday schools are to breathe, we would have lying, cheating, and stealing considered something worse than ungentlemanly. And another objection was the confounding of foolhardiness with bravery, — a dangerous fault, because young people rarely make the distinction for themselves. The owner of the yacht, to whose care Harry and his friends are entrusted, is meant to be an object of the reader's admiration, and he is in most points admirable; but that he should risk, not only his own life, but those of the

young people under his charge, for the sake of showing his prowess in winning a foolish race, shows a want of the sense of responsibility, without which no really brave act can be done. The same trait is shown again in leaving the boys with insufficient protection, that he and his brother may amuse themselves in geologizing. It is a kind of character likely to be popular among Englishmen who amuse themselves, and lose their lives, in trying for higher Alpine ascents than any ever made before, with no object but that of attempting a dangerous thing; but it is hardly worth while for American boys to be taught to consider that sort of thing bravery.

Of another book, "Clement's Trial and Victory," we have this report: "The first half is charming, describing a family life of the truest and pleasantest kind, the mutual relations of the brothers and sisters, and of parents and children, just such as we wish to see, — a simple, natural, healthful life, with country surroundings, interests, and pleasures, very well and vividly described. But, as the story goes on, some very painful incidents are introduced, and scenes almost too distressing and harrowing, with false and morbid religious ideas. But the most serious objection to the book is where hereditary blindness, attacking every member of a family on reaching maturity, is attributed to a curse, uttered generations back, and looked upon and quietly accepted as such by the last remaining member, who patiently waits for it to die out with him. Such a Jewish interpretation of physical causes and effects, in this age of the world, seems almost incredible, and is quite sufficient to condemn the book in my judgment."

And thus the merits and defects are weighed until at last even-handed justice (may we say it?) poises the balance. Should the vote be adverse, the admirers of a book always console themselves with the idea that its popularity is a certianty of which no decision of the Ladies' Commission can rob it.

But here comes in another difficulty. In depriving the list of such lively, popular stories, is there not danger of making it too colorless, too "goody"? This we duly consider, yet cannot feel justified in recommending books which receive such criticism as the following: "'Play-school Stories' are so pretty that we want to accept them. They are evidently written by a real lover of children, and some of the children's sayings and doings are capital; but the style is poor, there is too much description of personal appearance and of lovely hats (which, by the way, must have been in the worst taste), and one story is filled to unreadableness with broken baby-talk. Verdict, Below the standard." Or this: "'Sibyl's Book' is a wonderfully silly book. Such pictures of 'frizzled hair,' and other beauties, and such general purposelessness are really rare. And there is much talk of boys as 'lovers,' of a sort far more mischievous than many a downright love-story."

How hard it is to find satisfactory books of narrative, may be judged

from an individual criticism of an accepted volume called "Wrecked on a Reef:" "A translation from the French, with nothing at all objectionable, unless it be thought a waste of time to read three or four hundred pages of such incidents as searching for food, trying to light a fire to cook it by, being startled by wild beasts prowling in the night," &c. The friends of the book maintained that it was a fairly well written account of hardship and suffering bravely borne; and as such they commended it to the boys of Unitarian Sunday schools. The final vote was cast in its favor. We cannot forbear quoting the following trenchant words upon "Ten Days among Brigands:" "A mixture of banditti and religion. I do not see how the book can be either 'valuable or profitable.'"

To show that the standard of the Commission is not always an absolutely exclusive and excluding one, we quote the following remarks on an accepted book, "Fairy Frisket:" "An odious little book. The two fairies are tedious, didactic little prigs, and talk like old-fashioned schoolmasters." Another member says, "Fantastic rather than pleasing; yet some children like these crooked-up stories, and there is so much pleasant information about insects that the book is worth reading." This latter opinion prevailed with a majority. Here is a lucid condemnation of "Twins of St. Marcel:" "Treason, statagem, and spoils; prisoners, crimes, suicide, murder. The children of the Sunday schools, in this age of newspapers, may well be spared a study of the concentrated griefs and horrors of other lands."

One great gain within a few years is plainly perceptible in the frequent publication of illustrated books about animals, containing more or less information, but almost always written in an attractive style. The Commission so cordially approve and recommend such books, that we have in some instances departed from the rule of economy, and placed upon the catalogue the title of an expensive volume, in the hope of at least calling attention to a class of works so eminently praiseworthy.

Nor let it ever be forgotten what variety is brought into our collection by the books of the Second List, — in the estimation of some of the members the most valuable of all. Any book which finds admission there has merits so great as to overshadow the dogmas disapproved by all Unitarians. It is the careful delineation of character, the accurate historic portrait, the fidelity of daily Christian life, and, above all, the spirit of true piety, which lead the Commission to accept books the Christianity of which far outweighs their denominational force. Several of Miss Tonge's stories are entered under this head; and, however widely we may differ from her as to the Church of England, we think few parents or Sunday-school teachers would be willing to banish her lovely religious influence from the hearts of the young people under their charge. Pages marked "o. d." warn the purchasing superintendent to examine the sort of dogma he is carrying home to "feed his

lambs" with, wherever we find it clearly stated; yet, at times, we place in the Second List books in which it would be vain to mark a page. It may be that the whole attitude of the soul turns towards the Saviour rather than to "the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ;" yet, if the book be illumined with love, trust, and brotherhood, we should deem ourselves bigots to throw aside all the blessings to be derived from such a memoir or tale because of intellectual differences in the "scheme of salvation."

Not shutting our eyes to the risks of presenting to young people, in certain states of mind and at certain ages, doctrines, in our judgment, hostile to Christianity, we yet must gather in gleanings from every part of the moral and spiritual vineyard, leaving to pastors and superintendents the proper selection for the needs of special churches and individuals. Often we wish that we could place upon the First List a book that conscience relegates to the Second on account of some doctrinal statement. When, however, the objectionable doctrine is directly enforced, or an interpretation is put upon Scripture that we cannot, as Unitraians, admit, we necessarily exclude a book from this Second List, as the following comment upon "Alfred Warimer" will show: "Very near the beginning of the book, the quotation is made of the words from the Gospel of John, 'That ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God,'—a simple creed that Unitarians find it easy to accept. But it is thus explained by Alfred Warimer's pastor: 'Jesus Christ, the Saviour of men, offers this salvation to all who *will trust to his atoning sacrifice for sin.*'" And the positive and forcible statement of the same doctrine excluded also from our lists "Tim's Little Mother," of which we have the following summary from one of its readers: "It is a touching story of a sister and brother left orphans and destitute in London. The sister endures great troubles, poverty, and disabling illness, but clings to her purpose to care for the little brother left to her by the dying mother. Her patience and perseverance finally meet their reward, and the heroic struggle leaves them, at the end, established in a comfortable home, where the brother returns her the devotion that she had given him."

More might be said of the discrimination of lists, but we fear to weary our readers with the details of an obscure labor. We can but trust that this record of faithful work may enhance the confidence of our denomination in the usefulness of the Ladies' Commission, and make it more clear to Christians of other names why we annually apply for their publications, and how far we are able to accept them.

OF THINGS ABROAD.

THE ENGLISH PROVINCIAL ASSEMBLY.

We are rather late in the day with our notice of this occasion, which ought to have appeared in our August number; but good things will keep, and we do not like to let it pass without some recognition. This is an annual gathering of Presbyterian and Unitarian ministers, of Lancashire and Cheshire, which was held at Bury.

The first evening of the conference, a sermon was delivered on "Spiritual Discernment," by the Rev. C. B. Upton, B.A., which seems to us one of the most valuable productions which have appeared of late, on the other side of the water, from the reverence of its tone, combined with a largeness of vision, a breadth of thought, and a candor of criticism, which must make it acceptable to all shades of thinkers in our denomination. It has in it something more than thought, — that fine effluence of religious feeling, by which thought stands as the handmaid, to bring it to the clear perception of man, and before which all sincere dogmatism yields as in the presence of realities.

He begins by speaking of the early developments of liberal theology in England; and, much as he reverences Dr. Priestley and his school, he thinks "their denial of free will, their utilitarian theory of morals, and their exclusive views of revelation, constituted a departure from the doctrine of Jesus as fundamental as that of the Trinity, which they opposed." "Christianity," he says, "is a proclamation that the Eternal Spirit holds living and present relations with the mind and heart of man." Whatever teaching, therefore, "tends to weaken the feeling of immediate personal intercourse of man with God, and denies present inspiration, hearing no voice of God except in the discoveries of science, or the interpretation of ancient tradition, has no deep affinity with what is special in Christianity." Priestley and his followers, he thinks, did valuable service in showing how the old dogmas were not to be found in the Old or New Testament, but he confesses that they often applied the Orthodox treatment to texts of the Bible, allowing their wishes and inclinations to control their exegesis, in trying to support their rational and humani-

tarian views. Mr. Upton is not one of those who are afraid of believing too much. He evidently thinks that the days of inspiration are not over. These good men, our fathers, had a pure and deep piety; their lives were patterned after the gospel idea. But they partook of the peculiar culture of their age, which did not recognize true spiritual insight, and their foundation was not a sufficient one on which to erect, he says, "the sublime superstructure of a Christian faith." Their greatness lay in their simple-minded love of truth, their determination to be enslaved to no dogma, to keep the mental eye open to the beautiful and true; and so he believes, that, although we have reached to a higher philosophy than they, this grand principle of theirs has "saved us from decrepitude, and opened before the Unitarian cause a glorious future." Mr. Upton's views upon natural and revealed religion are so far-reaching, so reverential, so reasonable and sympathic, that the most devoted radicals and conservatives seem to meet in his vision on common ground. So truly do all the most religious thinkers find the best elements of doctrinal systems approaching each other in a beautiful and grand unity before their exalted vision. Although Mr. Upton values the great power of culture, he speaks of something higher than intellectual development. "Seasons of calm meditation, and of heartfelt devotion," he says, "appear to be needful conditions, if we would richly attain that wisdom of which we read, 'He who findeth me findeth life.'" We must combine with the spirit of free inquiry the warm devotion of ancient Catholicism, to reach our ideal of true Unitarianism at the present day. "This doctrine of spiritual discernment," he says, "has not, so far, had much effect upon the dogmatic theologian or scientist, because they have not, and would not, believe in spiritual insight;" but the times have changed. The most profound scientific men are recognizing a hidden force which they cannot fathom, as he shows in his allusions to the works of Mr. Lewes, Mr. Fiske, and the authors of the "Unseen Universe;" and he believes that our Orthodox brethren are seeing more and more the spirit rather than the letter of the word. He thinks the great gulf that separates us from the evolutionist thinkers is, that they are unable to look upon God, the great Cause of all, as a Personality. After an argument with them of some length, in

which, with his usual sympathetic spirit, he declares that they are now with us more than they are willing to own, he says, "that the clearness of our own vision will vary with the depth and purity of our affections. In the choice and more sacred moments of existence, this spiritual insight is very clear, the vapors of doubt disperse, and leave the heaven of consciousness unclouded and serene." "Thus we, as Unitarians," he says, "may gratefully accept all the truth that science and literature can confer, while cherishing, in a thoughtful, an affectionate, and a devout life, the precious privilege of spiritual insight. We shall, therefore, be enabled to afford a friendly haven to those who would escape from unsatisfying dogmas, and at the same time heartily and earnestly assure all doubtful thinkers, that, although we know that by searching we cannot find out God, that nevertheless of a surety he has found out us."

The next day of the meeting there was a good deal of discussion on the question of disestablishment. Then came the President's address, in which he alluded feelingly to their losses the past year, of noble and earnest men, and spoke encouragingly of the work done among them. The Rev. Mr. Perrie read a paper on "Recent Orthodox Development," speaking respectfully of the revival movement, but believing there were higher elements at work among our Orthodox friends which would bring about larger results in the future. This was followed by a discussion, taken part in by Mr. Channing, Mr. Freeston, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Benson, &c. Mr. Squiers read a paper on schools for the children of ministers. In the evening there were interesting addresses from Mr. Channing, Rev. Mr. Binns, Rev. Mr. Farrington, Rev. P. H. Wicksteed, and Rev. Charles Beard.

ATHANASE COQUEREL.

Our readers have seen the various notices of M. Coquerel's death, and the outlines of his life in our last number; but we cannot let "The Review" go to press without paying our tribute to the memory of this beloved man. It was our privilege to see him in his own home at Paris. His parlor was adorned throughout with the handiwork of the faithful ladies of his parish. Beautiful embroidery covered the chairs, cushions, and sofa of this apart-

ment of himself and his devoted wife; and the rich home-made tapestry even hung in folds also around the windows, so patient and unending, almost, was the work. It is a picture we like to bring before our eyes, because it shows the feeling of our French friends for their beloved pastor and wife; and also that the old-fashioned days are not gone yet, when notable women love to bring their best offerings, and present them to the church and her minister. It shows us that a French parish is not so different from a New England one, and so causes a new pang of sorrow that he is gone who so longed to bring about fellowship between us and them.

Every week he had a little lecture in his church for the children. He appeared to have prepared himself as carefully as for an audience of grown persons, and gave his whole soul to it for that hour taken out of his busy life. His manner and language were simple and spontaneous. Sometimes his words were poured out rapidly and vehemently, as when he was impressing upon the children, for instance, the importance of sincerity and truthfulness, and the need of studying the Bible for themselves, to find out its excellence, rather than trusting to the chance opinion of those around them. He was generous and noble in his estimate of others, without envy or narrowness of spirit, and free from that egotism or self-complacency which besets those often who are the centre of an admiring circle as he was, and who feel justly that very much rests upon them. His mind seemed to be wholly taken up with his work, as was so apparent even here in this country, where, although he knew that coteries of the best people were ready to hear him, he moved rapidly from place to place, not too fast to leave a genial and noble impression upon everybody with whom he came in contact, but still with his thoughts ever fixed upon that field of labor across the water, for which he was seeking aid. We regretted that he would not stay and look at our mountains, lakes, and rivers; our institutions, charities, our city homes, our New England villages, and Western towns. But no. So it is with all God's workers. They do not refuse to see the wonders of his love; their eyes are not "dull of seeing," but they must look at these things going on their way to where the voice of duty

calls. Perhaps one glance of theirs is better than all the meditations of the tourist.

In the year of 1872, we saw him not long after he had been to Strasbourg to preach, in answer to an urgent wish from the people. They were in that sensitive, overwrought condition, pervading the whole of France after the war. The least exhibition of sore feeling on his part, towards the Prussians, would have carried them to the last pitch of excitement. We remember his expression in describing his visit to us: "Although they speak the German language, they *will be French.*" We cannot explain, as he said, these national affinities, but so it was. He had evidently great power over them to calm and to restrain, and he confined his sermons to the simple truths of Christianity, much as he sympathized with their state of feeling, trying to exalt their mind above earthly disquietudes, to eternal relations. He was much gratified with the affection they manifested for him; but his nervous system was much exhausted by the strain upon his sympathies, and the necessity for repression.

His devotion to the sufferers in Paris during the seige was unremitting. He probably there laid the foundation for the disease of the veins which shortened his life. He, in common with many men in our country, might be called a martyr in the war, although they did not give up their lives at once. There are many valuable men in the Liberal Church. But none can take his place. Every brave worker in God's kingdom has a unique place; but he especially, by the prestige of his name, by his sacrifices and losses, by his courage, learning, and enthusiasm, his words of generous cheer, seemed to bear the banner aloft for others to follow. Long may the spirit of our honored and beloved French brother abide with us, to lead us onward to higher truth!

M. P. L.

REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

Recent Theological Publications in Germany.

1. The "Fundamentaldogmatik," a long word, is the title of a large book, of more than seven hundred pages, in which Herr Heinrich Voigt exposes his ideas of the foundation of theology. His definition of religion is that it is like the human life of Christ, — a holy and blessed life of the child in close union with God as Father. He insists that the religious sentiment is innate, and has its root in the human soul. His words about natural religion are not quite new, but they will be accepted as true. But in the second part of his book, in which he treats of revealed religion, he will not satisfy altogether the conservative or the rationalistic school. He believes in miracles, not as evidences of the inspiration of the writers, but as resting on the good faith of the writers. The Scripture is inspired because it is true, not true because it is inspired. He makes a distinction between the parts inspired and the parts uninspired, limiting the former to prophetic and apostolic utterances, and dismissing as fanciful stories the talking snake and the talking ass. The inspired writers are not infallible by reason of their inspiration; and this has more to do with the spirit of what is said than with the literal word. Voigt rejects the Tübingen style of interpretation as spoiling the Scripture and leading to fanatical theories.

2. The "Lalita Vistara," which was translated by Foucaux some time ago, has now been rendered in the German tongue by Solomon Lefmann, and the first part of the work has appeared in Berlin. It is the Thibetan narrative of the life of Sakyamouni, and purports to be his autobiography. The part already issued gives his pre-natal experience, his life in heaven before he came down to be born in Kapilavasta; and the counsels of the great gods concerning the proper persons to be the parents of this great spiritual redeemer. It carries his soul down to earth with a grand company of angels and abundance of prodigies. This book is one of the Sanskrit classics, and is a high authority with the Buddhist doctors. It has a Chinese translation, and the different manuscripts vary in their readings. Competent critics, like Spiegel, praise the translation of Herr Lefmann, and for the facts it can be trusted. It shows the Buddha in

his glory, the one altogether lovely. All the gods of the "Kama" and "Rapa" worlds are, in comparison with the beauty of the Buddha, no more than rattling skeletons. The continuation of the work will bring out the legends of the son of the Indian king, his strength, his sweetness, his fascination, and his austerities. Lefmann's translation has valuable notes.

3. In orthodox seminaries, the Biblical commentaries of Carl Friedrich Keil and his associate, the learned Delitzsch, have distinguished consideration. They are safe and sound, and have no rude hint of neology. Keil has followed his work on the Old Testament by a bulky work, of four hundred and thirty-two pages, on the most important of the Jewish Apocryphal books, — "Commentar ueber die Buecher der Makkabaeer." Even his accurate scholarship is occasionally at fault, and there are flaws in his Introductions to the Maccabean Books, which bring him into conflict with Josephus, and even with the Scripture itself. How does his statement that before Ezra there was no "Sofer," no *scribe*, in Israel, consist with the remark of Jeremy about the Soferim, more than once mentioned by the prophet? How does his assertion that sacrifices ceased when the Temple of Solomon was destroyed agree with what Josephus says about the sacrifice of Alexander the Great in passing through Jerusalem, and with the word of the later prophets to the time of Malachi? Some will regret, too, that Keil finds only a "Vision" in the angelic visitation of the third chapter of the second Book. The slight defects of the commentary cannot obscure its eminent merits; and it will be quite worthy of translation and the place in the "Clark" Library, which of course it will receive.

4. Herr E. G. Laino, whose name is Italian, though his book is German, disclaims originality. He has compiled a biography of the Saviour of men, and its bulk is astounding, dwarfing the four Evangelical narratives, — more than a thousand pages! But he founds it upon the prolix "Life of Jesus," by J. P. Lange, who had the gift of continuance, if he lacked some other merits. Herr Liano's purpose is to awaken a new interest in the life of the Divine man, and to treat this life with a fullness proportioned to its immense importance. He has read Lange's book so often that he has it by heart, and has assimilated all its ideas and phrases. He cannot easily tell now what is his own and what is his master's. His book adds nothing to the popular biographies. It certainly is not valuable as a critical or suggestive biography, and it has no picturesqueness. It belongs to a class f which Lange's commentaries, the millstone on the neck of our

theological study, are a painful specimen. It is dreadful to think that some pious publisher may issue proposals to publish a translation of the work, and send agents around to force it upon the faithful, with the recommendation of Prof. Schaff and his fellows. The title of the book, not ironical, is "das Leben Jesu auf Grundlage des vohrnehmsten Gebots."

5. One of the works which Hebrew scholars most desire to have restored is "The History of Oriental Nations," by Alexander, surnamed Polyhistor, whose forty-two works exist only in scattered fragments, quoted in the work of Eusebius and by other of the Fathers. The skillful editing of the accomplished Hebraist, Herr Freudenthal, in his "Hellenistische Studien," in some degree meets that want. He compares these fragments, and the fragments of other works, now lost, with the Talmud and the Jewish Hagada. He seems to prove that the Greek Israelites, as well as the Israelites of Palestine, had their special traditionary renderings of sacred precepts, — a "Midrash" of their own corresponding to the Aramaic Midrash. These Talmudic studies, in which the learned Rabbins of Breslau have distinguished themselves in the last thirty years, are quite as valuable in illustrating the ideas of the first Christians, and the origin of the Greek Christian books, as in showing the condition and influence of the Jews in the first Christian centuries. The foes whom the Christian writers quote only to refute may yet become the witnesses to the source of their doctrines in the traditions which they reject. The Jewish Rabbins of Alexandria and Rome are as important in Christian "patristics" as some who are canonized and recorded as "saints."

6. Seven years ago, Herr Alfred von Kremer published in Germany a remarkable history of the ruling ideas of Islam, "Geschichte der herrschenden Ideen des Islams." He has followed it by a work of a still larger plan, entitled "Culturgeschichte des Orients unter der Chalifen." In the first volume of this work, just issued at Vienna, he deals more with the external history and life of the Chalifate empires than with the religion and morals of the Court and people. But the volume goes over a great deal of ground, and the descriptions are exceedingly graphic. Life in Mecca, Life in Damascus, The Constitution of the State, The Financial and Military Condition of the Empire, Mohammedan Law, The Methods of Taxation, The Dowries of the Prophet's Wives, His Gifts to the Children and Pensions to the Soldiers, — such topics as these are treated in a style that makes one think of Macaulay or Gibbon more than of the usual

Teutonic narrative. One of the most interesting sketches is that of the early Arabian music, which was put under ban by Mohammed. Before his time the singing men and women were as much honored among the Arabs as among the Hebrews, and the stone-mason Hudali was as fascinating in his song as Orpheus in Greece, or as the Pied Piper of Hamelin. The stories which Herr Kremer tells of the postal service in the time of the Chalifs "werge upon the poetical."

7. It was said of a famous divine that he could never get his prayer right unless he began at the creation of the world and the primitive counsel of the Lord. Herr Heinrich Geffcken, in his ponderous work, "Staat und Kirche, in ihrem Verhaeltniss geschichtlich geschildert," finds it necessary to go back, after a preliminary distinction of the church from the state, to the very earliest historical day; to show how church and state were related in India and in Egypt, in the ages before Christ and the ages after Christ: and all this, occupying half the volume, merely as introductory to a discussion of what the relation of church and state ought to be in the Germany of to-day. He even brings into the discussion the English and American ideas of church and state. Much of this discussion is evidently irrelevant, and the reader's patience is severely tried. The position of Herr Geffcken on the actual Prussian question is, that Bismarck is to be blamed for not keeping his word, for constraining the Church where he had promised freedom, and for administering the new empire in the interest of Protestantism. His sympathies go with the ultramontanes, even while he condemns their violence and their pretension. The learning of this big book is not usefully applied.

8. In his discourse at the opening of a Catholic theological faculty in the High School of Berne, on the 11th of last December, the learned Prof. Friedrich, of Munich, took occasion to review the aggressions of the Jesuits upon the scholars and the universities of Germany, and he has now published it, with the title "Der Kampf gegen die deutschen Theologen und thelogischen Fakultæten in der letzten zwanzig Jahren." The tone of the indictment is calm enough, but the facts are scathing and damaging. Step by step, with a legal precision of statement, the usurpations of the cunning satellites of Papal tyranny are traced, — in the appointment of Jesuits to the principal bishoprics, in their concordats with the state, in their intrigues to get control of the lower schools and the gymnasia, to separate theological education from the universities, to restore mediævalism, to fasten charges of heresy upon all honest scholars, and to make of all learning only an echo of the scholastic theology and

morality. Friedrich brings out from official documents the astounding fact, that next to the province of Castile, the kingdom of Prussia had in 1871 more Jesuits than any other land, and nearly twice as many as Austria, — over seven hundred in all! The facts of this striking address show that Bismarck's arbitrary acts are not unjustified. Five years ago, Friedrich was a Catholic of high renown.

The Starling. By Norman MacLeod, D.D. New York: Dodd & Mead. 1875.

Character Sketches. By Norman MacLeod, D.D. New York: Dodd & Mead.

These books by the late eminent divine of the Scotch Church are doubtless eagerly welcomed by multitudes of his admirers, yet they will hardly add anything to his literary reputation. The "Sketches" are, for the most part, very slight, probably reprints from newspapers; and, though possessing a certain ease and freshness of style, often somewhat lacking in pith and point. Religious, and wholesomely so, they always are; the hurried, fragmentary work of a large-souled and genially devout man. "The Starling" is a tale illustrating, and effectively satirizing, the religious primness and literalness that has prevailed in Scotland, as well as the hard tenacity of the Scotch ecclesiastical mind, and the tyranny that may attend the discipline of the church. The book is evidently meant to be in some degree a caricature, yet it well sets forth the besetting sins of ecclesiastical martinets in Scotland and elsewhere; and we have no doubt that it is wholesome, as it certainly is entertaining, reading.

Social Pressure. By Sir Arthur Helps, K.C.B. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1875.

It is a misfortune to all lovers of good books that this is presumably the last work of the late thoughtful and genial author of "Friends in Council." We find in it the same delightful aroma of literary leisure, the same wise treatment of out-of-the-way topics, the same large intelligence and serious purpose, the same relief of conversational lightness and "chaff," which gave such a charm to the author's first work. The topics treated here embrace a wide range, but mostly relate to matters of social ethics and political economy. Some of the brief essays with which the conversations are interspersed are entitled "Towns May Be Too Large," "Intrusiveness," "Over-Publicity," "Ridicule," "Choice of Men for Offices," — the closing one, somewhat curiously, being headed, "Looking Back upon Life."

Poetic Studies. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

The propriety of this title is perceived in reading the book. These are "studies" in poetry. The thought does not necessarily, perhaps not naturally, take this form. Consequently there is a considerable interval between some of these productions and poetry. A friend laid down the book, after reading it, with the remark, "Miss Phelps' prose is more poetical than her poetry, and in every way more satisfactory." The best thing in the book is "Learning to Pray,"—best in both sentiment and form. Many of the other pieces are strong, surgent thoughts seeking some other form of utterance than plain prose, and often with good success; though some of them in ceasing to be common cease also to be clear.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

The Unseen Universe; or, Physical Speculations on a Future State. Second Edition, with new Preface. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1875.

Schiller's Die Piccolomini. German Classics for American Students. Edited by James Morgan Hart. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Sexes Throughout Nature. By Antoinette Brown Blackwell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1875.

Plain Directions for the Care of the Sick, and *Plain Directions as to Accidents, Emergencies, and Poisons.* Paper, pp. 64 and 126. Distributed to its Policy Holders by the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York.

Statement of Reasons for Embracing the Doctrines and Disclosures of Emanuel Swedenborg. By the Rev. George Bush, late Professor of Hebrew in the New York University. With a Biographical Sketch of the Author. Paper, pp. xxiv, 120. New York: Published by E. Hazard Swinney. 1875.

Homes of the London Poor. By Miss Octavia Hill. Reprinted from "The Fortnigthly Review" and "Macmillan's Magazine" by permission of the Author. Paper, pp. 78. Price, 25 cents. New York: State Charities Aid Association. 1875.

Proceedings of the Eighth Annual Meeting of the Free Religious Association. Boston: Cochrane & Sampson, Printers. 1875.

Fifteenth Annual Report of the American Unitarian Association. With the Addresses delivered at the celebration of its Semi-Centennial Anniversary, Tuesday, May 26, 1875.

Quarterlies for July: Theological Review, London; Journal of Speculative Philosophy, St. Louis; Universalist Quarterly, Boston; Bibliotheca Sacra, Andover; Congregationalist Quarterly, Boston.

Magazines for August: La Libre Recherche, Atlantic Monthly, Harper's, Scribner's, St. Nicholas, Eclectic, Penn Monthly, Sanitarian.

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CHRISTIAN LIBERTY.

WHAT is the question between the upholders of the free principle in religion and the upholders of the various despotic principles prevalent in many churches? The question is, what is the last earthly appeal in religion? It is not, what is the divine appeal? The divine authority every one alike acknowledges to be the truth of God. Roman Catholic, Calvinist, Unitarian, and the rest, all alike acknowledge the truth of God, and the reality of his world, to be the divine, final, and absolute authority. But the question lies wholly upon the human side, what is the last earthly appeal, on what, humanly speaking, do we in the last resort base our religion? The upholders of religious absolutism are apt to confuse the question, by confounding the divine and human sides of it. The authority of God's truth and of the Roman Catholic Church, says the Roman Catholic, as though they were identical, but the one is divine, the other earthly. And it is the earthly authority alone, about which we differ.

What then is the last earthly appeal in religion? In Christen-

dom, there are four principal answers to this question. There are those who base religion, first, on the church; second, on the Bible; third, on the person Jesus Christ; fourth, on the human spirit itself, directly related with the truth. Observe that these are all realities; the church is a reality, and the Bible and Jesus Christ and the human spirit are realities. It is not, do we believe in these realities, but how do we believe in them, and how do we relate them?

People talk of the coming conflict between Romanism and Protestantism, but the conflict has already come. It is but one phase of the conflict between religious absolutism and religious liberty, which existed long before Luther's day, and which is now going on actively, not only between Romanism and Protestantism, but inside of Protestantism, to some degree in all churches and religions the world over. Whether with us it will again come to carnal blows and bloody battles, is an incidental question. The conflict is now affecting men's souls, which is the main matter. You may cut down a plant with a knife, or you may put it in the dark, out of the sunshine and the rain, and let it pine and wither; and so with men, you may kill them by war, and you may also sap their souls with false doctrine, which will bear fruit after its own kind. And that men prize their soul's life above their body's life they show, themselves, when they are willing to fight for their principles, for their soul's life. The root of religious wars lies in the opposite religious faiths which men hold. But these faiths, whether they result in war or not, work each its own effect upon the soul which holds it, and upon the public character. The conflict is always going on inwardly, whether it break out upon the surface or not.

On these four bases, and various combinations of them, men ground their faith, and on them churches have grown up and are now growing. Each one of these principles has its effect upon the private soul after its kind, and upon the public character, upon the present life of society, and upon the future.

Let us look at each of the four bases, — first, the church. Roman Catholics, Greek Churchmen, I believe, and High Churchmen, and perhaps others, appeal in the last resort to the church, as final and absolute authority. Each understands the church dif-

ferently. The new Romanism puts the whole power over the "faith and morals" of mankind, over the conscience and the conduct of the human race, in the hands of its chief priest, the Pope. The older Romanism vested the same power, not in one autocrat, but in an oligarchy of bishops. The Greek Church and the High Churchman appeal to the decisions of the earlier councils as final. But all, in one form or another, make the church supreme over the conscience and the mind of men. But what is the church of man, which they thus make supreme over man? For it is not the church of God, the holy city of the blessed, the society of perfect souls. It is not the inner church to which they ascribe this authority, though they often speak as if it were; but it is the outward church, the church of man, the earthly representative of the mystical city, the actual ecclesiastical corporation. Now what is this church of man? Is it anything else than a certain number of men, associated for religion? Even granting Jesus to be God, his presence on the earth was only for a few years. All the rest of the time, the church, as an actual institution, has consisted entirely of human beings. What essential difference does it make how many of them there are? The ocean is immeasurably larger than one drop of water, but for all its volume it is still the same water as the drop. So one hundred millions of men, multiplied one hundred times, if you will, gives us nothing more than man. The "semper, ab omnibus, ubique," granting it to be true, gives us only man after all. The church to which this appeal is made is an institution consisting of men. When we analyze it then, the appeal of the church means the appeal to an association of men, or to its government. Those who affirm the church to be supreme over the human soul assume a final and absolute authority, not in God only, but in a human institution also, in a certain body of men, or its elected officers.

Second, the Bible. What is the Bible? It is confessedly composed of the writings of certain Hebrews, from very early times to a short time after Christ. These writings every one acknowledges to be the work of men, conceived in human language, written down by human hands. They do indeed contain the life of others than the writers, they contain the life of those of whom these writers wrote, but even that life comes to us through these

writers. And of those of whom they wrote, one only, Jesus Christ, is claimed by anybody to be God; the others, all the men of the Old Testament, and the apostles in the New, all allow to be men. Even if Jesus were God, he did not write the Old Testament, neither did he write the New Testament, however much it may have been inspired by him. The New Testament was written of him, not by him, but by certain persons confessedly human; and it is not to his writings, but to their writings, and to the writings of their ancient compatriots, that appeal is made when the Bible is set up as infallible. Is the creature more than the creator? Can a human thing be more than the human being whence it came? a book more than its author? Not all the reasoning in the world can shake the simple fact, that a book is a human thing derived from a human being, and that any divine truth which there may be in it must have been in the man first. A book means the man or men whence it came; it cannot mean more than its original. Grant the Bible to have been inspired by God, and him to have been its first cause and divine original, yet the inspiration confessedly passed through men, and must have been humanized in doing so. These men are the human original of the Bible. Those, therefore, who affirm the Bible to be supreme over the conscience assert a final authority over all men's souls, not only in God and his truth, but in certain Hebrew men also.

Third, there are those who consider the person Jesus to be supreme over all men's consciences. This is the position, I should judge, of many Unitarians, especially among the elders, and perhaps of Dr. Channing; though it is hard to get at their precise thought here, if indeed it be precise. Perhaps the question was not so strongly forced home to them as it is to us, and so their thought was less defined. For myself, believing Jesus to be man, and under human conditions, it is impossible for me to conceive a final and absolute authority to be in him. But even on the supposition that Jesus is God and possesses absolute authority, is it possible for us to appeal to it? Is there any medium between him and us, other than a human one. We may appeal to his recorded words, but those came to us through men. We may appeal to the church, as the possessor of the organic Christian tradition,

but the church too, at any rate since Christ's time, consists solely of men. And so of all the possible mediums between him and us, they are all human, and his authority, even if divine and absolute in itself, must be humanized in passing through these men before it reaches us, that is, must lose its absolute quality. Supposing such an authority to exist in Jesus, we must, in order to have it reach us and be operative, deify the medium through which it reaches us; we must either deify the church as the Roman Catholics do, or the Bible or New Testament as some Protestants do, or at any rate that part of the New Testament ascribed directly to Jesus, as some Unitarians incline to do. But no one will assert even those words put by the Evangelists in the mouth of Jesus to have been written by him, but all acknowledge them to have come to us through, at the very least, one man, the writer. And the divine and absolute authority is not a thing to rest on probability, as that this writer in any special case probably reported it right — for that *probably* brings in the very human element, which humanizes the absolute. The authority of Jesus, even if originally absolute, to be operative, must reach us through an absolute medium. To affirm it, we must affirm an absolute authority in the men through whom it comes to us.

Fourth, there are those who rest religion, at the last earthly appeal, upon the human spirit itself, directly and responsibly related with the truth of God and the reality of his world; upon the integrity of the human conscience inwardly related with the divine spirit. The personal watchword of this position is, "salvation by faith, not by conformity to human ordinances and established observances, but by the free loyalty of the spirit to the truth." The right of private judgment is the same thing on the intellectual side. Man, the child of God, is its gospel. Since Luther broke the Roman absolutism in Western Europe, this faith has been largely present in the Protestant part of Christendom, along with much else, which tradition has mixed with it, but with which it cannot unite, always present in some measure, modifying, reforming, inspiring one part after another of Protestantism. "Here I stand: I cannot otherwise: God help me: Amen." That faith broke Rome; that faith is still working in Christendom.

How then is this last faith, which, while making its final and di-

vine appeal to the truth of God, makes its last human appeal to the personal conscience itself, related with the others which we have been considering, — first, with that faith which makes the church supreme over all consciences? The outward church which is here appealed to simply means, as we have seen, a certain number of men religiously associated, simply a part of mankind. To give to a part of mankind absolute dominion over the consciences of the rest of mankind necessarily denies the divine spirit in the rest of mankind, denies them their gospel birthright, and puts above them, not only the divine authority, but a human absolutism as well. This absolutism varies in its form. It may vest the whole power in one pope, which is the present Roman form, the most developed form of tyranny, only saved from being intolerable by the absence of power in the pope to enforce his decrees, or it may vest it in a body of bishops, or other officers. The more remote and the more vague the body in which the authority rests, the greater the practical liberty, but the form makes no essential difference in the principle. Wherever an absolute authority is claimed for the church over my conscience, there my gospel birthright is denied, and in place of God and his truth, is put a body of men and their commandments, a human absolutism.

And those who appeal in this way to the Bible as final over the private conscience, do the like. The Bible, as we have seen, has a human original, as well as a divine original. It means the men from whence it came, of whom and by whom it was written. To affirm it then to be final over my conscience necessarily denies my right of conscience, subjects me and the spirit in me to certain Hebrew men. It is essentially the same human absolutism as that of the infallible church. It allows us greater practical liberty indeed, for the authority is so remote, and the contents of it so varied, that unless supplemented by some infallible intrepreter and agent, there is a wide range of interpretation and action possible. From the book of Genesis to Revelation there is room for a very considerable breadth of speculation both in faith and morals. We may be polygamists with Abraham, as the Mormons are; we may hew down the heathen with Joshua and Samuel, as our forefathers did; we may hold slaves with the Israelites, and perhaps the early Christians, as the Southerners did; we may curse our enemies

with some of the Psalmists, and with Paul, as all incline to do; and we may believe a great variety of things, and all piously and properly, if it be true that the whole Bible is the absolute Word of God, and one part of it as good as any other. And even if in our private interpretation we ascribe to the Bible a doctrine not found in it at all, there is yet no human authority to overrule us, and we may go on unchecked. In an infallible church, such a heresy is checked at once by the actual government. But without such an interpreter and agent, it may exist freely. So when the Reformers denied the infallibility of the church, and letting the infallibility of the Bible remain, affirmed the right of private interpretation, it was as if we should deny the authority of the United States government, while still affirming the authority of our written constitution, with the right of each one to interpret it by his own mind. Evidently that meant a much larger practical liberty than before, — it meant the breaking up of the existing organization and government of the church.

There is then more room in this position which makes the Bible infallible than in that which makes the church so. The men who by it rule my conscience are not living. There is no human sanction to their word, no anathema can come from them, or imprisonment, or coercion. They are remote. We must go to them if we would know their meaning. They do not stand over us with direct power in their hand. But yet the principle is the same. And though the yoke would seem comparatively easy, the authority being so remote, yet experience shows us that it constantly tends to gather a present executive power about itself, and that this form of absolutism can gall and warp and crush souls and people with terrible power.

Thirdly, the position of those who ascribe this authority over the conscience to Jesus Christ is open to a like objection, if Jesus be man, as I believe. But even if he be God himself, the Eternal Word incarnate, his authority cannot reach us except through a human medium, and hence cannot be operative.

The question, then, between the upholders of the free principle in religion, and those who rest in any human being or thing, a final authority over the conscience, apart from persuasion and conviction, the question between us is, are we the children of God,

in a full, free sense, directly and responsibly related with his truth and his spirit, or are we absolutely subject to certain men also, — our mind to their dictation, our conscience to their rule? Such a question needs only to be stated, — it answers itself.

We have been considering the principle of religious freedom in its relations with the principle of absolute and final authority in church, or in Bible, or in Jesus Christ. It is evident that the argument applies with equal force to any claim of an absolute authority in any human being or thing whatever. We have specifically considered how the principle of freedom is related with the claims set up by some men for the church, the Bible, and Christ. We have not considered the church, the Bible, and Christ, as they are, but as they are sometimes claimed to be. It remains to consider them as they are. For, as I have said, they are realities. In denying the claims set up by some men for them, I have not denied them. I have simply examined the dogmas built on them, and come to them. How then is the liberty which I have affirmed related with Bible, church, and Christ?

The principle of that liberty is that man is the child of God, — his judgment related with the truth, his conscience with the righteousness, his heart with the spirit of God. In the consciousness of his divine birthright, he who holds this faith refuses to surrender his spirit to any human power, but in the oneness of his nature with the nature of his fellow-men, in the recognition of the same spirit in them as in himself, he is drawn to his fellow-men and to all things human. His faith in God reaches down to man, the child of God, and for the least and lowest of men he has some reverence, divining in him, even against all appearance, some measure of the Father's spirit. This reverence grows as he apprehends the divine in man or in human things. He who holds this faith recognises the divine birthright at once of himself, and of all mankind. Thus all human things have their meaning to him in proportion to the truth in them.

Let us take the Bible, then. What is the Bible, and what does it contain? What does it represent to us? It represents, first, in the Old Testament, the life of the Hebrew nation from its early beginning to the time of Christ, — not alone the writers and those of whom they wrote, but also those who preserved these

books through all these generations. The Hebrew nation by natural selection, by the common consent of the public conscience and heart, preserved the books of the Old Testament, as that of all their written life most holy, most dear to their hearts, and good for their souls. The Old Testament was not first canonized, and then loved and revered, — it was first loved and revered, and then canonized. Next, in the New Testament, are represented to us Jesus Christ and his followers. Though not the writer, Jesus is the chief original of the New Testament, the object which inspired it. Finally, the Bible represents to us the judgment of Christendom from Christ's time until now, that is in the early centuries before Mohammed, of the West of Asia, the North of Africa, and what of Europe was then civilized, — since Mohammed's time, of Europe and her offshoots, and at this present time of Europe and America and their offshoots. By all this part of humanity the Bible has been judged to contain the holiest recorded inspiration and life known to our race, to be the writing best fitted for the inspiration of the religious life, both the life of the private soul and of the church.

So much of the human spirit is represented to us in our Bible, and if against our sight we apprehend the divine spirit in the sinful and wicked, how much more do we owe reverence to this book, in which is gathered the life and faith and judgment of so many generations. If we believe that we are free by reason of the spirit in us, and that that spirit is not one man's birthright only, but all men's birthright, then by that very faith we ascribe a place to the Bible proportionate to the men whom it represents to us. Thus while we reject the claim of those who ascribe an infallible supremacy to the Bible, we do not reject the Bible itself, but rather establish it in a new and more intimate relation with our life. Recognising in mankind the spirit whereby we ourselves are free, we reverently regard the fruits of that spirit in the Bible, and in the pious care which has preserved it for us.

So with the church. The church represents to us the larger religious life of Christendom. It holds the organic religious tradition of our part of humanity. If we believe in the spirit in man, can we disregard the fruit of the spirit in the church? No: however much we may reject the principles of some churches, and

some things in the church, we reverence it by that same faith whereby we are free. However wanting we may think it compared with that ideal church, as all things actually are compared with their ideal, yet when we compare it with other human things as we should compare it, we behold in it a mighty and glorious fruit of the spirit. In establishing our special church upon a free basis, we establish the general church in a new and fruitful relation with our life.

And with regard to Jesus also, to whom of all men the eyes of our western world have turned since he appeared among us, and who of all men has most held its loyalty and faith, and who now in the general faith of Christendom is either identified with God or stands next to him, as the one whose spirit, of all humanity, has reached nearest to the divine spirit, — in rejecting any claim for him in an absolute supremacy over our souls we do not necessarily reject him as the human head of our church, — as being of all humanity with whom we are consciously associated the one most filled with the divine spirit. There is nothing in the principle of freedom which I have affirmed inconsistent with faith in Jesus, as standing in our conscience next to God. While we cannot accept his authority as absolute and overruling, apart from our own persuasion and conviction, for that would deny the gospel which he taught, whereby we are the children of God, we may yet recognize in him that spirit which we believe to be in man, in fuller measure than in any other known to us. As for myself, I do.

And this applies to all of human life and history, as well to heathen as Christian. He who holds this faith will not despise the religion of any human being. The worst idol, as has been said, has represented God to a human soul, and even while we may shudder at some faiths and practices, there yet mingles a certain reverence with our honor — something of the pathos of human life and of the human heart is present even in the abominations of Moabitish, or Feejee idolatry. Thus regarding all the religions of humanity, we do not put them on the same level. We know very well a religion of human sacrifice is not on a level with the religion of love. We know that Christianity is better than the paganisms of Greece, and Rome, and Egypt, and Syria, and the northern nations which it superseded. We know there is hardly

such a thing as a level in human life, whether religious or otherwise, and that the notion that one religion is as good as another, however smooth as a dogma, will not fit the facts of history, and our own experience. We do not put all religions on a level, but we believe in giving to each its relative position according to the value of its truth as witnessed by our spirits.

But to return to our special subject. In affirming our freedom we do not make void the Bible or the church, but we establish them in a new position. We see in them the life of souls kindred with our own; we become one with them in the free union of sympathy. The spirit in us not only frees us from human bondage, but unites us with all men and all human things in which the same spirit dwells. So that the question is not, shall we hold to or reject the Bible, the church, and Christ? but, shall we have them as our absolute masters, quenching our spirits, overruling our minds, crushing our souls without appeal, or shall we have them as fraternal helpers and guides, opening, quickening, inspiring us to a kindred and free life? In affirming the principle of freedom over an absolute authority, we do not annul the religious bond between men, we change it from a bond of despotism and subjection to one of union and co-working helpfulness. The religious principle upon which this freedom rests, namely, that man is the child of God, and hence not subject to human domination, I find most deeply original in the gospel of Jesus, and as his word I preach it. If there be any one who thinks it original with himself, let him so preach it, and let the fact judge him.

But it is objected that this principle which makes us free, and at the last appeal rests upon the private conscience, is a private principle, that it tends to individualism, and to make us look upon every man as the centre of the world, which is evidently error and confusion. There are, indeed, some who boldly proclaim individualism as the equivalent of freedom; but it is not a question of boldness, but of truth. Religious individualism, whatever larger meaning we may foist upon the word, naturally suggests, and indeed emphasizes, the religious separation of men. It centres the world, so to speak, in each man. But are you, after all, we may ask, the individualist, the central fact of the world? I am to myself, he may answer. But ought you not to be to yourself what

you are in reality, and then if you are so to yourself, do you not deceive yourself? Let us rather be to ourselves what we are in fact, as far as that is possible to us.

It is a natural fear which sees in freedom the exaltation of self, and a natural narrowness by which many professing freedom fall into individualism and lose their larger life and sympathy; but the fear and the narrowness alike are based upon a misconception, — upon the recognition of only half the principle. That principle is not only that I am free, that taken alone is individualism, but also the spirit whereby I am free is in all other men, and in all human things, — that unites us with all human life.

By what right can he who affirms the spirit in man as the last earthly appeal, and because of its presence in himself holds himself free from all human domination, — by what right can he disregard the spirit in his fellow-men? by what right can he despise the Bible and the church, which are its long matured and precious fruits? by what right can he despise the judgment which has brought them down to us.

This is the natural logic of the principle which I have affirmed. He who professes religious freedom, then, proceeds to shut himself up within himself, or within any narrow circle, or within the limits of the present generation, and despises other men and human things is only half free. Not until he recognizes the spirit in man, present and past as well, and in all human things, books, institutions, arts, traditions, — not until then can he know the full measure of freedom, or receive the full freedom of our city. Enfranchising one enfranchises all, — that is the natural logic of it. Once recognize the spirit whereby we are free in all mankind, and in all that men have done and thought and created, and we find our narrowness expanding, we find our souls breathing a larger atmosphere, we find ourselves uniting with our fellow-men in all directions, learning of them, resting in them, becoming one with them in an ever larger fellowship. When we catch this faith, the life of humanity stirs to us with a new movement. The Bible and the church grow living. Through them the spirit of kindred souls speaks to us, not with formal commandment and fixed rules, but with the freer voice of example and sympathetic life.

It is likewise objected that by turning to the principle of freedom, rather than to any form of absolute authority, we give up a professedly infallible and fixed authority, for one confessedly variable, fallible, and imperfect, and this seems a great surrender. And it is very true, that he who recognizes the free spirit in man will no longer look for any final and infallible authority in man, or in the church. But though upon the face of it, it seems a great surrender to give up all idea of such an authority in the church, yet a little consideration may change our view. Consider a moment, the church of man is made up of men. Believe it to be divine, as well we may, yet the divine spirit is contained in earthen vessels, in men, its books written, its service rendered, its entire life, at least since Christ's time, confessedly lived by men. Not the pope himself can deny that. The church, then, consisting of men, what does an infallible supremacy in the church mean? or in any part of the church, Scriptures, councils, or pope? What can it mean but the supremacy of one part of the church over the rest? The infallible authority seems a glorious thing in itself, but it cannot reside *in* the church without being exercised *over* the church. It includes not only the exaltation of one part, but the subjection of the other part. If we set the Bible up on the divine throne, we do indeed exalt it, but by the same act we subject all men's souls to it. If we set up the bishops or the pope, in so doing we put down under their feet the rest of the church. Exalt the infallible authority high aloft, and say that in it the church is exalted: but these subject ones, are not they, too, part of the church? is not the church degraded in their degradation?

Look upon this picture of a church in which there is an absolute supremacy claimed, and as far as possible enforced. See this power raised up, and see the rest, the great body of believers, subject to it, stifling their minds, thinking to do God service by denying their own souls, and surrendering their noblest part. That we may see any day around us. Does such a church as that, with one power enthroned above, and all the rest subject at its feet, seem to us more perfect than that church which grows out of the fellowship of free souls held together by common loyalty to the truth?

But in setting aside the claim to infallible authority, we are not

delivered up to mere chance direction. Our consciences, though not infallible, are yet responsible; and not merely responsible in an absolute sense, but their responsibility is sanctioned and upheld by all the realities of God's world and by his laws. If I in my freedom make a mistake, the same pains and inevitable consequences will follow it, as if I believed in an infallible authority. If I sin, my sin will find me out just the same, the judgment of my life, good and bad, will follow hard behind me, and scourge or bless me just the same. Rejecting all claim to infallible authority, we do not reject the moral law, nor our accountability, nor do we, nor indeed can we, escape its judgment. By affirming that there is a spirit in man whereby he is free from human domination, we do indeed annul that law which puts men's commandments in the place of God's truth, but we do not annul or deny the law of God. Rather we establish it in a more intimate relation with the human heart, as having there its direct hold and power. Affirming the spirit in man, we consciously bind ourselves by the spirit to the law and truth of which our spirits witness. The free church is held together, not by any compulsion of uniformity forced upon it from without, but by the integrity of the conscience in men, drawing them to the truth, and drawing them to a union with each other in the truth. So that the principle of freedom does not do away with the unity of the faith. On the divine side, it looks to that unity of truth which others look to. The truth as it is, one and invariable, the reality of God, the eternal laws which uphold it, — to these we make the same appeal as others do. It is, as I have said, not on the question of the divine unity of the truth, but on the earthly unity representing it, that we differ. And on the human side, the unity of freedom is based upon faith in the integrity of the human spirit, its vital relation with the one truth of God, and upon the oneness of the spirit in all men. It is not invariable. It recognizes the imperfection of man, and all things of man, even the church of man. Its unity is not a thing of the past, essentially accomplished, or with its development confined and ruled within certain limits. It reaches after the unity of divine truth, conscious that it has only partially attained to it, knowing that God's word cannot be bound within any earthly thing, but seeking still its measure of the truth, and knowing that

in that it will at least attain to unity. Thus we do not do away with the unity of the faith, however much diversity and struggle may accompany the change in freedom, but we reach after a larger unity than the fixed canon either of Bible or of church. We rest our unity upon the oneness of the truth itself and the oneness of the human mind vitally related with it. In that faith we wait for the larger unity, which shall be strong enough to bear variations and diversities, that unity to which, through change and struggle, we believe the integrity of our minds will at last bring us.

And here there arises an interesting question for us to consider: how is the private judgment related with the public judgment, the private conscience with the public conscience, the private duty and action with the public duty and action?

This is a much larger question than it at first looks, and includes the relation of our own mind and conscience, not alone with those of our immediate neighbors, but with the entire world present and past, in any way associated with us.

In any case, it is evident that we shall either agree with the general judgment or differ from it. If we agree, the case is simple; but if we differ, what principle ought then to guide us? Suppose, for instance, the public round me says, this is so. I look at it, and it seems to me not so. I look again, and in all simplicity of conscience, I see it as before. Here is a conflict. I have a mind and conscience; so have my neighbors. We stand on an even footing there. Furthermore, we are both fallible. I may be right and they wrong, or they right and I wrong.

There are, then, two dangers here. I am liable to think myself right when I am wrong, that is, I may be wilful and self-conceited; and I am liable to think them right when they are wrong, that is, I am liable to surrender my mind to theirs. Which of these dangers is the greater? Your radical partisan answers that question easily. He lays it down, "The dangers of an excessive individualism are much less than those of an undue submission to authority." Your conservative partisan settles it as easily, "The one danger of the present time is this wilful disregard of institutions and established beliefs." But these judgments seem rather to fit the personal taste and sympathy of those who utter them,

than to express the full truth of the matter. The radical partisan does not see that his wilfulness and arbitrariness is the very evil in himself which he so hates in others. If a church tries arbitrarily to impose its word on me, it is tyranny. If one man tries arbitrarily to impose his word on me, is not the motive the same, and the effect the same, as far as it goes? The Roman Catholic Church says, Believe as I say, or be banned here and suffer hereafter: the arbitrary man says, Believe as I say, or you are a fool. Is there not a family likeness here? Is the motive any less arbitrary, because the form it takes is personal and not ecclesiastical? Multiply our arbitrary man by some millions, put power into his grasp, let the same temper guide him, and have we not something very like the ecclesiastical tyranny which above all things he hates? But it is not the size, but the quality of our action, which determines its character. An arbitrary man is of the same piece as all other tyrannies. He is a younger brother of the pope, whatever name he may be called by, however large or small his party. This subtile spirit of tyranny needs nothing larger than a human heart to dwell in. He is as much at home under the cap of liberty as under the crown or the tiara, and can speak all languages, and wear all colors, and assume all styles. He can inspire to selfishness alike the rich and poor, the learned and ignorant, the weak and powerful, alike the priest and him who hates the priest, alike the vast organized church and the little churches, and the sect of yesterday, be it orthodox or heterodox. He can creep into them all and possess them. He lurks at the door of all our hearts, and laughs as he enters where the door is left unguarded, in the security that we are surely free. We think we are fighting battles for freedom, and attacking ecclesiasticism, and working hard against all forms of tyranny; and lo! the enemy which we have thought possessed only churches and governments, and large and public bodies, glides subtly into our souls, and we know it not; and we too are among the tyrants: we have caught their spirit. I cannot hold the dangers of an excessive individualism to be comparatively slight, for I see that arbitrariness in one man is the same thing as in a vast institution, that it is an injury to his own soul, and to all around him, for it is a disease that is catching.

Neither can I agree with our conservative partisan, that the great need of the times is unconditional conformity to established ideas and institutions, for that would give us peace at the expense of character. What would it profit us if we should gain perfect quiet and uniformity, an undisturbed discipline and organization, a public life in church and state without a stir or ripple on its surface, if in so doing we should lose the manhood which is the public soul? What would it profit us to have an outward order, if we had no men and women of free minds, of original and achieving energy, eager for truth, filled with generous and lofty purposes? Such are only bred by freedom. In the long run, too, this submissiveness of character would be the opposite of safe. If we should succeed in taming the public to perfect smoothness, we should in so doing lay the seeds of a worse trouble than we had cured. This weak, submissive temper would either bring the decline of the public spirit, or would prepare the way for a reaction as uncontrolled and wild as the submissiveness had been unreasoning and tame.

In case of a conflict, then, between my conviction and the public conviction, what principles should guide me? I may be right or the public may be right. The presumption of numbers is on the public side. And history shows us multitudes of dissents from the public judgment where the dissenters were mistaken. Our own experience tells us that we have often thought ourselves wiser than the world, and a little study or experience has reversed our judgment. History shows us multitudes of men dreaming that they are great poets or painters or musicians, and men who have conceived universal reforms, and the setting of all things upon new foundations, and the establishment of new religions, but who have not had the stuff to do it with, and so have failed. Human life is pathetic with such mistakes as these.

And, on the other hand, there are plenty of instances in history and in our own experience, where one simple, straightforward conscience, even of a young, unlearned, inexperienced person, has been right, against the voice of age, and the judgment of the wise and prudent.

I may be right or the public may be right, how shall we decide? We must appeal to the truth itself, about which we differ, to test

our judgment. The ground of all faith is the reality which is the object of faith; in proportion as that reality is perceived and grasped, will our faith in it be strong and firm. My personal faith and the public faith rest upon the one reality which is the object of it. In case of conflict, then, we must test our conviction by the reality, and by the reality I do not mean merely the abstract truth of the matter, but the reality in any of its forms, either the inward essential truth, or the fruit of it, the practical tendency of it. How does this idea work? How does it affect the character? How society? Will it bring decline or progress? Thus, in all manner of ways, we must test the question between any public conviction and our own, if we differ from it. This consideration will cure us of many self-deceptions. Inquiry justifies what is true, but works the opposite effect with what is false. But if the conflict still remain, and inquiry confirm it, what then? How stands the balance between our private judgment and the public judgment? At first glance, our private judgment shows very small; it is one man against a multitude. If numbers rule, we must surrender. But if the one man, as sometimes happens, has the truth, how stands it then? Remember Frederic Douglas' words, "One with God is a majority." One man with the truth outweighs the world without it. He holds a position against which numbers have no meaning.

In case of such a conflict, then, which test and inquiry does not remove, but confirm, we must stand by our private conviction, not in self-conceit, but in simple loyalty to the truth and to our own souls. Consider, too, what is the origin of the public judgment? Evidently it is the combined private judgments of many men. If no man had a mind or judgment of his own, there would be no public judgment. In appealing to our private judgment against the public judgment, we are appealing to the original, against that which is derived from it. We are going back to the source of the public judgment. And we must stand by our conviction, because, whether mistaken or not, it is our own, and we are responsible for it. We cannot delegate our responsibility to any agent. The commandment is Thou! not thy church or thy Bible or thy party, but Thou.

And after we have done our best, we may yet be mistaken.

We must remember our liability to error, and we must take the responsibility of possible error. Yet if we keep our minds open to discern the effect of our belief, we may, if in error, soon perceive it, and right it. And if our eye were single and our conviction faithful, our motive not the exalting of ourselves, but the prevailing of the truth, even finding ourselves wrong, after all, may have its consolation and we may magnanimously rejoice, or at least with our humiliation mingle something of rejoicing, that the truth has prevailed even over us.

In this faith that we are the children of God, and our consciences and minds directly related with his truth, there is unbounded inspiration and hope. Every faith has its inspiration after its own kind, according to the nature of its object, and the intensity with which that object is grasped. If, then, we shut the soul within a human authority and hedge it round with biblical or ecclesiastical limits, we take away the inspiration of the soul's life in the same proportion. If the earthly authority which we set up be coextensive with the universal truth, then indeed there would be no limitation of faith or loss of inspiration; but if the authority we set up be less, then there must follow this loss of faith. By as much as the authority is less than the truth, by so much is the life inspired by it less. This is not a mere danger and apprehension; the injury is actual and open to our observation. Observe the life of the Roman Catholic Church, and of other hard-shell churches. In certain directions, when their rule permits it, there is a highly developed life, perhaps surpassing what we find elsewhere. But on those sides where the despotism presses, see the stifling of the soul, the persistent, zealous, fanatical, and cruel injury and maiming of our nature; see the encroaching tyranny, overmastering one part after another, and crushing out its life! Not only is the object of the soul's faith lessened, when we set up a human authority in place of God's truth; but the soul itself grows smaller, grows used to subjection; until at last it becomes, we may say, naturally subject, and loses even the thought of its free manhood. And when that happens to a person or people or church, there is an end of worthy life, of original thought and action, an end of living prophecy and prayer, until some soul, growing among hidden ways to strength, bursts the bonds, and wakes the world again to the free consciousness of manhood.

When any human authority exalts itself above the human conscience, it forgets the origin of all just human authority. When any church, or religious society of men, exalts itself above the conscience, it forgets that it is itself the offspring of that conscience, and that in quenching it, it is quenching the sources of its own life. When the church of man shall humble herself to the simple truth, and recognize her human origin, and her human conditions, and her human duty, and, seeking not her own glory, but the truth of God and the good of man, shall abase herself to the level of man, we shall see a new church.

We have been considering the nature and conditions of Christian liberty, and some of the relations growing out of it. I have based it on the Christian faith that man is the child of God, and directly related with his truth. We have seen that all claims to an infallible supremacy over the human conscience in any book, or institution, or person, are only various forms of human despotism, the setting of a portion of mankind over the rest, thereby denying to the rest their divine birthright. We have seen, too, that while this principle of freedom is in deadly conflict with any such despotic claims, it is not antagonistic, but, on the contrary, sympathetic, with the gathered life of religious institutions, and with the public religious life; that this gospel faith unites as well as frees us, unites us with the life of all kindred souls, and unites us with all institutions, books and persons, with a power proportionate to their truth. I have spoken of the narrowness of those who interpret this freedom only on its individual side, of the unity which this faith gives, larger and deeper based in the human heart, than any despotic unity can be, of its recognizing the whole body of believers as integral parts of the church, and enfranchising all instead of exalting a part over the rest.

I have considered the relations of our private judgment with the general judgment, the danger of arbitrarily exalting ourselves, and the danger of surrendering our souls, and finally I have pointed to the inspiration and promise of this faith.

In affirming this liberty against any absolute, earthly authority, we do not break the tie which unites us with mankind. We change it from an outward domination to an inward fellowship. Neither do we give up our divine allegiance; rather, we establish

it more deeply, resting it in the inner spirit. We establish it upon the new covenant, the law written upon the tables of our hearts.

Jesus bids us, as the summit of our aspiration, be perfect as our Father in heaven is perfect; and he who carries in his heart the holy consciousness of God's spirit within him, while it will humble him to see himself in the light of such a faith, will yet meekly dare to follow this exalted hope, and will seek to grow into the divine fulness, toward the full measure of divine grace.

In this faith we stand, free by the spirit in us, one with our fellow-men in the union of the spirit, receiving from them help and strength in proportion to the truth which we recognize in them, and yielding them our reverence and faith for the truth with which they bless us, looking with them to the common source and end of all our life.

And round this holy gospel I see forming a renewed church, free, enlightened, powerful. I see it gathering all the human faculties to its service, putting off its swaddling-bands and its confused entanglements, and waking to the consciousness of its strength, casting its young, prophetic glance over the round world. I see it in the future, rising in its mighty youth, overcoming one form of error after another, meek, gracious, and irresistible, winning nations to itself, and regenerating humanity. I see this holy gospel enduring through the ages until its work is accomplished, and the sons of men, filled with its inspiration, become indeed the sons of God, blameless and without rebuke.

FRANCIS T. WASHBURN.

"THE CHILDHOOD OF RELIGIONS."*

WHOEVER has been so happy as to read to intelligent children Mr. Clodd's little volume called "The Childhood of the World," must have looked forward with delight to that which now lies before us. If the first volume had any defects, and we do not remember that it had, it would have seemed too ungracious to point them out, when it was so wholly satisfactory in the main, so greatly superior to any previous attempt to open young minds to a liberal comprehension of the "beginning of things."

But here we have the "beginnings of faith," a work not likely to interest the very young, and certain to lead to still another volume. The same hand must go on to sketch the "Childhood of the Christian Church," — and there is no saying how long these classics of the Sunday school and the family may retain their place and power.

Criticism now becomes a duty. All work of this kind has been so ill done hitherto that it behoves us to indicate every defect, and watch for every bias likely to impair the value of the work still to be done.

It cannot be denied that the volume we anticipate is by far the most important of its series. The spirit of Mr. Clodd's work is so sweet, his mind so candid, and his English so pure, that we would rather trust him to undertake it, than any student of his time, — but what he has so far done sinks into insignificance, when we begin to consider what he may do, if he will teach our children to read the New Testament fairly, making such allowance for the Oriental life depicted, for its atmosphere, customs, habits, and hopes, as are unconsciously made for those painted in the "Arabian Nights," if he will show them how to estimate the character of Jesus, taken from his own stand-point and dropping all the errors, misapprehensions, and superimposed conceptions, the natural result of ignorance and prejudice in his own time.

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* The Childhood of Religions. By Edward Clodd, F.R.A.S. London and New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1875.

Something, too, let him give us concerning the education of Jesus, — that training which was scholarly and which we cannot help thinking he went to Egypt to seek, and that training which came from his position as a Nazarene, outlawed by the judgments and prejudices of Jerusalem.

Very little our gospel tells us of all this, but that little has so far been neither fairly displayed nor skillfully interpreted.

All such work as this, as well as much of that which has been done in the volume before us, calls for some of the rarest gifts of the critic and translator. Let no one undertake to interpret the Hebrew Scripture who is not in a certain sense a poet born. The most beggarly Arab is so born as well as the most ignorant Irishman. The people to whom the Scriptures were read weekly in the Synagogue were far too imaginative to fancy for a moment that the dome of heaven contained windows that could be opened, or that the days, which broke in a morning, and closed with evening, while the primal processes of creation went on, were necessarily only twenty-four hours long. The allowance for Oriental methods of speech, indicated later, should have been put to use in the analysis of these earliest records. If those hymns, borrowed, it may be, from an Aryan scripture, were written in a literal sense, they are the only things in the whole Bible which are so. If Mr. Clodd could be in Idumea when the autumn rains fall this year, he would hear once more that the "windows of heaven" were opened; and, if he tried to get his Arabs to define the expression, they would stare at him queerly, shrug their shoulders, and walk away!

A little farther on, he tells us to compare the distorted and vulgar legends of Babylon with the "simpleness and quiet dignity" of Genesis. Here was the proper point to indicate the source of that simpleness and dignity, to show in what respect the fathers of the Hebrew race rose superior to their contemporaries, and how the ethical mistakes that they made were the very means of keeping safe for us the truths which it was their special function to hold clearly before the human eye. If to Phœnicia it was given to develop the commercial genius of mankind, so that her coasts should become the mighty exchange of the whole world; if Greece was born into the family of nations to develop the

human perception of eloquence and beauty; if Rome's highest prerogative was to establish and interpret human law,—it is no less certain that the Hebrews were planted behind the rocky fastnesses bordering on the coasts, to which sooner or later the whole world must float, chiefly to nurture the religious sentiment of mankind, and to keep safe for it the pure faith in one God, a God whom Moses as well as Jesus proclamed as the tender Father of all his children.

To this end the leaders in that great work developed the national pride, counted their people as the darlings of the Most High, and built up the barriers between them and surrounding nations; for it was in constant contact with the most tempting and the most debasing idolatries on earth that their great trust must be held. It was only a suggestion of the literal fact, when it is said, in the story of the temptation, that Jesus, carried up into a high mountain, was shown "all the kingdoms of the earth." From the mighty rock which overhangs his native village still could be seen in his time traces of every ruling power, and temples of every accepted God. Let us keep a quick and vivid sense of what we owe to the great Hebrew people. No other people was ever endowed with a religious instinct like theirs, and it is to that spiritual insight, which enabled them to drop so many offensive and unmeaning passages from their scripture, that we owe "the simpleness and quiet dignity" of Genesis. In these points, as well as in his coming interpretation of the life of Jesus, the work which we ask from Mr. Clodd must be neither pedantic nor critical beyond measure. We do not care who wrote the older Scripture nor the later: we know that we hold this "treasure in earthen vessels;" but we want common sense, and what ought to be common knowledge, applied to the analysis he undertakes. The divinest thing in the whole Bible is the simple fact that "he who runs may read" it, for all practical purposes.

We have begun to dread the tyranny of science as we once dreaded the tyranny of the church, and it does not seem to us that the tyranny of the philologist is a bit better than that of the evolutionists. How it is possible for any one to speak so positively of knowledge attained as Mr. Clodd sometimes does, we can hardly understand. The simplest and clearest philological argument ever

made, that of Mr. Taylor in behalf of the Ugric origin of the Etruscans, was met upon its first publication by the distrust of all his associates; yet there is little doubt that the only ground for this distrust was the completeness and satisfactoriness of the statement. Men had been looking in an entirely different direction for the key to this problem. They expected to find it rusty or warped. When found, it fitted the lock far too easily.

In referring to the Persian traditions of the expulsion from Paradise, we think Mr. Clodd makes a mistake in introducing the Greek and Latin stories of Pandora. These latter myths do not belong to the "Childhood of Religions." They are not so much growths as priestly constructions. Before we find them, they had lost their vitality, and were manipulated coldly by every passing poet in a way that the readers of the Æneid will understand.

Here, too, was the proper place to introduce a full account of the sixteen stages of primitive migration, described in the Zend-Avesta, the most important contribution to our speculation concerning the geography of Eden that ancient scriptures offer, and there young readers might have seen, how the glacier and volcano united to drive men from Cashmere to the table-lands of Thibet and the fastnesses of Palestine, and have learned to suspect that the "flaming sword" which "turned every way to keep the tree of life," was only a vestige of that outward manifestation of the central fires which has desolated Iceland in our own time, and made the great tragedy of that of the younger Pliny.

It does not seem to us that there is any special need to look for a new Adam under the waters of the Indian Ocean. We may expect to find the more northern regions, sheltering the first man, at any time when the climate was suited to the tropic fossils of Siberia, and the four primal rivers are not so near to the Indian Ocean, as to the lands now desolate, of which that Persian scripture tells. In a note to page 50, discussing the disposition of undeveloped races, to endue animate or inanimate matter with will and responsibility, like that of men, it seems to us, that the whole meaning of Genesis ix. 5, and Exodus xxi. 28, is misunderstood. The point of the matter in both cases is sanitary, like that of the "leprosy of houses." A more extended reading in Exodus shows clearly that the *owner* is held responsible for his beast,

which is to be killed because it is dangerous, and not eaten, because the blood of an enraged animal is unwholesome.

When we come to the scientific discussion of the first appearance of man upon the earth we feel again, how much more confident of his conclusions Mr. Clodd seems than, in our view, the facts justify. There is no doubt that the point of time is too remote for our conception, and a few calculations of eras of deposit in connection with lacustrine and cave relics is all very well, but the *uncertainty* of the calculations should also be indicated, else our new errors will be as mischievous, if not quite as cramping, as the old. We cannot ourselves feel that science has yet settled the precise age of any of the geological formations, or even the number of years it takes to submerge in sand a sphinx or a pyramid.

No human being ever yet mastered, nor probably ever will master the changing conditions of solution, climate, and agitation which may accelerate or retard the processes of creation. It would be a great safeguard to the young student if this were pointed out.

So in reference to the evolution of all races of men from a primal race. Surely this point cannot be said to be definitely settled? Why may not the mind of man, evolve in similar circumstances, similar thoughts, words, and processes, without identity of experience?

From Japan, from China, from Calcutta, and from Persia, again from the Barbary States and Zanzibar, from the Moors of Spain, from the old Italian guild in Genoa, from the peasants of Norway, the pyramids of Peru, and the haunts of countless clans of Central American Indians, come the dainty works in gold and silver thread, telling of the primal fire-worship, sun, moon, and stars dangling from the wedding-ring and all the lovely work twisted and overlaid in likeness of the Lotus, that blossoms for the sun. Must we accept it as a fact, that all these varied races were scattered from one torrid home, where they had worshiped the same sun, first as a Preserver, then as a Destroyer, and were taught in cabalistic fashion, by the same priestly caste, this same lovely mystery?

This may be true, but it seems to us, that the evidences of mental evolution are far stronger than the evidences of the material. For ourselves we still believe in the identity of Moses,

William Tell and William Shakspere. We believe because the power of these men and their like is a far simpler explanation of the subsequent facts of human history than the far-fetched expositions of nothing which the scholars ask us to believe. Moses, the most magnificent of men, is the only excuse the Hebrew nation ever had for being. He was far before his time, and his people never came up to him, but what they could understand of him was all that made their national existence possible. There might be ten thousand William Tells without invalidating the history of that William who defied Gessner. In all countries where the use of the bow was common, the practice of shooting in such a way would naturally arise. A facile tyranny would as naturally punish a refractory archer by putting the apple close to the life he valued most. We were very glad when the critics undertook in the same way to annihilate William Shakspere, for we felt sure that common sense would come to the rescue here. If half the intelligence and constructive power were exercised upon the facts we know concerning him, that have been exercised upon man's vain imaginations of him, the life of the great poet might be clearly made out. As it is we pity the man who, going into Bates Hall and looking at the splendid pages of the separate plays, published in Shakspere's lifetime, turns away with a single doubt of his authorship. No jay in peacock's feathers ever went unstripped by his generation, and if William Shakspere had been incompetent to the work he claimed on those fair title-pages, we should have had a very different inscription under the bust at Stratford.

But it is not so easy to confront a man successfully when he tells us that Tell never shot Gessner, and that the whole story is a myth, Tell being a sun-god *whose arrows never miss their mark!* To us this solution seems a pure absurdity, and the best that can be done is to write down for both parties to the controversy the old Scotch verdict, "Non proven."

Everything that happens once must happen again. In every family, one child cries for the moon, and does it in utter ignorance that the foolish experiment has been tried before. There are better illustrations to be found for our author's purpose in the old games, whose unintelligible choruses retain, in "intery, mintery, cutery, corn," a hint of the old Sanscrit, or stories which, like that

of Cinderella, have never set up any historical claim. We are surprised not to find the Egyptian version of Cinderella in this little book with its probable date. In that the details are elaborate, and the form probably as ancient as any that survives.

Neither have we the least idea that the story of Jonah symbolized the fact that the night devours the sun, nor that it symbolized the death and resurrection of Jesus. One story is as absurd as the other and to us as unfounded. The Phœnician sailors who threw the prophet overboard, were followers of the sun-god and worse. When they heard of his preaching in Nineveh, and knew that after a period of unconsciousness Jonah had found himself safe on dry land, and set about the work God had given him, it was not strange that they should regard him as a supernatural being, and that their version of the facts should tinge the true story as well as survive in some shape all through the Orient. But Jonah himself was the worthiest forerunner of Jesus, for he seems to have been the first to have seen that both Gentile and Jew were dear to the All Father. We must not lose the sweet, pure story.

If ever the asserted discovery of Homer's Troy, by Dr. Schliemann, should be authenticated by the general consent of scholars, it will do something to check the tide of hypercriticism. If the people who doubt that Homer ever was, who fancy that the Iliad "sang itself" on a thousand different lips, should yet be compelled to recognize the "Palace of Priam" in the charred treasure-house, the enthusiastic German has uncovered, — be forced to find the double Scæan gate where he finds it, and, bending over the stone troughs beyond, fancy the white-armed maidens, as they pounded and soaked their linen, — it would do more to inspire confidence in what is actually ours than all the discussion of the last fifty years. We hope it will prove that fiction never walks where fact has not broken the way.

We do not mean that the most radical investigation of all history, and especially of all history upon which religious convictions are based, is undesirable, but in addition to that investigation which is wise and necessary, a great deal goes on simply because the spirit of disbelief is in the air, and the results, as in the case of William Tell, seem to us painfully fanciful and absurd.

In opening the subject of the Hindoo religions, Mr. Clodd is

fortunate in his extracts from the Rig-Veda, and, like all those who look for every footstep of God in history, he institutes comparisons between the Vedic Hymns and our own psalms, — not a pleasant contrast it seems to us, unless to show that both may have dropped down from one earlier song. Against the magnificent chant beginning, "Whither shall I flee from thy Presence?" he sets the commonplace utterance, "The great Lord of these worlds sees as if he were near. If a man think he is walking by stealth, the gods know it all." By the side of the lofty prayer beginning "Thou compassest my path, and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways," we read, "His spies proceed from heaven toward this world; with a thousand eyes they overlook the earth." *His spies!* what an infinite distance between the two conceptions! The flight of the imagination falters before the eye has fairly caught the words. The God of David needs no such auxiliaries.

Of the Almighty we read, that, "As a player throws the dice, he settles all things!" Our own scripture has it, that "not a sparrow falleth to the ground without your Father." What a contrast between the two pictures. What arbitary recklessness in one, what fatherly tenderness in the other. It is only just to young readers to point this out and show in what these different conceptions of God are based.

In such connection our author also speaks of the Goddess Kali "in whose honor loathsome things were once done." Can it be possible that he is ignorant that the worship of Kali is still a living thing, and that the abominations practiced in her honor still corrupt the instincts of mere infants? It is the reality of these horrors which holds intelligent men to their missionary posts. "Bramanism," says Mr. Clodd, "is slowly giving way before the higher teachings of Christians and Mohammedans, and of a few earnest men in its own midst."

This is true, but we wish these "few earnest men" had been distinctly identified with the great internal movement of the Bramo Somaj, and that this movement had been further shown to be a part of one of the great waves of human progress, for which we Christians need take little credit to ourselves. The protection given to the country by British rule, has done more to develop it than the bearing and *morale* of the rulers themselves. Of it our

missionary took a wise advantage that his people were well able to appreciate.

In referring to the seventy years exile of the Jews, Mr. Clodd says that "they brought from Babylon ideas about the immortality of the soul that their own religion did not contain." Here a misapprehension is possible. We often hear it asserted that the Jews did not believe or teach immortality, in spite of the well-known fact that the Sadducees consolidated as a sect, principally on account of their exceptional disbelief in what the prophets taught and the nation accepted. It should be shown more clearly, we think, that the stay in Babylon debased and corrupted the national faith and left traces which Jesus was quick to see.

"How forcefully Buddha could put much meaning into a few words," says our author, and goes on to quote: "He who lives looking for pleasures only, his senses uncontrolled, idle, and weak, the tempter will certainly overcome as the wind prostrates a feeble tree." In much fewer words the Apostle says, "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall."

In commenting on priestly systems, it seems singular that our author should not refer to that country in which priestly rule assumed the loftiest proportions, and to whose elaborate ceremonies, ritual and paraphernalia, those of all later nations may be traced. Here again we are met by difficulties growing out of the "uncertainties of things." If on the one hand we are amazed to see how little use our author makes of the history of Egypt, on the other we are compelled to acknowledge how uncertain this history still remains. Very grateful should we be to any scholar who would briefly survey the whole field, reconstruct the chronology, and tell us how far the general conclusions of Bunsen have been weakened by discoveries that have followed his death. Who has spoken the last and plainest word on this subject? The scholars are already satisfied, because their own labors show them the comparative value of the work done, but it is something that the common people want to understand.

It is acknowledged that Confucius was the founder of a "system" rather than a religion, and for that very reason we should not expect to find truth in our author's statement, that "the Chinese are the most orderly and the most moral people in the world." We cannot tell from what source Mr. Clodd derives this

impression, but we are sure he is not acquainted with the vast number of Chinamen who "leave their country for their country's good," nor can he be very familiar with the view taken of that nation by the mercantile men in personal contact with it.

"We must treat the history of the Jews as we treat any other history, and not think them dearer to God than" their brothers, says our author, with perfect truth; but if the result of our investigation is to lift the Jewish nation into a certain deserved distinction as regards its scripture and its religious life, should we not preserve this place in history for it, as jealously as if they were the followers of Confucius or Buddha? It is precisely this, it seems to us, which so many of our scholars fail to do, making it the more incumbent on all teachers of the young to keep the point clear. Perhaps Mr. Clodd is so innocent of any sympathy with the spirit alluded to, that he does not see the danger of misinterpretation which attends some of his own statements; so we will bring forward another instance.

. Of Mohammed he says, that he always insisted his works were not miracles, and that his visions were dreams, but that after his death, his disciples enthroned him on the lightning and attributed to him all sorts of supernatural powers. For ourselves, we should pause here to explain how in their ignorant wonder and oriental way of talk, they did this without intentional or even conscious deceit. If Mr. Clodd has not so paused, we must nevertheless require that he shall remember the same things in regard to Jesus of Nazareth when he comes to treat of the Christian religion.

How often did Jesus rebuke the unreasoning faith of his disciples! When he fed the five thousand, we do not find that he pointed to this natural result, of a mighty faith giving birth to a mighty sympathy, as a proof of supernatural power. When they asked him to raise the dead, he answered, "He is not dead but sleepeth;" and to the impulsive adoration of Mary, he protested, "Worship me not, for I am not yet ascended to my father;" and yet again, "Hath a spirit flesh and bones as ye see me have?" while he ate fish and broke bread, to stay their wonder. All such protests on the part of Jesus have been steadily ignored, not merely by that "common people" who "heard him gladly," but by the great mass of educated clergy, who have been the teachers of the "church of Christ," and what is worse, because less ex-

cusable, by great numbers of uncandid "liberal critics" who instead of unveiling with delight the "man Christ Jesus," seem to do their very best to leave the noble outlines, so long disfigured and concealed by an affectionate though mistaken reverence, still hidden out of sight. Really vigorous is the beautiful extract given from Mohammed's charity sermon, but we think Bishop Ferrette would deny the statement that the family tie is so very loose among the followers of Islam.

If anybody regrets that the negroes are being converted to Mohammed, it is because trustworthy information as to the civilization of the African states is still wanting. Those who were so fortunate at the close of the last war as to talk with negroes, whose fathers had been imported from the prosperous state of Bombra (Bambarra), to cultivate the long-fibred sea island cotton, may have some little idea of the inferiority of the influences to which the transplantation subjected them, and how improbable it was that the first generation should accept Christianity.

Arabian learning and civilization are far older than the birth of Islam, even as the glory of Solomon was a mere boast when Jesus came. When "The Arabian Nights" were first translated it was for entertainment merely. The heavy parts were omitted. We wish some scholar would translate for us, the sixty or seventy pages, in which the examination of the women, destined to share a prince's throne, suggests the profound learning and graceful culture, then and there required of the sex.

In connection with the life of Mohammed, we are told that he accepted the Jewish scriptures. When the boldness and spirituality of his conception of God is discussed, it should be shown how far it is to be attributed to that acceptance. Men translated the books of the Bible, our author continues, "doing in the English translation a great and noble work, filled with the richness, simplicity, and power of our sweet mother-tongue before cramped and stilted words of Latin birth were brought into it." These lines eloquently express one source of the great power of the English and German Bibles. They show us what we should be sure to keep, whatever we consent to lose, when an emended translation of the scriptures is offered to the people. Perhaps we understand Greek and Hebrew better than King James' translators, but we certainly do not understand English half so well. Great as have been the

services of Dr. Noyes, if there were the least chance that his translations would ever be accepted by the common people, we should find it impossible to forgive him the dropping of such words as "loving-kindness" and "tender mercy." No substitute will ever convey so well the proper warmth of the Hebrew words.

Among sources of error in translation, Bishop Ferrette has lately made us familiar with one which deserves more serious consideration.

In the dialect which Jesus used, and with which the Bishop is personally familiar, there are, as in English, words of precisely the same sound, differently spelt and wholly different in meaning. Now, if any one were to write to us, that, "in coming out of a wood, a hunter killed a *bare*," we should know that the word "bare" was misspelled without asking; but if the meaning of the misspelled word really fitted into the above sentence, as it does not, our difficulty would be much greater,—and this, according to Bishop Ferrette, is what really happens in our translation of the Epistles very often. Whoever first wrote down in Syriac the things recorded, or spoke them to be written, got the sound right and the spelling wrong. Unfortunately the wrong spelling sometimes made sense, and so came to be translated into the Greek, where it conveyed a wholly wrong meaning, only to be detected by one who has an intimate colloquial knowledge of both Syriac and Greek. We have seldom had a greater pleasure than that we experienced in examining certain mysterious passages in Corinthians under Bishop Ferrette's guidance, and the satisfactory result made us earnestly wish that classes in New Testament interpretation might be formed for him.

"The relation of the Christian religion to other religions is not, that they are earth-born while it alone is divine," says our author, "but it is the relation of one member of a family to the others, all having one work, one hope, and one All-Father." If this is so, let us be prompt to ascertain which is "the well-beloved son;" which has most successfully preserved the image of that Father. It is not only the fact that Confucius says some things as true as any that Jesus ever said, which is to decide the comparative rank of the two as religious teachers. We must ask what proportion these coincident utterances bear, not only to the general spirit of

the teaching in each case, but to the bulk of the specific instructions in each. Can any one doubt what the answer must be?

Jesus was witty, satirical, and honestly willing to thwart a morbid curiosity or a dishonest profession. The Christian Church has never perceived this, or, it may be better to say, has never profited by it as it might; but its worst enemies have never pretended that the pages of the gospel are overloaded with the trivial conventionalities of the Chinese "king." Beyond this, before the absolute rank of any religious teaching can be assigned to it, we have to ascertain its practical effect over the people it controls. Christianity has not done all it might; but are the practical results of any other teaching in advance of it? The charming book which Mr. Clodd has given us will make a fitting introduction to the noble volumes of Bunsen's "God in History." Forever on this earth there will be those, who, holding in their hand a tiny mustard seed, and asked what they see in it, can answer only "Nothing." To discover the "branching tree" in which the "fowls of the air" shall lodge, and beyond that the God out of whose consciousness the atom came, requires scientific training, intellectual discipline, and a well exercised imagination. Such things are not given to us: they are acquired.

If Mr. Clodd's book be really intended for young people, it has one great defect. It has no pronouncing dictionary for the use of those who wish to know how to utter the proper names printed in it. Very few adults know how this should be done. What is needed is not the difficult Oriental pronounciation, but the sound accepted in scholarly English talk. We have heard the same proper name pronounced in three or four ways in one half-hour, and been obliged in some instances to make no small effort to understand what was meant.

CAROLINE H. DALL.

NOTE. — The allusions to Bishop Ferrette in this article seem demanded in alluding to subjects which he has discussed to his own prejudice. How unprepared we are to criticise his opinions, and upon what just foundations these rest, any one may learn who will read and re-read the charming letters of Lady Duff Gordon. The daughter of John and Sarah Austin sustains every word that the Bishop has ever spoken in reference to the influence of Mohammedanism upon the well being of women.

PARTAKERS OF THE DIVINE NATURE.

THE essential identity of the divine and the human nature is a truth that lies very near the centre of Christian theology. Not only so: it is a truth lying at the basis of all religious thought, sentiment, and life. We cannot predicate a sound system of theology on an essential difference between God and man, nor carry the course of religious thought over a boundary that separates these into two kinds. We cannot feel that sentiment of relation called religion [which is a sentiment of union], where there is no identity of real being. And as the practical religious life is the outcome of such thought and affection, it is plain that this, also, depends on the same antecedent condition. This truth is in the very name of our church, widely understood, — Unitarian. It is essential to the truest Unitarianism that God should be recognized as one, not only in himself, but one with all his own.

As human child to human parent, so intimate and full is the relation of man to the divine Parent, — certainly not less. As the child partakes of the very blood and breath of the parent, so the divine Father imparts the elements of his own life to his child, and therein bestows a share in all his attributes.

When this truth is once accepted, many things become clear in its light. It gives a unity and consistency throughout the moral universe. It harmonizes the relations of God and man, and of Jesus to them both. Otherwise, we are in danger of being misled by the terms, "human" and "divine." But let us observe, that these terms are not substantives: they are abjectives merely. They are modifiers, definitives. They are alike subordinate to the one substantive, — life or being. This life or being, in its lower condition, we call human; in its higher, we call it divine.

In our study of these different aspects or conditions of life, let us avoid the error of considering the difference as one of nature or kind. It is only a difference in degree or quantity. This error has occasioned the larger part of the historical controversy respecting the nature of Jesus, and his relations, on the one side to men, and on the other to God. "He is human or divine," the

familiar argument puts it, with a categorical imperiousness. "He must be on this side, or on that, of the gulf which separates earth from heaven." But suppose we dismiss the whole idea of a gulf between earth and heaven. Let us apprehend the great thought which he desired especially to convey, — that the imagined veil between is taken away, and the mingling day-spring comes. Ye are no more aliens and strangers, but fellow-citizens, and in the household of God.

There is no difficulty in apprehending the relation of Jesus on the one side to God, and on the other to men, if we dismiss that arbitrary and false division between the human and the divine. Unless we do dismiss it, there is difficulty in understanding how the earthly child can have any relations with the heavenly Father. If there be essential difference and separation between the divine and the human, then it is needful to communication that one be created with a special nature, — neither one nor the other, but embracing both; and in such a case, as never before his production, so never afterwards without him, can God reach his children, or man go to his Father. This, as we know, has been supposed, in obedience to the logical necessities of the case. The confusion and artificiality so introduced into all our ideas of spiritual relations we also know.

It is not so. This is a second gratuitous assumption to obviate the consequences of the first. But the suggestion falsifies an instinct that is authoritative within us; it contradicts something that commends itself as truest in us. God and his children are partakers of one life. The divine enfolds and contains the human, as the great ocean enfolds and contains each drop that is in it; the human unfolds and expands into the divine, just as each drop loses itself in the whole. There is no difference in kind, no contradiction in nature or quality. The divine and the human are like, just as the whole and each drop are like. Each pure drop, if there were enough of it, would be an ocean. Each pure "human," not changed in any other way than to be fulfilled, becomes divine.

With like usage of speech, we say, "day and night." We discriminate between them, and contrast them; but we would not intimate that they are two and different. They are parts of each

other. We cannot tell where either begins or ends. Both must be taken together to make that astronomical cycle which is properly the day. A day includes the night side. The night opens and unfolds into the day by its natural process.

That controversy which rent the church in the third century, when Unitarianism went under the cloud, — whether Jesus was of one substance, or of like substance, with the Father,— and which we are only now adjusting, as pure Unitarianism emerges to the light again, would have been impossible along with this recognition of the essential oneness of the human and divine. And the Unitarian doctrine of the pure humanity of Jesus, and yet oneness with God, becomes irresistible when regarded from this point of view.

Traces of this error and its confusion may be found in the phrases in use by modern thought. That term which is in a sense the peculiar property of the New or Swedenborgian Church, — the "divine humanity," — describes an uncompleted apprehension of this truth of the divine and human kinship; and the limitation of the apprehension in the New Church is apparent in the theory which describes the work of Jesus in the world as "putting off the human," and "putting on the divine."

So also with those phrases, "god-man," "divine-human," and the like. They are attempts to compound a term that shall answer to the confused thought. The necessity of compounding the elements is because each has been robbed of somewhat of its legitimate force. And the better service supposed to be rendered by the Latin terms of the same import is only because under the cover of the foreign and scholastic sound some association different and more satisfactory [perhaps because indefinite], may be suggested by those that use them.

Perhaps it may be well here to dismiss another prevailing error, — that, namely, which uses the terms "divinity" and "deity" as if they were equivalent in import, and interchangeable. We as Unitarians are constantly asked one question when another is in the asker's mind. We are asked if we believe in the divinity of Christ, while the real inquiry is concerning our admission of his Godhead. No Unitarian, I suppose, — indeed, I may say, no Unitarian or Humanitarian, — denies the divinity of Jesus in

some proper sense of that term, — in a sense, that is, which recognizes in him, not the supreme divinity, but the quality of divineness. The church that pre-eminently claims this participation for all human nature will not deny it to the Son of man. But a recognition of his essential divinity is not predicating the possession of the supreme Godhead, either of man or of Jesus. Jesus, as offspring of the Supreme Divinity, was divine in his nature and capacities; he lived a true and harmonious life, and was therefore divine in point of character. Man is also offspring of the same Divine One, and shares the same nature with God and with Jesus. In proportion, now, as he lives a true and perfect, obedient life, is it not just to say of him that he fulfills his divine destiny, that he accomplishes a divine character? But neither he nor Jesus becomes, nor can become, the Deity. Both perfect their divinity, not by exchanging, but by fulfilling, their natural endowment.

We come, then, to discriminate, and understand the use of our terms. Divineness is excellency, perfectness. It describes a quality of being, and is a thing of degrees. We familiarly and freely speak of an excellent or beautiful work as "divine." Milton's "Paradise Lost" is a "divine" poem; and Bunyan's "Pilgrim," a "divine" allegory. We speak of the "human face divine;" and he who had such rare skill in protraying these lineaments is called "the divine Praxiteles." And, for the ecclesiastic who in his person and character is supposed to represent all divine qualities, we make a substantive of the adjective, and call him "a divine."

Do any misunderstand the use of these terms; or do any question the propriety of this usage? Why, then, when a human life approaches perfection, and is beautiful in the harmony of its parts, and in the use of its powers, — why should it be misunderstood if this also is spoken of as divine!

All this is involved in our first truth, — that of the divine Fatherhood. If God be the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, then the nature of the Father is in the Son. If man be the child of the same God and Father, then the same nature is in him, — divine son of the divine Father is he also. If this is not so, then there is no communion, nor possibility of spiritual relations, between

any of these. If God be his Father and ours, then one nature and spirit are in us all; and through this common nature we come into vital sympathy and true communion. We feel his love in us, we think his thoughts, and we are open to the invitations and the demands of his holy spirit.

Certain utterances of Jesus are superficially and unfortunately understood as denying the very fellowship they were intended to declare. "I and my Father are one." "Thou art in me, and I am in thee." Selfishly uttered, they might separate him from the human kind. Uttered as they must have been from his lips, they lift all his kind into the divine fellowship. They voice, in their several ways and connections, his permanent sense of this universal identity, — this immanent and all-pervading life of God, in lowest and in highest. One life through all moving and fulfilling!

And when we read these words, and try to apprehend the unity he recognized, we leave out the key-note of the whole, — the very tonic of the harmony, — unless we remember that he includes in that relation all this human nature which he shared, and of which he stands the type. For, whatever he said of the unity of himself, he said also of the unity of all men, with the one Father, — "That they all may be one, even as we are."

And we know what this unity means and involves. Both from outward observation and from inward consciousness we know that a unity the same in kind is possible to us, — a rational and moral accord; a fellowship in mutual love; a conformation of our lower to his higher will, in a perfect, may we not say almost an equal, sympathy. Indeed our appreciation of Jesus' own consciousness, and our enjoyment of the words in which he utters it, is itself testimony to a like power in us. Appreciation of a work or a character necessarily supposes some power of doing or producing the same. Without this possibility, we should know none of these yearnings for the true, the good, the Godlike, which are, after all, only persuasions to our better selves.

Human experience is full of hints of this divine unity, full of suggestions that the spring of our life is deeper than we know. It is bright with instances of pure thinking and true living, such as lift us into fellowship with excellence, and make this lowly "human" gleam with its inherent but forgotten divineness.

I. The human thought that traces the orderly operations of God's hand is one with the divine thought that guides those operations. The true scientific spirit inevitably is at one with the creative spirit. Devout study cannot but produce and prove such accord.

Emerson — referring to the Swedish seer, whose comprehensive and thorough scientific culture made the broad basis for his spiritual inferences or revelations — quotes with approval the old Greek utterance, "The wiser a man is, the more will he be a worshiper of Deity." Only the truly wise, then, can truly worship; and he that is most learned in science, truly so called, is most devout. There is, indeed, no homage like adequate appreciation. There is, consequently, no worship of God so true and worthy as that contained in a rational recognition and understanding of him. The silent thought that rises towards God with some degree of knowledge, — how much better than that voluble and wordy flattery which ignorance so commonly calls worship!

Graven in the rock of the earth, traced in the light of the sky, or illustrated in that constitution in which God has made man in his own image, — whatever the lore that invites his study, the student reads the thoughts which God has written. This it was that thrilled the heart of Hugh Miller with such deep joy and pride when he found the rocks giving their testimony to the order and method of creation. He felt that he had come in contact with the creative Mind. So Kepler, impressed with the eternal strength and soundness of his work, might well say, "I can afford to wait a hundred years for a reader, since the Almighty has waited these five thousand years for an observer." Proud, but not vain, was his thought; and deeply religious was his attitude of mind! Lifted into the confidence, and so into the patience, of God! Out of this inner consciousness, he who in the love of nature holds communion with her visible forms, breathes forth his praise, "I think thy thoughts after thee, O God!" Not profanely, but devoutly; and with his praise, he declares also his fellowship.

II. We find the same sense uttering itself in the realms of art. If in these physical, material studies man is thrilled with God, how

much more is he made susceptible and responsive when he himself aspires to creative work!

Michael Angelo says, "True art is made noble and religious by the mind producing it. For, to those who feel it, nothing makes the soul so religious and pure as the endeavor to create something perfect. God is perfection; and whoever strives after perfection is striving after something divine. True painting is only an image of the perfection of God, — a shadow of the pencil with which he paints. A lively intelligence, however, can alone feel wherein the difficulty lies. And therefore is this art so rare, and so few are they who attain to it."

When Haydn was an old man in Vienna, his masterpiece, the Oratorio of the Creation, was performed in honor of his birthday, and the old man was present. One of its most beautiful passages is that in which he describes the creation of light, — "And God said, Let there be light! and there was light." The instruments are silent during the recitation of this passage by the voices; but with the words, "And there was light!" they all unite to pour out one grand peal of harmony. Crescent and swift and ever more brilliant the music becomes, until a new-created light seems to stream and diffuse itself throughout a new-created world.

When the old man heard this passage, he was utterly subdued by the power and richness of the harmony. What the world called his own work completely overwhelmed him; and when the pleased multitude turned their plaudits to his praise, with streaming eyes he lifted his hands towards heaven, and protested, "Not from me, not from me! It came from above!" The sense possessed him that in this labor which was his delight, his life, he was but catching and fixing some fleeting echo of the eternal harmony of the spheres. His thought was traveling in the path which the creative thought had traveled; and his effort had been to record in this crowning work of his life, and by aid of this divine art, the eternal thoughts of God becoming the visible things of this world. "By thy power they were created. Thou commandedst, and they stood fast. Thou saidst, Let there be light! and light was." And now, as he felt how high his office and how worthy his work, there thrilled in him the same rapturous and whelming sense which

Jesus puts into language, "Thou art in me, and I am in thee: we are one!"

III. In yet another realm of our common life we find this great thought made true. Love in human breasts is the offspring of the divine love. It is an outcome, partaking of the very elemental qualities, of that love which created all. He planted his own love in human hearts; and here the loving children and the loving Father are one. The love the parent feels for the child is the same love the great Father feels for his world. Not like it alone, but the same. The love that folds husband and wife and household members into one body and life is the same love that folds the world in one tender and protecting embrace.

We read of the great German student and philosopher, that, when he lay on his death-bed, and his faithful wife stood by him in her spirit of devotedness, he lifted his dying eyes to hers, and bore this testimony to the love that possessed her: "In thee," he said, "I have seen the Eternal!"

In the presence of such interior thought, such grateful recognition of the everywhere-present, all-pervading Spirit, is it an undue boldness that concludes and declares that the nature of the Father is in the son?

I have called these hints and suggestions only, from familiar things, of that high truth which is the spring, not only of our Church's life and power, but of all religious thinking and living. I do not propose them as perfect symbols and illustrations, but as helps to our apprehension, and assurance for our faith. Yet are they not adequate to a higher service than that for which I have drawn them? These indications crowd upon us from all realms. They spring up from the earth; they rise from the life and active labor about us; they come from the inner worlds of imagination and thought, of aspiration and love. And whither do they lead the heart they are allowed to teach? They lead us to that high and immediate relation where, above all idiosyncrasies of character or peculiarities of condition, each one of us may and must say, humbly, gratefully, confidingly, "I and my Father are one."

We as a church talk much of the divine Fatherhood. We accept this as our first truth. Our relation as children of God is one of our dearest thoughts. But I often ask my soul if we half

realize its greatness and its solemn truth; and I apprehend, indeed, that some scarce dare to know all it means. We say, "If God be our Father, then all men are brethren," — we draw the broadest moral and human lessons; and we make these lessons control us. But do we often enough say, "If God be our Father, then mine is a divine being, and God's life is in me"? What would it do for a man's life if this thought controlled him!

Our church has taken up some of the grandest truths that have ever been given to the mind and soul of man, — taken them up and made them its own, — and then left them to lie in inaction and inefficiency. If we could handle our truths with an earnestness equal to the power that is in them, we should thrill the world as it has never been thrilled. We should shake the heart of man as a reed that is shaken with the wind, — nay, rather, we should move it as a lily that is blown upon, — till it opens upward, and glorifies itself and God with a richness that God has hidden in it, and of which we have been so long unaware!

When the Son of the Father praised God with his high thoughts of unity and fellowship, he did not restrict their application or truth to himself. He spoke them out of his sonship. Whoever has the attitude of sonship finds the same truth. It is the natural language of each son that feels himself in the bosom of the Father, where by this relationship every son has the privilege to rest. This sense of our divine kinship and possibility, it was the prime office and hope of the Christ to waken in others as it was in himself, — not specifically to show us how he and the Father are one, but, by such oneness, to show us how we and the Father are essentially one.

There is, then, no contradiction between the human and the divine. The veil between is taken away. His life is in us; his love and thought are in us. And the mystery of the relation of Jesus to the Father is thus interpreted to us by our own higher conditions of consciousness, — by those experiences in which we ourselves realize that communion, and say with him, All life is one. My life is thine: Thy life is mine.

There is place and need, then, for a "Unitarian" church and gospel, till more of Christendom comes into the unity of this faith, whose first postulate is a faith in this unity. And what a power

is in the wielding of the church that holds this for its leading thought! It is the wisdom of God unto salvation. Righteousness, redemption, sanctification, are in it; and these are nowhere without it. To as many as receive it, it gives power to become sons of God. No theology can bring the child to the Father which begins with predicating alienation of nature, and original unlikeness. Difference of nature is a permanent difference. Oneness of nature and being is inevitable accord. Nothing can ultimately dissever those that are of one substance.

And so the first thought of this paper is also its last. The human and the divine are phases of one and the same nature. And they that are called human are not by this name subject to aught disparaging; nor are they thereby exempt from any high demand. They shall be held to the highest; for they are partakers of the Divine.

E. C. L. Browne.

DAYS NEAR ROME.*

"Tourist literature," says Mr. Hemans, "seldom makes good any title to enduring fame; but in reference to Rome, and Italian regions generally, the exceptions are not few." Even those who have read no farther in this literature than Hillard's "Six Months in Italy" know the charm of this class of writings. Nor is the reason hard to find. The theme is one of which we never tire. "An old friend of Italy," says Mr. James, "comes back to her to find an easy waking for sleeping memories." And are we not all from our school-days "old friends of Italy"? Have not the orators, historians, and poets of pagan Rome made us lovers of their country? Has not Christian history acquainted us, not only with papal Rome, but with many a quaint and picturesque Italian town? And do we not find in our own hearts an echo to Byron's eulogy, whenever we think of Italy as the —

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* Days Near Rome. By Augustus J. C. Hare. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. 1875.

"Mother of arts as once of arms, whose hand
Was then our guardian and is now our guide"?

The historic places of Italy are to be counted by scores, and the history that makes them memorable is woven of many threads. Here the line runs back to the days when Rome was not yet born. There we trace a link which connects some provincial town or city with the republic or the empire. Again, it is a Christian legend which gives its coloring to the local scenery, while mediæval art and literature, or the later outgrowths of the *Renaissance*, stamp still other places with features of peculiar interest.

In this new work Mr. Hare has wisely chosen for his province, not all Italy, but only the Campagna, or country about Rome. In its narrower meaning the Roman Campagna denotes the plain girdled by the hills which may be seen from the walls of the city, a "grand and desolate district, enclosed by the Tiber and the Anio." But in its wider sense the Campagna extends almost to the former kingdom of Naples; and the two volumes of Mr. Hare treat of this more extensive district, which includes the immediate neighborhood of Rome, — the great maritime plain in which the Pontine Marshes lie, — portions of Umbria and Etruria, and, lastly, the valley of the Sacco. The first drawback to our enjoyment of "Days Near Rome" comes from the absence of any map of the country which the book describes. Nor is it an easy matter to supply this deficiency. In Mr. Burn's admirable and finely illustrated work on "Rome and the Campagna," there is an excellent map of the Ager Romanus; but this map covers only part of the region into which Mr. Hare's book takes us. Indeed, it would be hard to find, even in a wall map of Italy, a clear delineation of all the localities mentioned by Hare, — such an atlas of the regions described as is absolutely necessary for the proper use and real enjoyment of the work before us.

Another disadvantage under which these volumes labor is the superficial treatment which the author has given of many places of great interest to the student of history, antiquities, or art. Compared with ordinary guide-books, these volumes, like those which preceded them, "Walks in Rome," are as much to be preferred as an agreeable and scholarly friend is a more desirable companion than the garrulous showman who wears the sounding title of a

cicerone or a *valet-de-place*. But, after reading such thoroughly enjoyable sketches of old Italian towns as Mr. Henry James, Jr., and Mr. John Addington Symonds have lately been giving us, Mr. Hare's writings are a trifle disappointing. Mr. James has nothing, or next to nothing, to say of history or antiquities. He makes a tour to Albano, Aricia, Genzano, and Nemi, and tells us not a word about the tomb of Aruns, fails to remind us that, of old, Hippolytus, the legendary founder of Aricia, was joined with Diana in the worship of the inhabitants, gives us no historical statistics of the huge Chigi palace, and no biography of the great family of the Savelli, and makes no reference to the ancient town of Nemus, whose site the present Nemi occupies. But, when we have read the chapter in "Transatlantic Sketches" which treats of "Roman Neighborhoods," we have been breathing, though all unconsciously, the very atmosphere of those faded old towns among the Alban hills. A single pen-stroke gives us a picture so intensely realistic that, without the aid of photograph, woodcut, or engraving, the imagination has caught the scene and will not easily let it go. There it is, the decaying village, once a famous city, whose musty foundations "plunge into the verdurous flank of the mountain gorge." We are standing just outside its pretentious gateway, and see it "clutched and stitched, as it were, to the strong hillside by this rank embroidery of wild weeds and flowers." Or we indulge in the reflection so obviously suggested by these vast gray buildings, that they "denote more generous social needs than any they serve nowadays, and seem to speak of a fabulous time when Italy was not so shabby." Or at a single glance (looking still through Mr. James' eyes) we take in the picturesqueness of "moldy little Nemi" perched upon a cliff high above the sea.

Mr. Hare, it is true, often makes up in part for his own want of power to interpret the Italian scenery by generous quotations from the writings of poets, novelists, and imaginative tourists who have been before him. But a patchwork of observations and citations is a poor substitute for genuine and stimulating word-pictures.

We also miss from Mr. Hare's books what may be called the historical atmosphere of the old Italian towns. He gives us abundant facts and statistics and quotes freely from the his-

torians. But we long for a single clear and strong sketch of the *historic individuality* which marks so many of these places, — such a sketch as that which Mr. Symonds, in his charming book entitled, "Sketches in Italy and Greece," has given us of Siena, wherein the mediæval character of the place, in the civil life, the arts and the religious tendencies of Italy when Siena was at the height of its prosperity, is everywhere suffused with the tender light which falls upon it from the life and labors of St. Catherine.

Besides these deficiencies, in the work before us, we must notice, as a positive blemish, the one-sided and, as it seems to us, very shallow view which Mr. Hare has taken of the effect upon the arts and antiquities of Italy of the political regeneration of that so long unhappy country. It is simply not true that "much of the interest, and as much as possible of the beauty, of the 'Eternal City' has been destroyed by the present government." Nor is the "destroying hand likely now to advance towards the towns of the Campagna," which Mr. Hare would so jealously guard from any intrusion, but that of a tourist, even though a little of the "sweetness and light" of modern civilisation should thereby find an entrance. On the contrary, we agree with Mr. Edward Freeman, that "the lover of the history and antiquities of Rome will be the first to rejoice in her liberation." Something of the unique charm of papal Rome will no doubt be lost, and, when new buildings are erected in what have been so long the forsaken quarters of the city, there will very likely be some havoc wrought among the antiquities. But a fair-minded and impartial witness of the changes which have thus far taken place under the constitutional sway of the Italian government (Mr. C. I. Hemans) assures us, that, in the greater care taken to preserve all objects of historical value, as well as in the extensive and systematic excavations which are made in the classical regions of the city, the change of government is a gain rather than a loss to the interests of art and archæology. We commend to our readers Mr. Hemans' recent work on "Historic and Monumental Rome" as a better guide to the antiquities of Rome than the "Walks" of Mr. Hare, while it gives at the same time a much truer picture of the Rome of Victor Emanuel — in its relations to Roman archæology and history — than that which Mr. Hare has drawn for us in the

preface of his "Days Near Rome." Would it be too much to ask of Mr. Hemans that he should now enter upon the wider field which is occupied by the work before us, and do for all these old Italian towns, as no other writer with whom we are acquainted can do, what such tourists as James and Symonds have done for Siena, Orvieto, Ravenna, Assisi, and Perugia?

At present, however, Mr. Hare's book is the only work in English which gives a good general description of the many charming places to which excursions can be made from Rome. Those who intend to visit Rome should read it carefully by way of preparation for delightful journeys into the Campagna to witness the glories that lie concealed among and beyond the hills which encircle the city. But a still larger class of readers may be found for these volumes in those whose travels to foreign lands are all made in their own study chairs by the cheerful light of a winter evening's lamp. Let any one who would make a charming Italian tour, without perils by land or sea, read, in connection with the "Days Near Rome," such books of travel as those of Hillard, Norton, Taine, Story ("Roba di Roma"), and James, — works of historical fiction like Mrs. Edward's "Barbara's History" and George Sand's "Daniella," — any good histories of ancient Rome and Mediæval Italy, with the addition of selected works upon Christian history, biography, and art. In this way one may become acquainted with places that are as unique in their scenery, and as suggestive in their history, as any on the globe. He may learn many a hitherto unknown phase of the social, civil, and religious life of former times; and will perhaps be led to prize as never before his own country and the nineteenth century, preferring "the charms of a vine-shaded porch, of tulips and dahlias glowing in the shade of high arching elms," to all "the dusky tones of ancient stucco and peperino," and loving the rich colors of New England woods in October better even than the magical light and shade which make such picturesque effects in the pestilence-stricken Roman Campagna.

HENRY G. SPAULDING.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THEISM.*

A GLANCE at the world acquaints us with the prevalence of worship, consequently of some conception of Deity, in human society.

We cannot indeed say what used to be said, what Plutarch and Cicero so confidently affirmed, that belief in God is found wherever man is found. A better-informed ethnology contradicts that assertion. There are certainly peoples in whose life, if travelers report them truly, this element is altogether wanting. The natives of the valley of La Plata and of Paraguay, according to Azara, were entirely destitute of any religious beliefs or rites when he traveled among them. The missionaries who visited those tribes, supposing that they must have some sort of religion, took for idols the figures carved upon their pipes and bowls, and burned those implements accordingly. Others, seeing them beat the air on the appearance of the new moon, imagined that they worshiped that luminary. "But the positive fact is," says Azara, "that they worship nothing in the world, and have absolutely no religion." †

According to Crantz the Greenlanders had no religious ceremonies, and exhibited no sign of religious life. Schoolcraft describes the Camanches as equally godless.

Sir John Lubbock has accumulated a mass of testimony to the same effect from travelers in regions inhabited by savage tribes. M. Bik inquired of the Arafuras what power they invoked in time of need when their fishing vessels were overtaken by storm and no human aid could save. The answer was, that they knew not on whom to call in such straits. Did he know? and would he be so good as to inform them? The Zulu chief when he heard of God would transfix him with his spear. ".And yet this was a man

* Reprinted from The Theological Review, London, for January, 1875. Articles on related topics, by the same author, will be published in later numbers of this Review.

† See "Voyages," II. pp. 3 and 137. Quoted by Schelling, Philosophie d. Mythologie, p. 73.

whose judgment on other subjects would command attention." Very pathetic is the Kaffir's confession: "I ask myself, Who has touched the stars with his hands? on what hills do they rest? The waters are never weary; they know no other law than to flow without ceasing from morning till night and from night till morning; but where do they rest, and who makes them flow? The clouds come and go, and burst in water over the earth; whence come they, and who sends them? . . . I cannot see the wind; what is it, and who makes it blow? . . . Do I know how the corn sprouts? Yesterday there was not a blade in my field; to-day I returned and found some. Who can have given to the earth the wisdom and the power to produce it? Then I buried my face in both my hands."

These exceptions do not disprove an innate tendency to worship in man; they only show that this tendency is not always active, that certain conditions are required for its manifestation. Its state of abeyance in the South American savage no more disproves its existence in him, than its state of suspension disproves its existence in the secularist or unbeliever of Christian lands. Still Cicero's assertion, that no people is so rude as not to have some notion of Deity, must be taken with this qualification, that religion is *usually* found in the savage state, and *always* in civil society.

We may say, then, that belief in Deity is natural to man, is one of the primary forces of the soul.

The origin of this belief is a question of wide dispute. The "*fecit timor*" of the atheist poet, the "*notio insita*" of Cicero, the original-revelation theory of Cudworth and later divines, represent the range of opinion concerning it. Hume was the first to distinguish between the "foundation in reason" and the "origin in human nature" of the idea of God.* He supposes polytheism to have preceded monotheism in the course of human development. And this supposition is confirmed by ethnological research. On the other hand, a not unreasonable prejudice in Christian lands has leaned to the opposite view. Reasoning from our idea of God and the seeming necessities of human nature, one

* Natural History of Religion, Introduction.

might presume that the Being of whom the knowledge is so essential would make Himself known to man in the beginning, that this knowledge would enter into nature's dower, would form a part of the primal outfit of human kind. And such has been the presumption of most Christian writers who have treated this topic prior to Hume. They have held that the first of mankind were endowed with this saving knowledge; that a revelation of the Godhead was made to original man, which soon waxed dim, was gradually perverted and finally lost; that all polytheisms, Indian, Phenician, Grecian, and others, are disintegrations and corruptions of an aboriginal monotheism.

To this hypothesis there are grave objections, not to speak of the *a priori* difficulty of supposing that so essential a good once possessed could be lost to all but a fraction of the human race. A revelation which could be so easily forfeited must have been quite inadequate; and if thus inadequate, why bestowed? Why did not the God who gave it maintain it, or immediately replace it when lost? Polytheism is no more deducible from monotheism by division and dissolution of unity, than monotheism, as some have maintained, is derivable from polytheism by concentration and absorption of the many into one. Each has its own independent origin.

Certain it is that history knows nothing of the primal revelation which this theory affirms. History finds men in the earliest ages which its scrutiny has yet reached possessed with the crudest conceptions of Godhead, — the earlier, the cruder, the farther from the truth. It finds savage tribes or incipient nations involved in thick midnight or spiritual ignorance, blindly feeling after something divine.

And yet if we inquire whence the thought, the presentiment of anything divine to feel after, we shall have to admit some innate impression, some dim, instinctive sense of Deity, antecedent to even the most imbecile groping after God. So much must be conceded in order to account for the first and feeblest essays in that kind. An intimation of Deity * implanted by Deity's self in the human constitution. We cannot call it an idea, for ideas are

* "Notio Dei insita." Cic.

preceptions, and cannot be properly said to exist where the object is not consciously present to the subject. And yet it is something more than mere perceptivity; it is preparation to perceive and the certainty of perceiving whenever the requisite conditions shall concur, — external suggestion and internal demand. It is with the discovery of God as it is with the discovery of self. The infant has no idea of self, and yet that idea is sure to arise in the mind in due course of development. It is not communicated from abroad, but generated within. It may therefore be said to pre-exist as impression before it exists as idea.

The ancients, especially the Platonists, recognized this mental condition, and called it "prolepsis," anticipation. Cicero defines it as an antecedent notion,* requiring further development, and so applies it to the being of God. He speaks of a God who reposes in the notion of the mind † as in a track or impress he has made of himself.

To civilized man the idea of God arrives with instruction, which does but fructify a pre-existing germ. Without instruction, the idea is certainly not developed in the individual mind with the same inevitableness with which the mind develops the idea of self. But taking the whole of humanity, we may say that the idea of God is as proper to the race as that of self to the individual. A human being cast from infancy upon absolute solitude, might not have the idea of Divinity in any sense or shape awakened within him. If he did, it would in all likelihood be not the monotheistic idea, but some low form of polytheism or fetishism. Yet even that would be impossible without an innate aptitude for Theism in the soul. Without a prepared niche in human nature, no image occupying the place of Deity and receiving divine honors would ever have been set up. It is idle to talk of fear as possessing this deific power. Fear can make bugbears, but can never convert the bugbear into a God. The brute fears, but the brute knows no God. The brute shuns the object of its fear; in man there is a principle

* "Notionem appello quod Græci tum ἔννοιαν tum πρόληψιν dicunt. Ea est insita et ante percepta cujusque formæ cognitio enodationis indigens." Topica 7.

† "Deus ille quem mente noscimus atque in animi notione tanquam in vestigio volumnus reponere." De Nat. Deorum, i. 14.

which, in spite of fear, impels him to draw near to some dreaded object with reverential homage. Fear alone would never do that. Fear alone would never have invented worship. It may cringe, but not adore.

The fact is, human nature, prior to all teaching, is conscious of a want which Deity alone can satisfy. It seeks its own complement when it prays; and were there not some affinity between the human and the divine, the soul would never have dreamed so much as the wildest African dream of the unknown God. Human nature requires a God, and prior to all teaching, with no guide but vague anticipation or unreasoning instinct, blindly gropes after something to fill that place in the soul which enlightened Theism fills in civilized man.

Now where will this groping first alight? What being will man first embrace as divine? Will it be one of his own kind; some select individual eminently wise and good? Obviously not, for the reason that humanity lies too near. The savage knows it only in its weakness and imperfection. In the greatest of his tribe he sees only his like. But religion's first impulse is to seek in God something foreign and very different. For this, man is thrown upon irrational nature. There he encounters the unknown Power whose presence the rudest feels, and endeavors to fix before he is able to reason about it or to state it distinctly to himself. It is not that he infers an intelligent Maker from the wondrous works which meet his eye. That is the act of more advanced reason, to which the idea of God is already familiar. But he feels a Presence in nature transcending human powers. That silent Presence which we all feel, and feel most profoundly in the deepest solitude, the feeling of which gave birth to Arcadian Pan, the instructed monotheist refers to the one all-present God, the Maker and Father of all. The savage has no such idea, but he has the same feeling, and has it more intense. He is haunted by that felt Presence. In the heart of the forest, on the lonely shore, he feels that he is not alone, that very near him is a Greater than himself. The Power that works in the processes of nature, that breathes in the wind, that drives the cloud, that roars in the thunder, that watches in the stars, — this unseen Power his undeveloped

thought has not yet learned to generalize. With him it is not the one pervading Spirit of whom and by whom are all things. He can only lay hold of it in particular phenomena; he must individualize it, must vest it in some palpable object. And the more grotesque the object, the more abhorrent to taste and reason, the more likely it is to stand for Deity in his conception, as appealing more forcibly to his imagination than nobler and comelier natures. Some misshapen tree or stone that caught his eye at some critical moment of danger or deliverance, of good or ill success, becomes to him an object of adoration, which may or may not be adopted by the tribe. The tribe is more likely to fix on some monstrous or dangerous animal — a serpent, a crocodile, a tiger.

There is no caprice in this, no wilful perversion or turning aside from the truth, no corruption of degenerate humanity; but human nature in its first incipient aspirations, feeling after God, "if haply" it "may find him." The history of religion begins in this way. This is the first, initial act of that spirit which sang the Hebrew litanies and dictated the "Revelation of St. John the Divine." This is what man first finds when he feels after God; he passes by the sun and stars and the upright human form, and lights upon a serpent or a stone. These are objects which millions of human beings worship at this day. Nor are these monstrosities altogether confined to savage tribes. Fetishism mingles with the rites of nations full-grown and refined. It is found in Egypt contemporaneous with the worship of Osiris and the splendors of Luxor and Thebes. It is found in Assyria in the palmiest days of Chaldean civilization. In the most magnificent of cities, in the most flourishing period of its history, the chief object of worship was a serpent, — not a carved symbol, but the living beast, — not as typifying anything beyond itself, but as actually divine. Arnobius, a Christian convert of the fourth century, relates that in Africa, where he resided, he never, before his conversion, saw a stone on which oil had been poured without paying it homage.* Stones smeared with oil and called "Betyls" were among the earliest objects of devotion. The patriarch Jacob, grandson

* Adv. Gent. i. 39.

though he was of the first recorded monotheist, made a "betyl" of the stone which had served him for a pillow in the place where he dreamed the dream of the ladder reaching from heaven to earth. Aerolites were deemed by the ancients especially sacred. The world-famed temple of Diana at Ephesus commemorated one of these meteoric stones.* The black stone of the Kaaba at Mecca is also, it is supposed, an aerolite. Devoutly kissed by annual thousands of Mussulman pilgrims, it remains to this day a relic-fetish in the midst of the purest monotheism.

The next stage in the religion of nature, still within the sphere of realism, is separated by a wide remove from the first in dignity and import, — Sabaism, † or more properly Astrolatry, the worship of the heavenly bodies. The most positive of natural phenomena, the most universal and appreciable of natural benefits, is light. It is no mere figure of speech to call it the "life" of the world. It is precisely that. The difference between light and no light to the eye is the difference between the visible all and nothing. Historically it is the difference between creation and no creation, between cosmos and chaos. Without it no vegetable, without it no animal, no organized life. Without it, —

> "The world was void;
> The populous and the powerful was a lump,
> Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless;
> A lump of death, a chaos of hard clay."

The old astrolaters may not have had sight of the whole of the truth poetically imaged by Byron and scientifically expounded by Moleschott and Tyndall, but they saw enough to satisfy them that light is the greatest of material benefactions. What wonder that the sun, the prime source of that light, should be worshiped as the prince of the heavenly powers, and the other luminaries, in their several degrees, as blessed and divine! "Hail, holy Light," is the matin song of religion emerging from the night of fetishism. Hallowed be sun and stars! and hallowed be fire, the earthly

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* διοπετοὺς, Acts xix. 35.

† Acording to Chwolsohn, the use of this term to designate a form of religion is incorrect. Die Ssabier. Vorrede, p. 19.

antitype of heavenly light and heat! Fire, the purifying power, from which the word "pure" is derived, which separates the ethereal from the earthly and re-unites it with its kindred sky! Fire, in its finished form of flame, expresses aspiration; it suggests the pyramid; may it not have suggested the earliest use of that structure? The pyramid is a petrified flame.

But sun, stars and fire, are not the only benefactions of nature. Thought pauses upon these as the most commanding, but religion finds other kindred objects of devout contemplation. Holy also is the vaulted sky outstretched as a tent, the sun's tabernacle; holy the circumfluent air, the fitful winds, the steadfast earth. With the glowing appreciation of the powers of nature, with the action of the plastic imagination upon them, they come in time to be personified and worshiped as personal agents. And so the next step in the progress of natural religion* is impersonation of natural powers resulting in mythology. Of this impersonation the hymns of the Rig-Veda represent the initial stage; this we have in the Osiris-cult† of ancient Egypt, the first fully developed mythology; Bramanism is its greatest social product, Greek poetry and art its noblest intellectual creations.

One step farther brings us to the top and consummation of natural religion. The elements are great; the natural man renders them instinctive homage; but to cultivated, self-possessed thought there is something greater than these. Conscious intelligence, reason, the human will-power — in a word, the rational soul, is more than sun or stars or wind or flood. And the rational soul is man. Unconscious nature is great, but man is greater. Not man as we commonly behold him, the driveling imbecile of every-day life, but man as poetic imagination apprehends him, the ideal man, divested of earthly limitations and imperfections, superior to accident, unvexed by care, impregnable to fear, invulnerable, im-

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* I use this phrase in the sense of Nature-worship, not in the current sense of rational religion, which seems to me a misuse of the term.

† According to Bunsen, the Osiris-cult preceded Egyptian zoolatry; but this can be true only of its adoption by the priesthood, not of its intellectual gensis. See Gott in der Geschichte, Vol. II. p. 27.

mortal, rejoicing in eternal youth. What image of Divinity can equal this? What impersonation of elemental powers, rude, titanic, hundred-handed, can vie with this glorified human type? Surely if there be gods they must be divine men. The Greeks saw this. They alone, or they first, of ancient nations, — the Athenians especially, with their democratic leanings, — perceived the import and worth of man, and embodied that perception in their divinities. They expressed it in two immortal myths, one retrospective, the other prospective. The first is the conquest of the Titans by the Olympians, "the younger gods;" the second is the Chained Prometheus. The former demonstrates the superiority of conscious intelligence over lawless, however gigantic, force — cosmos mastering chaos. The latter typifies the present abeyance, premonitory of the ultimate triumph, of humanity, the triumph of right over will, of reason over fear, of the rational service of human kind over all religion in which the moral principle is not supreme.

We will call this last and highest stage of natural religion Theanthropism. The Greco-Roman and the Scandinavian mythologies — Hellenism and Odinism — are its two historic examples. Theanthropism is partly a development of the antecedent stage, the impersonation of natural forces, and partly the addition of a new element. The Greek divinities were mostly impersonations, but impersonations stamped with a human type and subordinated to it. Other religions had developed gods that were partly human. Such were the Crishna of the Mahabharatta and Egyptian Osiris. What distinguishes Hellenism is its preponderant humanity. Indian and Egyptian worship still clung to the symbol, and often, in accommodation to the symbol, merged the human in the monstrous. Crishna appears with more than the human complement of limbs, Osiris figures with the head of a bird, Isis with that of a cow, in pictorial representations. The Egyptians had no such impression of the dignity of man as would make the human form the most fitting embodiment of Deity. The human was no more divine in their estimation than the brute — was even less so, because more familiar, less seemingly mysterious. It is an alien spirit that looks through the eye of the serpent and the ox, and because alien, mysterious, unfathomable. The more alien,

the more divine, in the apprehension of the pre-hellenic world. With the Greek, on the contrary, the original symbol representing elemental powers was merged in the human person, or retained only as adjunct and decoration, like the bow in the hands of Phœbus, or the winged sandal on the feet of Hermes. Zeus, the divine impersonation of the sky, is a human being of immortal mould. He bears in Homeric verse the epithets of cloud-gatherer and thunder-rejoicing; but the bolt in his right hand is the only visible sign which distinguishes the god from the man.*

Moreover, the Greeks introduced a new element into religion, the worship of actual historical characters, of departed worthies, heroes whose virtues had raised them to the level of the gods. This was something very different from the worship of ancestors, of which traces appear in many of the ancient religions. That was a family rite, having no connection with public worship, and therefore not in the line of that historic development which I am tracing. The hero-worship of the Greeks and Romans was a part of that Theanthropism which constitutes a distinctive feature of their religion. This I regard as the culmination of the natural religions; just as Christian Theanthropism, springing from a different root, is the culmination of the spiritual or "revealed." To that different root let us now direct our attention.

We have traced the progress of the idea of God in the way of natural religion through the several stages of Fetishism, Astrolatry, Impersonation of physical forces, and Theanthropism; God as terrestrial creature, God as celestial radiance, God as personified elemental power, and God as man. Observe that these different conceptions, with only a partial exception in the case of the last, have one trait in common, one capital defect; to wit, the absence of that moral element which makes the distinguishing feature, the very foundation, of those religions which we call "re-

* It may be objected that the Greek mythology differed from those of India and Egypt, not in its essence, but only in its artistic representations; that its human aspect is only a concession to the claims of art, which abhors the monstrous. But art with the Greeks was the product of religion, and must be regarded as the exponent of pre-existing ideas. It represented conceptions which religion had inspired.

vealed." Even in Hellenism, the moral element is found only as an incidental trait, like the chastity of Artemis and the avenging function of the furies; not as a necessary constituent. Even in Theanthropism the moral is subordinate to the physical.

The reason is obvious. Natural religion is derived from the contemplation of external nature. But external nature exhibits no trace of moral life. There is no apparent sympathy in nature with moral ends, no faintest intimation of the moral law. The elements are no respecters of persons; they know neither sinner nor saint. The sun smiles alike on the evil and the good. The same moon lights the robber and the minister of mercy on their several ways. The same breeze propels the merchant's and the pirate's sail. Traitor and patriot, murderer and missionary, cannibal and Christian, all have the same nature for their heritage, and find in nature the same accommodation. The blue sky bends over all, the hospitable earth entertains all, — all are served by nature's laws.

How then should natural religion attain to the idea of the moral law? The deep saith, "It is not in me;" earth and sky have not found it. But is not the moral law written in the heart of man? Religion has only to look there, has only to look within, to find moral obligation, and from it to infer a moral Ruler of the universe, the holy and just God of monotheism. True, and this is precisely what distinguishes natural religion from "revealed." When man looks within, looks deep enough to find moral obligation, and to refer it to the power and law of which it is the witness, the whole system of natural religion is done away. A revelation has been made in him of the one true God. Revelation is not from without, but from within; it is moral intuition. God reveals himself, not by sensible apparition, but by his witness in the soul. That testimony, first heard by elect individuals, meditative men, like Abraham, Zoroaster, Moses, Jesus, and declared by them, becomes what we call a "revelation," or divine dispensation of religion.

Monotheism, then, comes not by the way of natural religion, seeking God without and fusing its many gods into one, but by reflection seeking God within; and *the difference between natural and revealed religion consists in this, that in the former*

the religious sentiment is turned outward, and that in the latter it is turned inward.

Quite otherwise, the phrase "Natural Religion," or, more properly, "Natural Theology," is commonly used to designate those primordial verities which constitute the substance of monotheistic religion. This use of the term dates from Raymond de Sebonde,* who wrote, in the beginning of the fifteenth century, a work which Montaigne, at the instigation of his father, turned into French, and to whose defençe he devoted the most elaborate, though not the most edifying, of the immortal Essays. The design of Raymond was to vindicate the truths of "Revelation" by proofs and illustrations drawn from nature. But illustration of a truth by the facts of nature is one thing, the discovery of it from the contemplation of nature is another. The phrase "Natural Theology" is an unfortunate one, as fostering the delusion, so widely spread, that the contemplation of nature teaches monotheism, would teach it to sagacious minds where other teaching has not anticipated that result. The contemplation of nature teaches no such thing. Nature, the arena of antagonistic forces, the scene of perpetual conflict between good and evil, — Nature, with her sunshine and calm of to-day, her earthquakes and tornadoes of to-morrow, suggests dualism or polytheism, not the one God, the Creator and Father of all. Uninstructed by other teaching, and without monotheism already in the mind, who would ever divine that the desolate crag or blasted volcano was moulded by the same Power that flings the rainbow over it? Who would ever conclude that the scorpion and the bird of Paradise have one Father? Monotheism is not an inference from nature, but the gift of Tradition, or an intuition of the private soul divinely touched, brooding over its own deep. The first monotheist was one who withdrew his gaze from the starry heaven and the creaturely earth, and found in the secret of his own thought the divine "I am." What they mean, or should mean, who speak thus of "Natural Religion," is that system of

* "Theologiæ naturalis nomine primus usus est Raymundus de Sebonde, natione Hispanus, ineunte sec. xv. auctor libri primum editi Daventriæ et Theologia Naturalis, sive Liber Creaturarum inscripti." Wegscheider Institt. Theol. See Herzog's Real-Encyclopädie for an elaborate account of this work.

truths which nature studied in the light of revelation confirms, not the system which nature teaches. "Rational Religion" would be the fitter term.

To find the one God in nature, man must first have found him within. The religious mind turned inward encounters another Divinity than the aspects of nature had suggested to uninstructed contemplation. It finds in the dictates of the moral sense, in imperative warnings and obligations, in the consciousness of spiritual wants and aspirations, a God unknown to natural religion, — a God who is not mere Power and Intelligence and commanding Will, but Goodness, Holiness, Truth, Love. These constitute the God of moral intuition, a God self-evident, and One in the double sense of onliness and unity. The very idea of such a God excludes multitude. There can be but one absolute Good. Hence revealed religion is necessarily monotheistic. The natural religions, on the other hand, seeking God outwardly, and based on the assumption of a separation in space between God and man, are polytheistic. So long as the divine is conceived as existence *in* nature instead of nature's continent, there is no ground for unity in the Godhead. On the contrary, many gods, in that case, will be required to match the many-sidedness of nature.

Other characteristics follow from this one. The natural religions are sacrificial, the revealed are ethical. The natural are hierarchical, the revealed are congregational. The natural are idolistic, the revealed are scriptural. I speak of tendencies, not of uniform results. In practice these tendencies are often modified by counter influences, by corruptions and perversions. When revelations expand and harden into ecclesiasticism, they sometimes assume the characteristics of naturalism; they become sacrificial, hierarchical, and here and there degenerate into fetishism.

Revelation must not be confused with systems of religion based upon it. Revelation, as such, is purely individual experience; the revealed religions, such as Jehovism, Parsism, Christianity, Islam, are providential and historic growths which may or may not ensue from that experience. Revelation there has been in the midst of polytheism, and through all the course of human history. For the truths of the Spirit have no date, although the "dispensations" which embody them, like other social products, are subject

to historic necessity, and must bide their time. Revelation in individual seers, like Pythagoras, Socrates, and Isaiah, may antedate by centuries the organization of its truths in ecclesiastical polities. It depends, not so much on the clearness and fulness of the revelation, as on the personality with which it is associated, and, of course, on the providential order of events, whether or not the revelation shall become an historic dispensation. The moral intuitions of Plato far transcended those of Mohammed; but the moral force, the momentum of personality, the quality of soul in Mohammed, exceeded the genius of Plato. Adopted by Providence, the slender thought and vast soul of the Arab have rallied around them a fifth part of the human race, whilst the fuller revelation of the Greek could only modify Gentile and Christian theology with its intellectual leaven.

The history of religion is a record of man's search after God. It begins with the lowest and ends with the highest; it begins with the most foreign and ends with the most interior; it begins with stones and the beasts of the field and ends with the Spirit. Every step in this process is divine education. Nature-worship had its meaning and embodied an essential truth. The presence of God in nature, the sacredness of nature, is the truth deposited in the human mind by natural religions. The supremacy of Spirit is the lesson of the revealed. And so the history of religion repeats the story of creation. First that which is natural, then that which is spiritual. The natural man seeks God in nature; first in the creaturely forms round him, then in the skies. The spiritual knows that the Supreme Presence is not a question of topography; that the throne above the skies is but the last resort of realism; that neither up nor down, nor in any outward direction, but inward and ever inward, is the way to God.

F. H. Hedge.

THE BAPTISM OF JOHN.

A Sermon. Translated from the French of Albert Réville, by Ann Swaine.

"And it came to pass in those days that Jesus came from Nazareth of Galilee, and was baptized of John in Jordan; and straightway coming up out of the water, he saw the heavens opened, and the Spirit like a dove descending upon him; and there came a voice from heaven, saying, Thou art my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

— *Mark* i. 9–11.

Now that the reality of the human nature of Jesus has been more thoroughly established, and it has been determined to do justice to all the consequences which spring from it, the signification of many of the facts in the Gospel history has undergone a total change. I may even say that there are some which have now a signification that had been lost for ages. The baptism of Jesus by John the prophet is among the number.

Doubtless from the traditional point of view, which confounds Jesus with God himself, this baptism is something abnormal and incomprehensible. In itself, whatever view we may take of it, it represents a new life, a starting-point, a rupture with the former life, and it implies at the very least a confession of imperfection. Jesus comes to John to be baptized, just like the mass of the Jews, who are exhorted to repentance by the hermit of the Jordan. But how are we to associate these ideas of a new life, of the renunciation of the old life, of the inauguration of a higher manner of living, with the idea of Jesus as God, that is, as immutable and perfect? Here is a contradiction in terms, and the history of the Christian religion has been remarkably affected by it.

In fact, perhaps you have never observed that in the gospels themselves, and in proportion as the human perfection of Jesus incites his disciples to assign to him an ever-increasing elevation in the order of beings, the canonical narrators insensibly modify their representation of his baptism. Thus Mark and Luke agree in describing what took place in such a way as to leave the im-

pression that John is completely ignorant of the greatness of Jesus. It is Jesus who, coming out of Jordan, sees heaven opened, and the Holy Spirit descending and hovering over him like a dove; it is he who hears the mysterious voice saying to him, "Thou art my beloved Son: in thee I am well pleased." The evangelist whose narrative stands first, considerably alters this representation of the baptism of Jesus. According to him, John the Baptist would at first have refused to baptize him, and the vision of the opened heavens, the symbolic dove, the hearing of the celestial voice, must have been revealed to John the Baptist, who must have learnt from them that Jesus, whom he had just baptized, was no other than the expected Messiah. But the fourth evangelist goes much farther still. He is silent as to the baptism itself, and simply speaks of a vision concerning Jesus to which John the Baptist himself bore witness.

The tendency of these insensible changes is to remove as much as possible everything connected with the event of the baptism of Jesus which might help to lessen his previous greatness and perfection. On the contrary, in those communities of Jewish Christians which were able to boast that they were the most ancient Christian churches, and that they had preserved the very earliest Christian ideas and forms, Jesus was regarded as a holy man, but as really a man. Consequently a very high value was attached to his baptism, and his adoption by God as Messiah and divine Messenger was made to date from that moment; and in the gospel read by those Jewish Christians, a gospel otherwise very similar to our Matthew, Jesus was spoken of as having no idea that he was the Son of God until he came out of the Jordan.

In other words, throughout the whole Christian Church, the more Jesus was elevated above humanity and the more incomprehensible his baptism became, the greater was the endeavor to modify its meaning; on the other hand, the nearer Jesus is brought to humanity, the greater is the importance attached to that baptism.

Our position in these days with regard to the evangelical history is very simple. To begin with, the fact of the baptism is incontestable. It is attested by all the ancient documents. That it marks a decisive moment in the life and thoughts of Jesus is

not less evident. When we see by what follows how little John knew of Jesus, when we read the chapter* in which he sends from prison to ask Jesus if it is "he who should come," when finally we remember that school of John the Baptist, which for some time existed side by side with that of Jesus, though quite distinct from it, we cannot do otherwise than accept the opinion that the opened heavens, the dove which represented the Holy Spirit, the voice from heaven, were witnessed and heard by Jesus, and not by John. If not, why did not John immediately follow Jesus? We must always ask ourselves what were the motives, the intentions, which determined Jesus to go into the wilderness and seek for that baptism which was called "the baptism of repentance." or conversion? To reply properly to these questions we must again state what the baptism of John was.

It was the expression of a great religious movement, of a great expectation, of an awakening. The majority of the Jewish people believed that the moment for the coming of the kingdom of God was near, that the errors and sins of many among them were what delayed it; and they were confirmed in this belief by the enthusiastic preachers of whom John remains to us as the type, of whom he was probably the most powerful, but yet not the only one. "In order that the kingdom of God may come," it would be said, "and that we may participate in its blessing, a new life of holiness, justice, piety, must be begun;" and, with that readiness to express sentiments in outward forms which was a characteristic of the ancients, the form fully corresponded with the state of mind. Remember that this baptism was not confined to simple sprinkling, as it generally is in our days: the person baptized was completely immersed in the water. It was understood that he meant to renounce his former life and to consecrate himself to a totally new life. Every one who was baptized was supposed, when he came out of the water, to leave his past life, the "old man," behind him, and to reappear as a new and purified man. Naturally, with regard to most of those who were baptized, the most notable difference between the two periods of life separated by their baptism in the Jordan consisted in a change to a holier life, in the renuncia-

* Matt. xi.

tion of vicious habits, or the reparation of wrongs committed. But this does not interfere with the essential idea of baptism, which was of a new life, of a firm resolution to enter upon a course of conduct decided on and seriously followed, in prospect of the kingdom about to come. John the Baptist, with his rough eloquence, his disinterestedness, his patriotism, the reflection of poetry emanating from his person, had powerfully moved the masses. Convinced of the near approach of a great change, but not yet knowing him whom God would appoint to effect it, knowing only, to use his own energetic language, that he was not even "worthy to unloose his sandals," John the Baptist had attracted multitudes to the open ground where the Jordan,—leaving inhabited regions,—rolled its ready waters through solitudes where nothing came to disturb the meditation of his followers. Men came in crowds, eager to hear this son of the ancient prophets, like them severe, inexorable, incorruptible, and like them full of love for his country and of faith in the divine promises.

What is it that brings Jesus among the hearers of John? While we reverence his religious and moral sublimity, we yet believe in the gradual development of his consciousness; we look upon his humanity as real, consequently upon his infancy, his boyhood, his youth, as real also. As one of the evangelists well expresses it, "Jesus grew in wisdom, and in stature, and in favor with God and man." Therefore we cannot admit that the consciousness of being the bearer of a mission among men, and the founder, properly so called, of the kingdom of God could be clear and definite in him from the beginning. We think rather that, eminently endowed as he was with the religious faculty, his pure soul opened wide to receive the inspirations of the Spirit, passed, after a considerable time had elapsed, out of doubt, hesitation and strife. He must have been like all to whom Providence has confided a great mission, the Moseses, the Isaiahs, the Pauls, the Luthers of the world, and like them have known that holy feeling of timidity which the comparison of desire with actual performance engenders. The humble youth of Nazareth, before beginning his daily work as a carpenter for his daily bread, concealing from the eyes of all the great thoughts fermenting in his heart, forced out his whole soul before God, seeking him when it was possible in

solitude. Sometimes it was in an obscure closet in his father's dwelling that the young Jesus, apart from the crowd, sought to contemplate the face of God; sometimes it was on the slopes of the neighboring mountains that he beheld how the sun shed his golden rays over the whole landscape, making no distinction between the field of the righteous and the field of the unrighteous, and how the little birds sang the praises of God, sure to find their needful food. Then coming back from this sweet contemplation, he thought of men, of his own nation; of the evils of all kinds under which that miserable nation was bound down; and he said to himself that it would be a very noble thing for a man to consecrate himself to the work of delivering men from these, of helping them along the path of sanctification and salvation, of enlightening with a purer ray; and he thought he would be happy whom God should choose for such a work. "But who is he?" he said to himself. At times confused voices arose from the depths of his soul and replied, "Who is he? It is thyself; with such thoughts as these why dost thou not give thyself to the work?" "But," he returned, "am I worthy to undertake it? What can I do? Is it not pride, presumption, in me to cherish such ideas? Who will listen to the carpenter of Nazareth? In what schools have I studied that I should dispute with the wise and learned of this world? How can I prove to others, how even to myself, that such a mission is confided to me?"

Either the human nature of Jesus was not real, or he must have known these hours, at once of exaltation and indecision, amid the prosaic round of his daily life. God alone knew what was passing in the mind of that silent, reserved young man, who walked, carrying his tools in his hand, through the lanes of his native village. The years, as they fled, only added fresh force to these alternations of courage and distrust. If, however, we may judge by the sequel, it appears that already a clear idea had taken root in the very depths of his consciousness, the idea of the filial relation uniting man to God, the thought of God as a Father. It was in this state of mind that he followed the multitude to the baptism of John. Was it to repent along with them? There is no trace of this. It was rather to seek for decision, to put an end to that life which hitherto had been entirely subjective and

without fruit, and to consecrate himself, but by what title he knew not, to the service of the kingdom of God now at hand. The sight of those multitudes, possessed by the enthusiastic expectation of the same kingdom, moved to good by the confident words of the Baptist, at last revealed him to himself. He saw plainly that he must renounce his former life and begin one completely new. By common consent, baptism in the Jordan was looked upon as the boundary line dividing the old from the new life, and therefore he would be baptized also. When he came up out of the river, the heavens were opened for him, the clouds still obscuring his mind were dispersed, the Spirit of the Lord would henceforth be his counsellor, his guide, his permanent inspirer; henceforth his vocation was plain, for a heavenly voice had said to him, "Thou art my beloved Son, in thee I am well pleased." There was no farther reason for hesitating, and he did not hesitate longer.

It is plain now what we see in the baptism of Jesus in the Jordan. It marks the moment when the confused ideas which agitated him on the subject of the kingdom of God, and of the part which he was to take in its establishment, were cleared up and took a definite form, and when the consciousness of his divine mission became complete, absolute. Are the details of the opened heavens, of the dove hovering over his head, of the heavenly voice, figurative expressions of these sentiments; or had Jesus a vision in which the sentiments assumed for him these symbolic and poetic forms? How this may be is of little importance. One thing is certain, that God spoke to his soul, revealed himself within his heart; and it is also certain that, from that hour, the simple carpenter of Nazareth became the Son of Man, by men called by pre-eminence the Son of God.

No matter what may be our particular view; if we are Christians at all, we regard Jesus as the head and leader of our faith; and consequently one of the surest measures we possess for the purification and perfecting of our religious life is to read in him in some measure the conditions and elements of true, pure, and practical piety.

Viewed in this measure, the explanation we have given of the baptism of Jesus in the Jordan is rich in profitable lessons. These

are threefold; first, as to religious forms; second, as to the doubts which often paralyze the spiritual life; third, as to the very essence of Christian sentiment, which we must ourselves possess if we would enjoy its odor and its fruits.

It is almost an axiom in the Reformed Churches that no form is necessary to salvation, that the estate of favor or of communion with God depends upon the internal state of the soul, and that no rite, sacrament, or work of any kind can communicate it to him who has it not. This principle is not merely Protestant; it is evangelical. It characterizes in the highest degree the teachings of Jesus, and especially his discussions with his adversaries. How often did he maintain against the Scribes and Pharisees, that "nothing from without can" either save or "defile a man," that all depends upon his state of mind! On the other hand, however, it must be observed that Jesus did not despise the popular forms which were the expression of the religious faith around him. He regularly frequented the worship of the synagogue, notwithstanding all he must there have heard opposed to his own views; he celebrates the Passover, and, as in our text, he received baptism in the Jordan. Did he attribute an intrinsic merit, a direct value to these various forms? Not at all. But his religious faculty found delight in them. The ideas which they excited or represented, the memories which were attached to them, the holy emotions which they might cause to spring up, these were what he sought and found in them. In reality his baptism neither added anything to his soul nor took anything away from it, but it was not on that account less the occasion for the opening of heaven to the eyes of his mind, and for the full and radiant revelation of the Father in his consciousness.

This is the point from which we ought to view our religious forms, neither with superstition on the one hand, nor with contempt on the other. Certainly it is not the material fact of your presence in holy places, of your hymns, of your prayers, of your baptismal and communion services which will gain for you the favor of God. But do not consider them as useless. Ah! it is easy for a man to say that he does not find the want of preaching, of the communion, or of any kind of participation in the life of the church. This is the language of indifference and of irreligion. But it is

nevertheless a fact that the inner life suffers from a systematic abstinence from all common religious life, and all common religious life takes for granted, asks for, common forms. I do not wish to overrate anything, to exaggerate anything. But, if I may refer to my own experience, to that of many others, I would say that many of the holy emotions, of the penitent feelings, of the resolutions, consolations, and hopes which we have never tasted in any other connection are bound up with our simple worship, with our venerable and expressive religious forms. I know how many defects some sermons have, and yet I know, also, that to many souls they have oftentimes been sources of joy, of new confidence, of confirmed piety. In a word, I know that within our places of worship blessed changes have been produced in many hearts, and that to many hearts heaven has been opened.

Yes, heaven has been opened, that is to say, uncertainty, hesitation, moral doubt have been dissipated, and such a victory once gained is very seldom, if ever, lost. I here touch on the second order of teachings to be derived from the baptism of Jesus, which concern you, as they concern the majority of Christians who think and reflect. You are not satisfied with your inner state. You do not regret that you are emancipated from the old superstitions which enslave and materialize, but you sometimes regret and heave a sigh over the serene convictions, the simple experiences, which they produced. Your trouble is deeper still. I know what it is, and I will describe it to you. Your religious life passes in alternations of confidence and doubt, of faith and incredulity, of fervor and coldness. There are moments when piety is sweet, supremely sweet, to your hearts; there are other times when it is like a spring that has been exhausted. Is not this the case? In a word, you have not yet gone beyond the period of indecision and fluctuation, and heaven is not opened for you. In this lies the chief trouble for many among you; I affirm it because I know it.

Well, if it be so, you can bring your miserable state near to the heart of Jesus, that heart which was purer than yours, but still knew its times of fluctuation and indecision. I would say to you, do as he did; do not precipitately cast yourselves, as some have done, upon the voluntary illusion of a certainty which is no cer-

tainty at all, but wait in prayer and trust in God until heaven is opened to you in your turn. Keep up your religious habits, practice solitary meditation, in hours of anguish open your hearts before God, try to study their weaknesses, their evil desires; let your lives be peaceful, regular, honest, industrious, and you will find that the common experiences of every day, the consequences of public and private events, the joys and the sorrows of existence, will ripen your souls and bring them nearer to heaven. God seeks man; but it is his purpose that man should endeavor to find him. In the need that you have of him lies the token of his solicitude on your behalf; but it is his will that you should knock that he may open, that you should ask that he may grant. Victory without previous conflict is a manifest impossibility. But after the conflict comes the rest; after the tempest, the blue sky; after the darkness within, the pure light of the opened heavens.

How may you know that heaven is opened for you? As it was with Jesus, so will it be with you when you feel yourselves animated by the desire to serve your fellow-creatures, to devote yourselves to their welfare, on the one side; and on the other, when the assurance is growing within you that you are the sons of the living God, that there is the relation of father and child between you and God. This devoted purpose and this holy conviction are the two gates by which heaven is opened. Jesus leaves the Jordan animated by one thought, that of consecrating himself to the establishment of the kingdom of God among men. You may follow him into the wilderness, stand by him at the conference between his own spirit and the spirit of evil, and behold with what firmness he repels all sinful suggestions, declaring that he will serve God in all self-denial, humility, and disinterestedness; that he will submit to hunger, injury, persecution, rather than make a compact with sin. His resolution is as pure as it is determined. Upon what does it rest? Upon the full and clear conviction that he is the Son of God. His consciousness is the very centre of his religion; if Christianity is of any value, its value consists in its power of awakening and nourishing it in the soul of every true Christian; it is the truth which constitutes the essence of Christianity, and which especially distinguishes it from all other religions.

In the same way, love your brethren, under the conviction that you have God for your Father, and courageously, and without any selfish calculations, obey the inspirations of this holy love. You will draw from it what Jesus did, that assurance of the love of God which renders all who possess it stronger than suffering, misfortune, and death; and which, opening heaven for them, reveals yet more fully the eternal country, the consolation and the hope which nothing can destroy. With the feeling that God is our Father, how delightful is it to look upon heaven, to think of the future, of death itself! With what joy do our hearts, reaching forth beyond time, rejoin in heaven those whom we have loved, whom, thank God, we shall love forever, and who will love us forever! With what courage may we henceforth meet the sorrows and dangers of the present life, and how greatly changed is the aspect of our now sanctified life! God is willing to baptize us with his Holy Spirit, in order that the heavens may be opened to our ravished sight, and that to the words, "Ye are my beloved children," we may reply, "And Thou art our Omnipotent Father, from whom we draw our life and our joy."

EDITORS' NOTE-BOOK.

THE PRESSING QUESTION.

Rev. William Henry Channing, at the close of three very full, appreciative, and even admiring notices in the London "Inquirer," of the life and work of the American evangelist, D. L. Moody, turns the attention of his Unitarian readers in a practical direction, by the following earnest questions: —

"Finally, let one more question be frankly put, and fairly answered, — 'If this unlettered man — this man of one book, the Bible — this man of one method, conversion — this man of one weapon, loving trust — this man with one aim, hearty fellowship — has been able to rouse into action the dormant energies of all Evangelical Christendom as he has done and in doing, ought not we Liberal Christians, with our glorious Gospel of real glad tidings — our faith so bright, so large, so free, so generous — to be able to guide those energies onward to an ever-widening good?'

"Were we but as *faithful* to our 'Yea and Amen,' as our Evangelical friends are faithful to their mingled 'Yea and Nay,' might we not help to transform Christendom into a New World? When will our own revival come? And how can we help it on in this our Year of Jubilee?"

These questions embody the feelings that are uppermost, and profoundest, in the hearts of many among us. We believe that there is a wide-spread and earnest desire, growing in many cases to an urgent longing, that the Liberal Christian churches in this country should enter, with the new half-century of their organized life, upon a period of healthful activity and wise efficiency, more worthy than anything they have accomplished or attempted in the past of the heritage of simple and broad Christianity they hold, more adequate to the gospel of righteousness, freedom, and rational faith they so largely have in charge.

And this feeling is not merely, or mainly, the spirit of denominational zeal; it is shared not only by those who are and have been foremost in advancing the interests of Unitarianism as a sect, or in defending its special tenets; it is the aspiration which is coming to possess the most thoughtful and devout among us, — even of those who, like Mr. Channing, have been more concerned hitherto with

the philosophy and the humanities of our religious system than with its organized movements or its practical administration. The call is to deepen the religious life in our churches, to vitalize their methods with the spirit of a warmer piety and a more adequate and efficient church life, and thus to pour into the community and the nation larger streams of positive moral and Christian influence, to purify and uplift society, and swell the currents of righteousness and pure religion which alone can redeem the world.

We commend to the earnest and instant consideration of the pastors and people of our congregations the urgent question of William Henry Channing, *How can we help on this work?*

THE SECOND CONFERENCE AT BONN.

It was a whimsical theory of Thoreau, that every rare flower or plant could be found in Concord, by one who had the faculty of seeking it aright. It is doubtless more broadly true that every shade of opinion or phase of culture that men have ever known has somewhere now its living representatives; and that if we know where to look for it, every aspect of the mediæval, and even more primitive civilizations, will be found reproduced in some community of our own age. Does not the "International" league repeat the crude absurdities, and even threaten the violence of the old Roman Agrarianism? and are not the censors of our political mismanagement and corruption using the methods and adopting the hopeless tone of the Roman satirists?

While it may be hoped that the world is continually learning something, it neither forgets nor wholly outgrows any of the stages of its progress. It would seem as if every impossible experiment in government, social life, or religion, were destined to be tried over and over again forever by some nation, community or party; that however many abandon such experiment in despair or hard-learned knowledge of its futility, so little does one race or age learn from the experience of another, that there will always be some to still attempt it, other Sisyphuses rolling up the everlasting hill the ineffectual stone.

We hope that these reflections, suggested by the reports that have reached us of the late Conference at Bonn, will not be regarded disrespectful to the bishops, canons, archimandrites, and

other magnates of the churches, Oriental, Occidental, and Anglican, who were gathered there in the laudable endeavor to promote Christian union; or, in the words of Dr. Döllinger's manifesto, in the first place, "to effect a common combined expression of those fundamental doctrines of our common Christianity which were held and briefly formulated by the professors of the earliest Christian Church," and, secondly, "to secure a Church Conferation which, without swallowing up all churches in one, or interfering with their nationality, doctrines, constitution, or ritual, should nevertheless lead each church to admit the clergy of the others to take part in its services and sacraments."

We have the strongest sympathy with the purpose, and in large part with the spirit, of this Conference; but it is impossible not to see in its discussions the same love of theological subtleties, the same fatal faith in doctrinal definition, the same attempts to express the ineffable and inconceivable, which made the famous Councils of the early church sources of confusion and contradiction rather than of unity and clearness, limiting lines of thought instead of guiding lines of truth and progress. Even the main topic of this Conference was an old one a thousand years ago. For what was it that these one hundred and twenty doctors and high officials, representatives of the Greek Church from Syra and Roumania, from Belgrade, Constantinople and St. Petersburg, from Dalmatia, Macedonia, and the shores of the Black Sea, these sixty bishops, canons, and clergy of the English and American Episcopal Churches, these learned and courageous theologians and confessors of New Catholicism who delight to style themselves "Old Catholics," and who certainly are making rapid progress towards primitive and pure Christianity, — what was it that all these earnest and learned men — earnest especially to find a true and satisfying basis of union — spent the five days of their discussions in mainly considering? In threshing and winnowing anew that beaten straw of a thousand years of futile controversy, the doctrine of the Procession of the Holy Ghost.

The early Church held that the Spirit proceeded from the Father only, as the fountain of Deity, and the Eastern Church has ever held rigidly the same form of words concerning it. The Latin Church (and following it the English Church) came in the

development of dogma to declare that the Spirit proceeded from the Father *and the Son;* and since the Synod of Toledo (A.D. 589) the "Filioque" clause has been incorporated in confessions of faith, and was at length strictly enforced as Catholic doctrines. This, in the eyes of Greek Catholics, was the capital heresy of the Western Church, and together with the assumptions of the Roman bishops, brought about irreconcilable division which the repeated efforts of centuries were powerless to heal. Each party declared the other guilty of schism, and pronounced anathemas upon it.

When the Old Catholics in the loneliness of their separation from the Ultramontane majority in the Roman Church sought to gain the sympathy of the Eastern Church, or, as the "Neologos" (the curiously named organ of Greek Orthodoxy at Constantinople) puts it, when "the conscience of some of the Papists themselves was aroused," and they set themselves against the innovation of Papal infallibility, they found this contradictory statement of the creeds most of all in the way of union or feliowship. Our readers will remember that a similar Conference to the one that has just taken place was held at Bonn last year, which after long discussion of this point separated without definite results. The Old Catholics and Anglicans were willing to agree on a platform which recognized the qualified and secondary agency of the Son; but the Eastern delegates then as now insisted that "with the procession whereby the Holy Ghost has his existence, all participation of the Son is excluded."

Happily, a way was found this year to bisect the contradiction of the creeds, and instead of parting in hostility, or with mutual anathemas, the desire for union was so strong, especially on the side of the Old Catholics, as to lead to an accommodation and the adoption of a form of words, which may *in words* bridge the dividing chasm, and thus, in the words of the Archbishop of Syra, "the rent robe of the Lord be made one again and complete in the one Catholic Church." It occurred to the astute Döllinger that John of Damascus, a theologian of the eighth century, of high authority in the Eastern Church, had held a qualified doctrine of the procession of the Holy Ghost from, or through, the Son; and after various statements had been discussed and rejected, he

brought forth a carefully prepared set of phases derived from the writings of the Damascene, and with great eloquence and earnestness urged their adoption. It is evident that his enthusiasm and scholarly acumen at last moved the admiration and captured the confidence of the wary and somewhat impassive Eastern representatives. The basis that was finally agreed upon is, substantially, that each party shall be allowed to retain its own formulary, which is, however, to be explained by the phrase "proceeding *from* the Father *through* the Son."

The preliminary resolutions and articles adopted we find in "The Churchman" and copy below, omitting most of the authorities cited in connection. The third article was accepted by the Orientals only after discussion among themselves, and doubtless in a somewhat different sense from that in which it is usually held in the Western Church.

PRELIMINARY RESOLUTIONS.

1. We agree together in receiving the œcumenical symbola and the doctrinal decisions of the ancient undivided Church.

2. We agree together in acknowledging that the addition of the *Filioque* to the creed did not take place in an ecclesiastically regular manner.

3. We acknowledge on all sides the representation of the doctrine of the Holy Ghost, as it is set forth by the Fathers of the undivided Church.

4. We reject every proposition and every method of expression, in which in any way the acknowledgment of two principles or ἀρχαί or αἰτίαι in the Trinity may be contained.

ON THE PROCESSION OF THE HOLY GHOST.

We accept the teaching of St. John of Damascus respecting the Holy Ghost, as the same is expressed in the following paragraphs, in the sense or the teaching of the ancient undivided Church:

1. The Holy Ghost goes forth out of the Father (ἐκ τοῦ πατρὸς) as the Beginning (ἀρχή), the Cause (αἰτία), the Source (πηγή), of the Godhead. (*De recta sententia n.* 1. *Contra Manich. n.* 4.)

2. The Holy Ghost goes not forth out of the Son (ἐκ τοῦ υἱοῦ), because there is in the Godhead but one Beginning (ἀρχή), one Cause (αἰτία), through which all that is in the Godhead is produced. (*De fide orthod. I*, 8.)

3. The Holy Ghost goes forth out of the Father through the Son. (*De fide orthod. I*, 12: τὸ δὲ πνεῦμα τὸ ἅγιον ἐκφαντορικὴ τοῦ κρυφίου τῆς θεότητος δύναμις τοῦ πατρός, ἐκ πατρὸς μὲν δι υἱοῦ ἐκπορευομένη. *Ibidem*: υἱοῦ δὲ πνεῦμα, οὐχ ὡς ἐξ αὐτοῦ ἀλλ' ὡς δ' αὐτοῦ ἐκ τοῦ πατρὸς ἐκπορενόμενον.

4. The Holy Ghost is the Image of the Son, Who is the Image of the Father (*De fide orthod. I*, 13: εἰκὼν τοῦ πατρὸς ὁ υἱὸς, καὶ τοῦ υἱοῦ τὸ πνεῦμα), going forth out of the Father and resting in the Son as the force beaming forth from Him.

5. The Holy Ghost is the personal Production out of the Father, belonging to the Son, but not out of the Son, because he is the Spirit of the Mouth of the Godhead, which speaks forth the Word.

6. The Holy Ghost forms the mediation between the Father and the Son and is bound together to the Father through the Son.

All parties seemed delighted with the result, which will last, doubtless, till the various subscribing parties begin to inquire in what sense these declarations are to be received. It may be, however, that having got out of the way the chief dogmatic obstacle to friendship and fellowship, this point of a thousand years' division will be permitted to sink into deserved forgetfulness, and this compromise of doctrine be the harbinger and earnest of an enlarged Catholicity and an increasing unity of spirit and work. That it means this to the Old Catholics seems evident; they have their faces set towards larger freedom and a more rational faith; while to the High Church Anglicans connected with this movement it seems to mean only a new barrier against dissent, a new sanction to the validity of Anglican orders and ritual, and a larger acknowledgment of the Catholicity of the English Church.

While holding lightly, then, the dogmatic results of this Conference, it seems to us significant and of great value as expressive of the yearning that exists for Christian unity. It is impossible not to be infected with the earnestness and enthusiasm of the great theologian who leads the Old Catholic movement, the aged but vigorous von Döllinger. He was the life and soul of the Conference, as of that held last year, and the success that has attended it is due largely to the eloquence, determination, and patient skill which he brought to bear upon the questions raised, and to the stores of patristic and theological learning with which he was able to fortify his positions and refute objectors. Into the dry details and subtle distinctions of scholastic disputes he contrived to infuse the spirit of the nineteenth century, the hope and largeness and fresh earnestness of a new religious age. The voice is the voice of Jacob, though the hands are the hands of Esau. There

was great power in the passage of his closing speech, in which, after declaring that the great English and American Church had won unending praise for its missionary work, he exclaimed, "But, gentlemen of the English Church, if we could but speak to the heathen with the voice of a great united church, what might we not accomplish in preaching the gospel?"

The Greek Church, too, seems to feel, though less strongly, the call to a more cordial recognition of the work that western Christendom is engaged in, and to desire a closer fellowship with it. Whether the Old Catholic movement shall survive and increase or not it will not have been attempted in vain if it shall prove to be the connecting bridge, over which the new thought and freer spirit and more rational and progressive faith of modern Christianity in Europe and America shall pass to waken the East into accord with its larger hope and its fuller life.

We copy the closing passage from the article we have already quoted in the newspaper organ of the Patriarch of the Eastern Church at Constantinople: —

"The period for the unity of the Church is, at last, begun. The fanaticism of worldly power caused the separation; its abuses have caused the different peoples to draw near to each other, through knowledge, and science, and the common canons of logic and ethics. Very remarkable are the patience, the care, and the promptitude, displayed by the Old Catholics in organizing their new, independent, and autocephalic Church, whilst, at the same time, they do not cease laboring, through the power of true learning and of kindly tact, for the unity of their Church with the rest of Christendom; but still more remarkable is the readiness with which the other churches accept the invitation of the Old Catholics, with which they greet the beginning of unity. We say advisedly 'the other churches,' for no political or ecclesiastical authority has in any way opposed this manifest tendency towards unity in which the most distinguished theologians and professors share. What Christian does not desire and pray, from his inmost heart, for the general unity of Christians? This unity will be brought about by the spirit of peace and Christian brotherhood, and not at all by that of damnation and of worldly interests."

A BEAUTIFUL CHURCH.

George Macdonald somewhere says, that in bestowing charity it is usually better to give something that the one assisted could not or would not obtain for himself; that, for instance, it is better

to give a flower than a loaf of bread, thus awakening the neglected sense of beauty, and calling forth new power by rousing the consciousness of a higher hunger. The man who had been too torpid before to care for more than the bread, and consequently not equal to the attainment of that, will, we may suppose, through the stimulant of a new desire, be adequate to the production of the bread, and more. While it may be possible to follow the line of this fine philosophy too far, it is certain that the highest benefactions, and those least likely to harm by encouraging dependence and sloth, are the ones that seek to help men in the spiritual range of life, that minister to ideal necessities, that furnish incitements and opportunities for higher culture, and stimulate while they delight the nobler powers of our nature.

Such a benefaction the people of North Easton may well regard the beautiful and complete church-edifice lately erected and presented to the Unitarian society in that place, by Oliver Ames, Esq. No village, nor indeed city, in the country, contains a more graceful or better appointed church, nor one more perfectly adapted to the wants of its attendants. Whether or not its gospel shall be "one with the blowing clover and the falling rain," it seemed to us, as we went to the dedication services on one of the perfect days of late summer, to stand fitly between the foliage and flowers below and the blue sky overhead, all its suggestions in full and helpful accord with these.

And the service itself did not break the harmony. The congregational service in brief and well-chosen words dedicating the house to Christian faith and freedom, to righteousness and religious culture, and to the social needs and charitable work of the people; the counsels and sacred reminiscences of the sermon; the tender, heart-felt, and heart-reaching prayers offered by a long-time neighbor and friend and by a former pastor of the church, — all helped to confirm and complete the assurance that here was a worthy and beautiful offering fitly laid on the altar of the Lord for the service of his children.

The address of Rev. Charles H. Brigham, which concluded the services, we are glad to publish below, not only from its general fitness to the occasion, but especially for the strength and pertinency of the plea it contains for beautiful and even costly houses

of worship, when these are paid for and comport with the circumstances of the worshipers.

ADDRESS OF REV. CHARLES H. BRIGHAM.

I have been asked to say a few words at the close of this service of dedication. Of course they must be words of *congratulation:* for the residents of this village, that they have a building so beautiful to add to the charm of their landscape; for the members of this religious society, that they have now a house of worship so comfortable, so perfectly fitted, so exquisite, in its grace and decoration; for the pastor of this church, that his preaching and his prayer will have such aid in their influence; and for the giver of the noble gift, that he can see the fulfillment of his cherished purpose, and rejoice in the finished work. Many who assist at this consecration find here the fruition of what the phrase of the hymn quaintly calls their "long desire." For these many years they have waited to see a house of God which should harmonize in its form and proportion, in its grace and dignity, with the homes of the worshipers around it, and with the importance of its place. And now they see what is greater than their hopes, a sanctuary worthy of its position, which, in its heed of the decencies of religion and of spiritual suggestion through the attractions for eye and ear, leaves nothing to desire. This church is unique in the history of our household of faith. If any gift of this kind has been made by any man in our body, I do not remember it; certainly no gift of this kind, so large and so costly, has ever been made in our body, and very few such gifts have been made in any of the religious bodies of our land. A few memorial chapels have been built, to witness the love of parents for children, or brother to brother. But, though this church has its grand memorial window, it is not built chiefly for honor to the dead, but for the help and cheer of the living. The light of the rising day comes in through the colors of the memorial window.

Such a church as this is the fit companion of the school-house, on the hill on the other side of the village, of the building which in these last years has illustrated so conspicuously the wise public spirit of the men whom fortune has favored. The church here completes and sanctifies the work of the school-house there; and it ought to show this office in its structure. Secular knowledge is good; and it is well that its signs are exalted, that the school-house is more imposing in its place than the factory or the warehouse. But it is a misfortune when the house of the Lord is seen to be inferior to any structure around it. Religious knowledge, however small its quantity may be, by its themes and its purposes must always take rank of all other knowledge. Nothing taught in the schools, nothing forged upon the anvils, can be of such moment as the gospel of the spiritual life. The word of the dim eternal world is, after all, of greater depth and meaning than any word of the clear temporal

world. In our time many complain of this expense lavished upon church buildings, which are used so little, an hour or two in the week, and are most of the time as still and forsaken as the tombs in the graveyard. Some, looking upon these closed doors and solid walls, which represent so much of capital drawn from profitable enterprise or from healing charity, are tempted to repeat bitterly that Pharisaic cavil, "Why was not this ointment sold for a hundred pence and given to the poor? Why was not some practical Christian work done with this good money, instead of wasting it upon idle prayers and worn-out forms." If this world were all, and the economies and industries were the chief end of life, if there were no soul to care for, and no need of any food or culture of the religions sense, that cavil would have reason. But while man does not live by bread alone, while he has an interest which even the gain of much secular knowledge will not satisfy, the church which meets this interest must not be set off in a corner, or left in contempt.

Nor is the plea, that what was good enough for the fathers is good enough for the children, a reason for keeping the ancient bareness and discomfort of the tabernacles of worship. No doubt, the light which came in through the broad windows of the Puritan meeting-house was just as pure, and the prayers that rose from their tall pulpits just as sincere and effective, as any of the rainbow hues, or chanted prayers which the voice of the organ renders. God dwells in the plain house of wood as much as in the graceful house of stone, and in the pure heart more truly than in either place. But there is no reason why the same refinement, which has changed the narrow, chilly, uncomfortable dwellings of the former age to the convenient abodes of this modern time, should not change the conventicles into temples, and make worship a joy instead of a penance. The churches of a hundred years ago seem to us now stiff and repulsive, but they were better buildings then than the houses in which men lived, and fairer to the eye. When the farmer went to his church there was more there for his spiritual pleasure than in his home. The Puritan, with all his scorn of beauty for the sense, did not degrade his worship of the invisible Father. His house of prayer was larger, more costly, more elaborate in its work, than any private house, even of wealth or family. And no chimney of any home was so tall in its aspiring as the steeple above the belfry.

Luxury in church building, no doubt, may go too far. And all the beauty of architecture and ornament may become vanity, when it goes with the burden of heavy debts, and lays a grievous tax upon the worshipers, and hinders the poor from the house where rich and poor ought to meet in the presence of the same Lord, their Maker. But where no such burden is fastened upon the church, there can be no reason why pleasant surroundings should not aid the spoken word. Jesus stood up to read in the synagogue, within walls as bare as those of our ancient

places of meeting. But he did not neglect for that reason the grander Temple of Jehovah, or fail to go up to the solemn Feast; and when he prophesied the fall of those goodly stones, it was in sorrow more than in contempt or wrath. Sometimes when we read of the manliness and austere honor of those godly men of the former time, we may regret the simplicity of their worship, as if the sins of our time were a consequence of too much luxury, which has invaded God's house and made it a place of indulgence. Do not these soft cushions, and this dim religious light, beguile the thoughts away from moral lessons, and invite a languid reverie, and an untimely sleep? Will the worship be so genuine as when it was kept in pain and hardship, or bring such effectual uprightness in the life? If all the improvements in our churches were of mere luxury, this doubt would be pertinent. If the pulpit damask cushion were the substitute for the Bible there, or if paint upon the walls replaced tablets, in which sentences from the Divine Word could fix wandering thoughts and give spiritual monition, the good of such a change might well be questioned. But when, along with physical comfort, the new sanctuaries bring in symbols of religious teaching and quickening, when they join history and allegory and emblems of religious ideas and service to the exhortation and argument of the living preacher, then the new beauty is great gain, and the house of worship becomes more truly the "Gate of Heaven."

In this church, happily, such emblems are not wanting. I do not know what was the exact intention of the architect in the designs of these brilliant windows which draw attention and rouse curiosity, but there is an obvious interpretation which makes them apt to the purpose of every church of Christ. In the Jewish imagery, the trumpet was the sign of awakening. Its voice was to arouse men to their duties and their needs, and to hinder them from slumber and indifference. This is still a large office of the Christian preacher, and his strong word is the call to instant righteousness,—sometimes a necessary alarming call. The legend of Michael the Archangel is, that he fights with Satan as the champion of the Lord; and it typifies the constant warfare of good with evil, and virtue with sin. Satan, here, is left out of the picture, but the meaning remains. Michael is always a militant angel, and faith and truth in the church and in the world have always to fight with ignorance and sin. This sign will remind the worshipers that God has no compromise with iniquity, and that the ministers of his law must always stand against it, and trample it under their feet. The radiant figure on this memorial window will remind preacher and people that right and wrong are eternally hostile, and that Christ can have no concord with Belial. It emphasizes what to-day is the especial teaching of the liberal gospel, that righteousness, practical service in the cause of divine justice, is the work of those who profess and call themselves Christians. In this church

there is no altar; for sacrifice is not here repeated as on heathen and Jewish altars. Sacrifice is in the service of the week-day, not in the joy of the Sunday. But the hovering dove is here, to suggest the presence, the motion, and the benediction of the Divine Spirit. May it bring that benediction upon all who come here to listen, to pray, and to praise; upon the little children, in their innocence and their wonder; upon the men and women who are vexed by the cares, and troubled by the problems, of this routine and mystery of life; upon the elders bringing here the memories of vanished joys and shadowy forms, and the sad impression that life is dream and vapor, in view of its inevitable closing! May the omens of this day be fulfilled in the success here of the Gospel Word! And when this generation shall have all gone to their rest, may these walls remain fresh in their venerable age, a pride and a treasure for the new generations!

THE BURIATES.

"The Renaissance," Athanase Coquerel's paper, of June 19, copies from a German review the account of a singular Siberian tribe of people, hitherto unknown to Europeans, who live in obscurity and wretchedness, yet have a lofty pride of race and utter contempt of foreigners. The article was written by a Pole named Kohn, for many years an exile in Siberia. The name of this tribe is the "Hunn" or the "Buriates." The numbers of the tribe are constantly decreasing, and they will soon be extinct. They are coarse and sensual in their habits, and much given to drunkenness. They have some privileges from the Russian government, but they obstinately refuse to conform to the customs of the Russian people, and cling tenaciously to their religion, in spite of the zealous efforts of the Greek priests to make them orthodox. This religion is a variety of Buddhism, and it has its Protestant as well as its Catholic side.

The legend runs that once all the people of this part of Siberia were Buddhists. But, about four hundred years ago, the Great Spirit sent a pious and eloquent Lama, whose name was Chaman, to protest against the corrupt and wicked work of the other Lamas. A large part of the people listened to his pleading, and adopted the *purified* teaching. They were persecuted by the Buriates, who remained faithful to the old priests, and they had to take refuge in the only island in the Lake Baïkal, from

which they were afterward driven out to the great plains, where their habitations are in this day.

The worship of these Chamanites is very simple. They pray at the door of the tent at sunrise and sunset, keeping their eyes fixed upon the sun, and offer to the king of the day the horse-skin or the goat-skin which hangs upon the tent. The Chaman is at once priest, prophet, poet, professor, and physician. He receives his inspiration direct from the god, who talks with him, answers him, and gives him the gift of working miracles.

When a Buriate dies, his horse must be buried with him. But the heirs of the deceased have ingenious ways of escaping the duty of sacrificing a valuable animal on the grave of his former owner. Sometimes, by the advice of the priest, they fasten the favorite horse of the dead man to a tree near his grave, and then go away, leaving him to die of hunger. But the halter is a small cord, and, when the horse has eaten the grass around him, he snaps the cord and quietly goes back to the camp, where they pretend that they do not see him. All parties are satisfied: the god, because he has had a fine horse offered to him; the heirs, because they have got their horse back; and the priest, because he has had his pay for his advice. That is the Chamanite method of evading the sacrifice. The Lamaite method is different. This takes one of the old horses of the dead man, worn out and half starved, and fastens him so strongly to the tree that he cannot break away, and dies there of hunger. This method saves the fee to the priest. Ordinarily, a Buriate never can kill or sell a horse, so that an important man in the tribe will have a good many old horses in his troop to choose from.

The god of the Buriates has his visible throne on the earth, which is grander than all other thrones. It is a huge rhomboidal rock, from two to three yards in height, which rests upon a rock precipice about twelve yards high, between Katchouga and Wjercholensk, just above a narrow pathway. To climb up that rock to the throne is dangerous, and makes one shudder. Here the Buriates offer sacrifices to their god, and here they settle their quarrels and try their lawsuits. The Chaman, who is also judge, summons the litigants to this place.

When they come to the foot of the precipice, the Chaman takes counsel of the god, and informs the parties that they must both of them, the accused and the accuser, climb up together to the throne, but that the one who goes up safely will be counted innocent, and the one who falls will be the guilty one. As the ascent is so steep and so slippery, and there is no place on the throne where a man can stand, the parties usually agree to settle the case, shake hands, and dine together. The Chaman sacrifices to the god, and they go away in good spirits.

The name Hunn, by which the Buriates are known, and which they prefer, is equivalent to the Hebrew Adam and the English Man. But it is a title of honor, and it is what Confucius would call the "Superior Man." The Buriate, in his own esteem, is the model man, and other men are of inferior quality.

That the Russian religious missions among the Buriates have been ineffective is largely owing to the crass ignorance of the Greek propagandists. At one time, conversions were frequent, from the judicious distribution of presents; and the Buriate who got a white cotton shirt, a cross with a red ribbon, and a "brick" of pressed tea, was quite willing to be baptized. But the present Emperor Alexander has cut off this inducement of conversion, and some who were saved have gone back from the prayers and bowings of the Russian Church to the worship of the god who has his throne upon the rock. It is to be hoped that some curious traveler may take pains to visit this decaying tribe, and bring back fuller accounts of their works and ways, before they disappear.

C. H. B.

OF THINGS AT HOME.

Our good friend and worker at the West, Rev. Mr. Douthit, has lately assisted in getting up, with Elder Brooks, a "Union Singing" of all the Sunday schools, on Sunday nights at "Jerome Park," in Shelbyville, Ill. He and the Elder, "The Shelbyville County Independent" says, conducted the exercises. We did not know that singing was one of our brother's gifts before, although it certainly belongs to the true evangelist. The account may mean that they did the praying and preaching, but we are inclined to think they did'nt have much of that. They let the children sing with all their might, and sang, too, themselves we are sure. One thing grows out of another, and this is to be followed up by a grand "Union Sunday school Convention" in the Methodist Church in Shelbyville, of all denominations, sometime in October, with a mass meeting afterwards in the old seminary grounds on Sunday. We strongly suspect our brother had a hand in starting this movement, and the best of it is, that our Orthodox friends there do not seem in this case to be at all troubled about his heresy, although he speaks out what he believes. So truly do consecrated lives and earnest work make all true Christians forget their differences at the sacred call of Jesus, "Feed my Sheep."

We are glad to know something about the vacations of our ministers, glimpses of which we occasionally see in "The Register" and "The Liberal Christian." It does not come within the province of our review to publish poetry, and we have made it a rule to decline all poetic communications, however good; but this portion of "The Note-Book" may take some liberties, and insert occasionally waifs of poetry as well as prose. We want to keep ourselves *en rapport* with all the best experiences of the shepherds of our flocks, and a few lines of verse from our brother, Rev. J. W. Chadwick, may let us into the depths of his spiritual life more than many pages of letter-writing. So we cannot refrain from inserting here the following sonnet of his, which was written in the solemnity of an August midnight at the White Mountains.

WAKEFUL.

O Thou that bringest sweet surcease from care,
Long have I sought thy drowsy spell in vain,
Yet less, that yonder hoarsely-shrieking train
Doth to invade these sacred precincts dare,
Than that a thousand images most fair
Are thronging all the spaces of my brain, —
Visions of beauty without fleck or stain
Born of the day's delight beyond compare.
For once I chide thee not that thou dost stay.
Better than thee these memories vague and sweet
Of joys that filled the heart of all the day,
Made yet more dear because they were so fleet,
And thanks more still than faintliest whispered prayer
To Him whose love hath made the world so fair.

CELIA BURLEIGH.

A priestess has passed away from the altar. One who loved her work, and found herself at last in harmony with her vocation, — at the moment when life's forces began to dissolve, alas, and her fragile body could no longer carry out the purposes of her soul! Mrs. Burleigh's early life was unfortunate, but when she united herself with Mr. Burleigh she seems to have found a haven of joy and rest. But erelong, she was left desolate, and in obedience to the last wishes of her husband, and to her own best instincts, she entered the ministry of Christ.

It is well known how faithfully she fulfilled her work, how her pulpit was her "joy and her throne," and how ardently she bestowed her sympathies upon her beloved people in all the events of their lives. It was indeed hard for this glowing spirit to be called upon so soon to give up her cherished work on earth. It was hard for her to lie on a sick-bed and see the fields around white for harvest. But she was serene and content, because she knew that she should only exchange one place of work for another in our Father's kingdom. Peace be to her memory.

LUCRETIA PERRY WOOD.

This honored and beloved lady departed this life at Chicago, during the month of August, at the age of seventy-eight. Born at Keene, New Hampshire, she was one of the earliest supporters

of the Unitarian faith, at a time when it was bitterly assailed, in the old churches, and throughout the whole community. Left early a widow, her house was a hospitable resort for many ministers, whose bodies and souls were cheered by her generosity and earnest faith. She moved to Boston at length, for the education of her only child, and still continued there her devotion to the church of her love. She again, after a lapse of years, returned to Keene, following her beloved minister, Rev. A. A. Livermore, through his able and devoted pastorate there, and giving of her substance generously to all good works. We see in her case how a small property, carefully and conscientiously used, may be the means of so many judicious private and public benefactions, when a larger one sometimes falls short of these good results, because the donor is too impatient to inquire faithfully into the best modes of action. Mrs. Wood afterwards moved to the West, on the marriage of her daughter, and for a time they had their residence in the house once occupied by Abraham Lincoln, Springfield, Ill. Here again was a chance for her hospitality and disinterestedness. Her activity during the war was unparalleled. Multitudes of people afterwards came from time to time to visit the house, and not one rough soldier even who asked for a drink at "Old Abe's well" was refused admittance. This was a lonely outpost for her, far from her beloved church, but she lost no opportunity to make known in a foreign camp what manner of faith she had, holding many a conversation with orthodox friends and neighbors, and buying the works of Channing and other good men to circulate far and wide. The little souvenirs of pressed flowers which she preserved from our martyr President's garden, will long be kept by her friends at the East, and recall her fragrant memory. She moved once more with her family to Chicago, where our brother Robert Collyer can doubtless testify to her works of love. She continued active up to about six weeks of the time of her departure, when she received a stroke of paralysis, from which she did not rally. She gradually grew weaker, and at length, with tender words of affection, and charges to have the work finished which she had begun, she gently passed away into the other life. Her earthly body was carried to her beloved Keene, to lie beside her husband among the hills of New Hampshire.

OF THINGS ABROAD.

THE LIBERAL SOCIAL UNION.

THIS seems to be rather a unique organization, which has been formed in London, among cultivated men and women of various religious denominations, we should say. It invites discussion on all sorts of philanthropic and social questions. At one of their meetings, the past summer, a paper was read on "Social Expenses," by Rev. R. R. Suffield, who, a few years ago, left his position in the Roman Catholic Church, and entered the Unitarian ministry. His subject was a sensitive one to handle, for class distinctions and requirements are so arbitrary and minute in England that a speaker must have a brave tongue and not fear to attack plainly old prejudices, or, what is even better perhaps, a persistent and delicate strategy of thought and feeling, which shall quietly undermine the dull foundations of conventionality and social etiquette.

Mr. Suffield began by saying that it used to be thought in old times that God's favor belonged to classes. Some ought to be slaves, others free. Some damned, others saved, on account of their parentage or doctrines. This was not Jesus' idea, nor that of the early Christians. If anybody asks the Unitarians what is their creed, they often reply, "We have no creed, but we have a conception of life. It is this, that God is our Father and all men our brothers." "If the religion of Jesus was not that, I for one," said he, "do not know what it was. I do not say, that all men are equal, for I think all men are unequal; I do not say all men are alike, or can become equally good, wise, learned, or comfortable; but what I maintain is, that each man is to be judged, in social, political, or religious matters, according to his individual merits, and not with a view to some conventional distinction of church, sect, business, or trade." "If this principle is true," he says, "it should be our first endeavor to proclaim it, with tenderness towards existing prejudices, and to strive to remove the obstacles which render impossible the carrying it out into practice." "It is of no use," he says, "to say a mechanic of high ability and culture ought to have a seat in Parliament, if the election was surrounded with circumstances which made such a thing im-

possible. It is of no use to say he ought to mix with noblemen, officers, clergymen, merchants, if we hedge in social intercourse with conventional expenses unattainable to any but the wealthy." He brings up another illustration of a clerk with a small salary, who must of necessity always associate with his own class. "Class intercourse," Mr. Suffield says, "is very narrowing to the mind." This is all very true, and is a peculiar feature of English life, more noticeable to an American in England than in any part of Europe. But we think the so-called lower classes themselves are as much responsible for this state of things as the upper classes who refuse them entrance. There is a want of flexibility in the average English mind, which makes it very hard for a man to see beyond his particular place, or be very anxious to get out of it. We, in America, are jostled about and exposed to changing scenes, until the scent of our occupation or profession is constantly rubbed off of us. A farmer's or blacksmith's son may sit in polite houses, or address audiences, and if he does it well nobody here asks or cares what his origin is. Let them find it out if they want to. But in England they cannot help seeing the man's business or trade. It runs through every fibre of him. The responsibility of these evils rests upon all classes: they must all widen, and the England of to-day is, in fact, we believe, quite different from the England of fifty years ago. We Americans find ourselves peculiarly favored in England, in respect to our position and social status. Nobody seems to want us to have any antecedents if we only conduct ourselves sensibly and agreeably. We sometimes have wondered if the English treat each other as well as they do us in every railroad carriage, steamboat, hotel, or watering-place, where their urbanity, kindness, and cordality towards our countrymen at the present day is unequaled. A prophet is without honor in his own country, we know, and if we look at ourselves at home we shall probably find, with all our boasted and actual freedom, that we are full enough governed yet, in society, by petty distinctions and local prejudices.

But, to return to Mr. Suffield. He says, "I desire a class government, the government of the intelligent; and, therefore, I desire to see a great many noblemen and commoners excluded from it. If the intelligent, educated, virtuous, self-disciplined,

and therefore virtually the gentlemen of all sections, of all occupations, trades, and professions, are thrown into frequent mental communion and social intercourse, we shall still get a class: but a class marked out by distinctions worthy of men." This we take it to be our true idea of American society. Would that we might reach nearer to it. "It may be asked," he says, "ought not money to have its advantages socially, just as money can keep a carriage or a yacht?" "Yes," he says, "but the very men who give great entertainments should also be in the possession of means of intercourse where expense is not a necessity." The "Liberal Union," he thinks, was organized to promote this simplicity of social life. "They may work," he says, "with a calm and dignified moderation," and show that men and women of intelligence can meet together, and prove that they *mean something*, by trying thoughtfully to establish these great principles. He proposes that *soirées* shall be of a mixed and inexpensive character, clubs might be formed, and although he would not deprive any member of the pleasures of wealth or its display even, he would say such display should not be the invariable rule or the sole medium of social intercourse." He thinks that those writers of the present age who reject the idea of the communion between the soul of man and God, which he calls the "speciality of Jesus," are likely to fall into a tone of distrust and contempt as to man. He believes that truly liberal religious thinkers, in carrying out these reforms, will perhaps obtain more help from the pure, high, and free minds in the Orthodox churches than from those who distrust both God and man. The paper was received with great interest, and provoked a general discussion, from both ladies and gentlemen, in which various opinions were advanced, and music followed, when the company separated. We believe much good must come from this union of cultivated religious and philanthropic people in London.

The English "Unitarian Herald," in one of its numbers, has a very valuable leading article on Christ and Christianity. From any point of view, Trinitarian, Unitarian, Humanitarian, the writer argues that "Christ is the living genius of Christianity." Even from the atheist's stand-point, also; "for he

thinks," says the writer, "that, if he can dethrone Jesus, he will abolish Christianity." "It is something deeper," he says, "than a system. Not all the sects, though good, exhaust or make Christianity. It enters into them all; but these reservoirs do not empty the fountain. It is not a philosophy any more than an ecclesiastical organization. Jesus is silent in regard to the laws of nature, matter, and mind, — even also in regard to the laws of morality, utility, expediency." We might add that he was not silent in regard to their results; effects are greater than causes, and one who lives in harmony with God, like Jesus, does not need to hunt up laws, because he is unconsciously carrying them out in his life. Our writer, however, virtually implies this when he speaks of Jesus' purity, patience, love, and obedience to God; which qualities, although they were not elaborated into a system of faith, formed a life which passed into the hearts of apostles and disciples, in a continuous stream of Christian experience, down to the present time. "We may leave out the miracles," he says, "and pass over a great deal that is peculiar to Christianity, and which seems to be full of truth and value, but there is one feature which is imperishable. It is a fact of *power;* and the power is eternally fresh. One after the other, our lights go out; but this light shines brighter and brighter to the perfect day. What is it? It is Jesus the Christ. The power comes from a life." The writer goes on to ask pointedly, Where do we go to learn the philosophy of utility? Not to Bentham's or Stuart Mill's life, but to their books. We ask, What is pure reason? what is the will? We must go to the books of Kant or Jonathan Edwards, not to their lives. But, when the soul is filled with its holiest aspirations and profoundest aspirations, where does it find answers of inspiration, radiance, and peace? In a series of speculations or a system of knowledge? No: in a real, noble divine man, — in the loveliness, tenderness, power, and winning beauty of Christ. We would like to quote more, if our space permitted, of this truly eloquent tribute to the Master.

We cannot quite agree with our English brethren of "The Herald" in their habit of turning sometimes the cold shoulder upon the Broad Church. We grant that the position of its lead-

ing men is an uncomfortable one, and we should not like it ourselves. But all liberal religious positions are uncomfortable, and more or less illogical. We cannot square our highest emotions to any creed, the best that our reason may form. The main thing is to have a good conscience. That is the very thing that our Unitarian friends doubt on the part of their Broad Church neighbors. But we have no right to make another man's conscience for him. The leaders in this Broad Church movement have not put their light under a bushel. They say plainly that they do not believe certain articles of their church. But they stay in it because they love it, and believe their duty is there. If they stay, they must obey the laws of the church until they can change them, which they are trying to do as fast as they can. A soldier in battle may not approve of the movements of his chiefs, but he approves of the campaign, and obeys orders, reserving his private judgment. Our stout and noble martyrs for conscience' sake, in the past and present, may say this is dangerous doctrine: perhaps it is for them. Every man knows his own danger; but let him not judge another God-fearing man, whose cross it may be to stay where he is in the house of bondage, as much as our good martyrs' to go out of it.

The history of secession for liberty, in the Scotch and the Irish Church of the past, proves that personal and local animosities had a great deal to do with the ruptures, and the sundered body is really no freer than the old one. The "Eglise Libre" of Switzerland at the present day, is really less free than the National Church, although perhaps more active. If we are going to make a clean sweep of everybody out of his religious communion, because he is heretical, what a turning of the tables there would be. Nothing would be stable, religion would be all out-of-doors, so to speak, which is what our so-called Free Religious societies aim at, but which we of the Christian Church cannot agree to. Thank God, the great heart of the Universal Church of Christ is worth more than logic, and the finer and sweeter instincts of men lead them to love their own abiding places in the communions where they were reared, and to stay through much long suffering often, and struggle for higher light. Old Richard Baxter, whose statue has been unveiled at Kidderminster, says, —

"I am more and more sensible that most controversies have more need of right stating than of debating; and if my skill be increased in anything, it is in narrowing controversies by explication, and separating the real from the verbal, and proving to many contenders that they differ less than they think they do."

The last number of "The Theological Review" is truly large and Catholic in its appreciation of the old worthies of the church. Here we have three articles at least that evince a breadth of criticism and sympathy with other religionists, which we are proud to say could hardly have emanated from any other than our branch of the church, — not to speak of Mr. Newman's valuable article on endowments, another on Cox's history of Greece, and, above all, Mr. Beard's review of the "Unseen Universe," which is very rich and suggestive. In regard to the other three, we will simply say that they are reviews of the character and works of Thomas Erskine, the Scotch Presbyterian; Barclay, the Quaker; and Casaubon, the Huguenot student and critic. These articles are well studied, and plentifully supplied with foot-notes; but, what is far better than that, they display a delicacy of treatment, a fine sense of discernment in regard to the religious natures of these men, that enable the writers to forget the hard dogmas which the good men themselves found it uncomfortable to get along with, and which often sat very loosely upon them. Thomas Erskine says, "I feel self-condemned in occupying my mind in the labor of constructing the intellectual form of religion, when I could be so much more profitably employed in actually walking with God." Mr. Beard also, in his able and appreciative treatise on the physical speculations about the other world, naively suggests, that, as far as doctrine goes, the authors do not show very practised hands, and would have done well to have consulted modern theologians a little in regard to the texts of scripture; or, what is better, to have left statements of the Trinity out of sight, and confined themselves to the great spiritual truths which we are sure they are nobly seeking to verify. This whole number shows what our Unitarian Church is doing abroad for the cause of broad Christianity; and we trust we shall not fall behind in this country.

A good many interesting events have happened in England the past season, which, for want of space, we will group together, touching upon those which seem most important. The unveiling of the statue of Richard Baxter at Kidderminster was a marked occasion, and Dean Stanley's address was characterized by his usual broadness of spirit and devoutness. The Wesleyan Conference at Sheffield was a very spirited one, and a new president, Rev. Gervase Smith, was elected, much to the satisfaction of a large majority. We should like to quote from Rev. M. Crosskey's dedicatory address before the students of Manchester New College, if our space permitted. It was pervaded by an unusual solemnity and fervor, mingled with a tenderness well calculated to win the souls of young men to the truth. Our English friends talk a good deal about open air preaching, and not only talk, but have it. Why cannot we do the same? These beautiful Autumn days are just the time for it. Why will not our country and suburban ministers who are beginning to think about a second service, and dreading to start it, on account of the "faithful few," who come,— why will they not go out on to some hill-side or street with a circle of those devoted few, to begin with, and a man and woman who are not afraid to strike up "Old Hundred," and preach the word on beautiful Sunday nights, where the passers by are so ready to lend an ear? We recommend this plea seriously to our ministers, before the winter days shut down upon us, and life loses its elasticity beneath the deadening power of furnaces, gas, and fogs. At the Evangelical Convention at Brighton, Mr. Pearsall Smith made himself conspicuous by the advancement of somewhat singular ideas in regard to the higher Christian life. He seemed to be aiming at a revival in his way, which appears to have been the purely passive one, leaving every one to wait for the operations of the spirit. Dr. Bonar, of Scotland, and many other brethren, entirely disapprove of his plan of action.

The second volume of Dr. Guthrie's autobiography is out. He gives an amusing account of a visit to Mr. Carlyle: —

"I did not wish to disturb Mr. Carlyle, but he came, and an uncommon-looking man he is, an eagle-like look in his great glaring eyes, hair half gray, and a strong Dumfries-shire tongue. He was in a *robe de*

chambre, most kind and courteous. I got him upon the neglect of the uneducated and lapsed classes. He and I were quite at one. He uttered a number of great thoughts in magnificent language; lightened and thundered away in sublime style, at the heads of governors, ladies, and the selfish world; and looked to me very much, as he swung his arm, clenched his fist, and glared round him with his black beard and shining eyes and grizzly hair, like an incarnation of Thor or Woden, or some other Scandinavian divinity."

Our Baptist friends in England have rejoiced in the visit of the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, the Premier of Canada. And truly they might, for he appears to be an honest, energetic, religious, self-made man, whom our Canadian neighbors are proud to send home to Great Britain on a visit.

"The Non-Conformist," in some comments upon the life and writings of Strauss, by Zeller, says, "He was earnest and sincere, but full of unrest, and a need of sympathy which makes one love and pity him." What good signs of the times? Could an Orthodox paper have written so twenty years ago? The article is large and discriminating, and it is a little singular that the writer says very much the same thing of Strauss that was said of Theodore Parker, — namely, that "his was the thoroughly Puritan spirit, enlisted in the service of skepticism, and doing its work as unflinchingly as ever was the case with a Massachusetts Governor."

Dr. Thirlwall's death is much felt in England. He was noted as a Greek historian, and was inclined to the Broad Church theology. He defended Dean Stanley in the Westminister Abbey trouble; and, being disgusted with the illiberality of the members of the committee for the revision of the Bible, he resigned his place upon it.

The able Bishop of Oporto, Dr. America, of Lisbon, has sent out a remarkable pastoral, against the infallibility of the Pope, calling the syllabus the "monstrous birth of a delirium," that is not binding upon Catholics. He goes against the miracles of Lourdes and La Salette, and charges his *Curè* "to protect their flocks against the errors of those who call themselves the best Catholics." Verily, the world moves.

M. P. L.

REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

Recent Theological Publications in Germany.

1. "Die Erzvaeter der Menschheit" is the attractive title of a work by Herr Julius Grill, of which the first part has just appeared in an octavo of three hundred and seventy-eight pages. The theory is startling, and it overthrows our notion of linguistic divisions. Herr Grill thinks that he can show that the Hebrew myths of the Genesis were all taken from Sanskrit originals, that the story of Noah, and his name, too, came from an Indian myth, and from the Sanskrit word "Navaka," meaning "sailor." He gets the word "Aaron" from the Sanskrit "Atharvan," "priest," and has an Aryan original for all the more important Hebrew names and stories, from Adam down to the time of the Judges. This, he insists, is the only reasonable method of interpreting Hebrew antiquities! The Hebrew language is only a Semitic idiom of the Sanskrit! The Israelite stories are only Aryan myths transformed. For instance, the story of Deborah is presented as "a marvelous mythical picture of the great atmospheric catastrophe, which in the spring-time brings a victory of heat upon the cold wintry season." Adam and Eve are the sun and the moon. Herr Grill is honest and enthusiastic, and fortifies his position with confident assertion and abundant learning. But his theory is too revolutionary to be accepted at once by the philologists.

2. Prof. E. W. Hengstenberg, the champion in Berlin of narrow, domineering, and intolerant orthodoxy, at once a brilliant and a provoking scholar, comes now again before the public, after six years of rest in the grave, as the expositor of the Book of Job. Half of the work was published several years ago, soon after the death of the author. All his merits and defects are in this volume. It is vigorous, positive, slashing in style. He hates myths, and will have none of them. The word shall be literal, and the truth shall be direct. The Bible of Hengstenberg has no double sense. He is not ashamed of the Gospel, and he will bring in pious remarks without regard to the connection. The word is all literally inspired, and it is all edifying, the talk of Elihu as much as of Jehovah. Scholars will not gain much by the publication of this new translation and commentary. If Ewald and Hitzig had lived a few months longer, they would have

done it trenchant justice in some of the reviews. But to one who makes large allowance for the temper, the dogmatism, and the unshrinking conservatism of the Berlin professor, this commentary will give useful information, and perhaps throw new light upon controverted passages. Hengstenberg had a fine scorn of fantastic renderings.

3. Dr. Willibald Beyschlag, Theological Professor and University preacher in Halle, issues, in a beautifully printed pamphlet, with broad pages, his "Osterprogramm," "Die Gleichnissreden Jesu," the parallel passages from Matt. ix. 14–17, Mark ii. 18–22, Luke v. 33–39, examined critically, exegetically, and "Biblico-theologically." The subjects are what Jesus says about the fasting of the children of the bride-chamber, and the two illustrations of the new cloth in old garments and the new wine in old bottles. There is nothing new in the method of the examination, and nothing startling in the conclusions. No important emendations of the text are given, and the interpretation is the natural one. Mark's narrative is preferred to the others. The style is as ponderous, and the sentences are as prolix, as German work in this kind is usually fated to be. Dr. Beyschlag candidly gives the views of the leading critics, and only in a single instance has he a sharp word for a rival interpreter. If he carries back the modern Protestant notion of Jesus as the spiritual regenerator of worn-out Judaism to the explanation of the parables, it is only because the text warrants such a course, and because he has the sympathy of the best authorities. His dissertation is a good specimen of faithful, thorough, and heavy exegetical work.

4. A very singular little book, of which we mean hereafter to use the interesting material, is the account of the discussion, in the thirteenth century, in Paris, before St. Louis and his queen, of the articles of accusation against the Talmud, drawn up by Pope Gregory IX., at the instigation of one Nicholas Donin, a renegade Jew. It is edited by Dr. Alexander Kisch from original, and mostly unpublished, manuscripts in the National Library of Paris. The narrative of the controversy, of its origin, its results, the character of the disputants, and the bearing of the dispute on the studies and the fortunes of the Jewish people, graphic as it is, leaves room for the imagination. There are several personal sketches. The compiler, of course, sympathizes with the defeated party, and hates the apostate Nicholas; but he admits that some of the charges are true, and that the forgone verdict was not altogether against the evidence. The burning of the Talmud, which resulted from this discussion, was one of the most serious

calamities which came upon the Jews of the Middle Age, only surpassed by the *autos-da-fé*, in which their bodies were burned. The title of Dr. Kisch's work is, "Papst Gregor des Neunten Anklageartikel gegen den Talmud, und dessen Vertheidigung durch Rabbi Jechiel ben Josef und Rabbi Juda ben David."

5. One would think that the promulgation of the doctrine of Papal Infallibility would dishearten so learned a doctor as John Friedrich von Schulte from publishing his researches into the Canon Law of the Roman Church. Of what use is canon law when the will of the ruler may decide all questions of religious rule? But Schulte refuses to hear this last rebuke of the Holy Spirit, and gives to the church the first of three volumes on this grand and fruitful theme (die Geschichte der Quellen und Literatur des canonischen Rechts von Gratian bis auf die Gegenwarte). The first volume brings the history down to the time of Pope Gregory IX., a period of less than a century, but very important in the precedents and rules which it gave for succeeding ages. But the introduction, which rapidly sketches the sources of canonical jurisprudence in the earlier ages, and the literature of these legal discussions of the convents and synods, will to many be more instructive and entertaining than the drier statements of the history proper. In a work of this kind, personal sketches and digressions are hardly allowed. They wound the dignity of grave narrative. The picturesqueness must be in the grand effect, and not in the particulars.

6. The "Neuere Kirchengeschichte," by E. L. Th. Henke, of which the first volume has appeared under the editorial charge of Herr W. Gass, is a posthumous work, made up of academical lectures, revised and corrected. Henke and his father before him were noted for their skill in the treatment of special themes, of biography and history; and these lectures sustain his reputation. The arrangement is precise and convenient; the style is comparatively clear; the judgments are impartial; and the sources of information are of the most approved. This volume treats the history of the Reformation. In the first division we have the story of the Reformation in Germany and in Switzerland. In the second division, the spread of the Reformation in Europe, in France and the Netherlands, in Great Britain, in the Scandinavian peninsula, in Poland and Hungary, and in Italy and Spain. In the third division, the "Separatists and Sects" are treated. Henke is disposed to excuse Calvin for his share in the death of Servetus, while he acknowledges in the fullest manner the noble Christian character, and denounces the wicked murder, of the Geve-

van apostle of the rational gospel. For practical use, Henke's lectures take rank with the best.

7. The annals of the Reformation tell of no more devout, humane, and conscientious spirit than Heinrich Bullinger, the successor of Zwingli in the Church of Zurich. He died three hundred years ago, on Sept. 17, 1575. In anticipation of the memorial celebration, Herr R. Christoffel prepared a short biography, setting forth the Christian work of this good pastor and philanthropist, his care for the poor and sick and wretched, his sympathy with the persecuted, his zeal for the education of children, and all that made him a model of the successful minister. Not only the man himself, but his faithful wife, his helper in all good works, is presented as an example of what Christian earnestness can accomplish. In the character and united service of this excellent pair we involuntarily call to mind our own Henry and Mary Ware. This book is not the biography of a champion of dogma, or of a great thinker, but of one who showed his faith in his life. It ought to be a household book, and a parish library book; and it may edify those who reject the scheme of doctrine which Bullinger prized as much as any of the reformers. The piety here is as healthy, if not as scrupulous, as that of Calvin and Knox, — not at all of the weak, sentimental kind.

8. Gotthold Seyler wants to make peace, but he is a man of war: wants to have a confession in which all can join, an eirenicon, yet he can find it nowhere but in the theology of Hoffmann and in the word of the New Testament. All the lore of his ponderous book, nearly six hundred pages long (Materialien zu einer Revision und Reform des Bekenntnisstandes der Protestantischen Kirche im Deutschen Reiche), only brings him to the conclusion that there is no hope of improving the existing creeds, or making any of them the basis of union. The reactionary High Lutherans he despises; he does not want any more orthodoxy or any more ritualism. The rationalistic destructives he fears; if they have their way, there will be nothing left to believe. They are honest men, certainly, and honorable, but dangerous. And so he is a discontented, restless Ishmaelite, vainly wandering, and not able to tell any one where to go. A direction to take the Scripture is as vague as the rest, so long as the Scripture has a various teaching and an uncertain sound. Bible Christians find it as hard as creed Christians to keep an unsectarian position. Herr Seyler is in the bewildered state of mind of many in our day, who are so continually preaching peace with the tone of complaint and alarm.

9. "Timotheus Geistliche Ansprachen an die Schulgemeinde," — so Herr Ferdinand Baessler styles the volume of addresses to his pupils, which he has published for their edification when they leave him. If the quality of these practical talks represents the average religious teaching of the German gymnasia, the pupils are not without sound religious advice, which will make them manlier in their lives. The man who can preach successfully to boys and young men, can stir them to noble purposes, and show them a gospel which at once encourages freedom of thought and warns against temptation and self-indulgence, has his perpetual reward in the knowledge that his labor is not in vain. The inefficiency of so much of our college preaching, prejudicing against Christianity and the Christian ministry so many who ought to be won to it, is the great scandal of the church in this land quite as much as in foreign lands. That so few of our best young men go into the ministry is the fault of the dogmatists and timid men in the college pulpits, who are afraid themselves to tell all their truth, and who teach their hearers to be afraid of it. We need more sermons of this "Timothy" kind, — more such men as Baessler and Arnold.

10. Franz von Holtzendorff, a man who always has something to say when he speaks, treats the death penalty in a truly scientific style in his solid book, "das Verbrechen des Mordes und die Todesstrafe." He dismisses the sentimental feeling as not worth considering, and has no heed of the so-called Biblical command. He shows that the death penalty is neither satisfactory as a means of terror nor of security nor of reformation nor of justice, that it is weak in theory and a failure in practice. For the crime of murder it is signally inefficient, preventing conviction and not hindering the crime. With this penalty all criminal justice becomes uncertain. There is a large and growing party in Germany opposed to capital punishment. The Prussians shoot their enemies in battle without compunction; but it is pleasant to learn from this volume that they have not put any one to death by legal sentence for nearly five years. The death penalty is sustained more by passion, prejudice, and foolish fear than by any careful conclusion from facts. A calm examination of the question is almost sure to bring the conclusion to which the wise German jurist has come, and which he justifies by his array of facts and chain of logic.

Jahrbücher für protestantische Theologie, unter Mitwirkung von Mitgliedern der theologischen Facultäten zu Bern, Bonn, Giessen, Heidelberg, Kiel, Leiden, Strassburg, Wien, und Zürich, und den anderen namhaften Gelehrten. Herausgegeben von den Mitgliedern der theologischen Facultät zu Jena, D. Hase, D. Lipsius, D. Pfleiderer, D. Schrader. Jahrgang 1875. Erstes Heft. Leipzig: Verlag von Johann Ambrosius Barth.

The publication of the organ of high theological science whose first number is before us, has already been announced in these pages, and should be of significant interest to many of our readers. The theological faculties which are named in the list of co-operators are those of the liberal Protestant school, and the names of the responsible editors (all of whom but the veteran Hase have elaborate articles in this opening number), guarantee the spirit and character of this journal, as a representative of the school of scholars who constitute the best hope of the Christianity of the future, learned without ceasing to be religious, free without ceasing to be Christian.

In the opening article Prof. Holtzmann, of Strassburg, discusses the theological, and, in particular, the religio-philosophical speculation of the present time, with little reference, however, to any thinkers except those who have written in the German tongue. An interesting article follows, by Prof. Nitzsch, of Kiel, on the historical significance of the "Enlightenment" (Aufklärung's), the phase of theological culture and feeling which specially characterizes the last half of the eighteenth century, and which ended with the victory of the "genialists," from Herder and his compeers to Schleiermacher, "the bridge-builder between modern culture and modern theology." The contribution to the question concerning the origin and development of religion, by Prof. Pfleiderer, of Jena (whose recent book on "Religion" is of signal ability), proceeds not after the fashion of the constructors of most philosophies of religion, by "the high priori road," but with great wealth of illustration from every form of religion, from the most barbarous to the most civilized, to prove by the true historical method that Fetchism is not the primal germ of religion.

Prof. Schrader, now of Berlin, and one of the first living Orientalists, follows with a contribution to the discussion concerning the origin of Hebraism, entitled "Semitism and Babylonism," in which, from the treasures which Assyrian discoveries have opened to us, he shows, in his own words, how "the vessel was prepared at Babylon, into which later the contents of divine truth were to be poured."

The remaining two articles are both by Prof. Lipsius, of Jena, one (of which only the first part is given here) an elaborate review of

Schleiermacher's discourses on religion, the other on the symbolical significance of the miraculous draught of fishes related in the fifth chapter of Luke.

The spirit and purpose in which this journal of Protestant theology will be conducted are well indicated by these contents of its first number. Such articles, especially as those of Pfleiderer and Schrader, command the attention of thoughtful theologians, and go to show that this new organ of theological science will fill a needed place in the literature of our time. The subscription is five thalers a year, (about three dollars and fifty cents in gold), and the editors of "The Unitarian Review" will be glad to receive and forward any subscriptions which our readers may commit to our care. F.

Morale et Progrès. Par Francisque Bouillier, Inspecteur Géneral de l'instruction secondaire. Paris: Didier et Cie. 1875.

The brilliant essay of M. Bouillier on "The Vital Principle and the Thinking Soul," which has reached a second edition, is even surpassed in the charm of style, the felicity of illustration, the richness of erudition, and the earnestness of pleading which we find in this new work of the accomplished author. There is not a dull page in the volume, hardly a page without some striking sentence which might suggest an essay or a sermon. M. Bouillier is neither an optimist nor a pessimist, neither a blind worshiper of the past nor a believer in the near millennium. He has no more love for the theories of Schopenhauer and Hartmann than he has for the theories of Comte or Buckle. He believes in the freedom of the will, in the enlargement of the intellect, in the victories of science; that the present age of the world has more intelligence, more convenience, more resource, than the ancient ages. But he also believes in the reality and influence of virtue, in the supreme worth of character, in the power of moral ideas to rule the fortunes of men and nations. He distinguishes between true progress and false, between physical evolution and spiritual gain. Without conscience guiding, there is no progress worthy of the name, no progress which saves or satisfies.

As a polemic essay, this volume is keen and incisive. It opposes positivism; it opposes atavism, and cites abundant facts against the theory of Galton and his school; it opposes communism, with its sounding phrases and misleading formulas. Conceding a great deal to the scientists, it manfully insists that they cannot with their notions of physical necessity explain human motives and the sentiment

of duty. At the same time, the volume does not pretend to give the genesis of the moral sentiment, or to tell how nervous development passes on to moral obligation. Those fancies of the way of progress, too, that it moves spirally, that it goes on by fits or oscillations, that advance in one place is retrograde in another, — all the attempts to show progress in the history of man as a constant matter and an unvarying law, — M. Bouillier dismisses as an unprofitable game of the intellect. He reasons from the facts of human life, and the general conviction, and finds that these confirm the teaching of the churches, and preach that the righteousness of God is the necessary leaven in all prosperous human life, and the assurance of all outward acquisition.

The religious faith of M. Bouillier is not clearly stated. He is not hostile to the Catholic Church, yet his opinions are precisely those of our best Unitarian writers, eminently of Channing, with whose works he seems to be familiar, though he only once mentions his name. Horace Mann he quotes frequently, and ardently eulogizes. But he draws authority for his argument from a wide range of reading, — the Greek philosophers and poets, the Roman stoics, the mediæval writers, and the most noted ethical theorists of the recent centuries. The books least noticed are the Biblical books. The ethical and practical wisdom of the Old and New Testaments is hardly alluded to in the notes or in the text. Perhaps that omission is designed, as Scripture authority would have small weight with the schools whose tenets are refuted, and would create a prejudice against the argument.

Whether one agree or not with the conclusions of this book, one will be fascinated by its eloquence and its sincerity, and will read with a busy pencil of marginal reference. It is cheering to know that such a writer has charge of the education of the larger children in the French Republic.

Forgiveness and Law, Grounded in Principles Interpreted by Human Analogies. By Horace Bushnell. New York: Scribner, Armstong, & Co. 12mo, pp. 256. 1874.

This work is designed as a substitute for Parts III. and IV. of the author's "Vicarious Sacrifice." It presents, not a change of views, but an enlargement in the same direction. It still excludes the vicarious element in the sense of a price paid, or a satisfaction offered to penal justice; but it includes and intensifies that element in the sense of cost and suffering as inseparably and by an antecedent necessity connected with forgiveness. In man, forgiveness is not the good-

natured tolerance, or the quiet preterition and ignoring, of wrong and evil. He alone forgives a wrong who has suffered by it, and who consents to cost and suffering for the sake of the wrong-doer. Man is made in the image of God, and in no respect is he so truly Godlike as in his sensibility to wrong, and his capacity of righting it in the heart of the wrong-doer by taking upon himself care, toil, and burden for his sake, and thus appealing to his better nature in that language of sacrifice which is the most impressive form in which soul can address soul. God is not impassive. He feels the evils that sin has wrought, with an infinite pity for the sinner, and in Christ he manifests that compassion (*com*-passion, fellow-feeling); and in the entire theophany, the humiliation, hardship, self-abnegation, ignominious death of the God-man, he shows his love by the spontaneous suffering which he endures for, by, and with his sinful children. He is the propitiation for sin; but propitiation is atonement, not expiation. The sacrifices of the Mosaic dispensation were not expiatory, but conciliatory. They were symbolic prayer, confession, and worship, many of them festal solemnities, and none of them designed as a quitclaim for merited punishment. Expiation and forgiveness are mutually incompatible. If Christ has suffered what sinful man should have suffered, or what by some legal fiction is taken as an equivalent for it, then there is no forgiveness of sin, but simply a transaction which casts reproach on the divine justice, while it offers a purchased amnesty to guilty man. There is no intrinsic necessity that sin be punished. In the ordinary course of things, repented sin is not punished. The dutiful youth is not made to suffer for the petty disobediences and waywardnesses of childhood. The beginnings of sin, if checked and reformed, lose their power of harming. In the course of the Divine Providence retribution lingers, to leave space for averting it by reformation; and it is a mere theological fiction, unauthorized by experience, that the evil suffered bears an exact proportion to the wrong committed. Love is the Creator's primal attribute, and retribution is but the satellite of love. What is supremely desired by the Creator is not the sinner's punishment, but his repentance and reconciliation. Unrepenting, he cannot indeed be forgiven: not for lack of will on the part of the Creator, but in default of his own consent to the mutual reconciliation which is implied in the very idea of forgiveness.

The second chapter of this book defines the distinction between "law" and "commandment," as these terms are employed in the New Testament. Law, primarily referring to the Jewish law, when

it has a wider meaning designates duty as a matter of prescription, embodied in definite rules of conduct, and resting on authority. The commandment, on the other hand, denotes duty as the tribute of love, freely and joyfully rendered from gratitude for the redemption-sacrifice, in sympathy with Christ, and in the unreserved consecration of the whole being as "a living sacrifice" to him whose dying sacrifice we thus copy and emulate. Law and commandment thus virtually cover the same ground; but the law implies the yoke of service, while the commandment is the spontaneous acquiescence of the Son in the Father's will.

In his third chapter Dr. Bushnell treats of justification, demolishing the doctrine of supposititious or imputed righteousness, and showing that the word denotes what it literally means, and what the Greek word which it represents means, — namely, the making a man righteous. This is not effected by the expiation of his former sins, or by putting to his account the goodness of another person, but solely by leading him personally to abjure his sins, and to practice the opposite virtues. The (so-called) forensic sense of justification is sheer nonsense. A man is righteous when he has only right aims and purposes, and he is justified, or made righteous, when his aims and purposes, having been wrong, first become right. This is effected by gratitude, faith, and love resting on and growing out of the divine sacrifice, — the redeeming mercy of God incarnate in the crucified Saviour. Justification and sanctification are but successive stages of the Christian life, — the former being the latter in embryo and inception. He whose aims are all right is justified; he whose life, inward and outward, is entirely conformed to those aims, is sanctified.

This volume bears all the tokens of a mind still clear and vigorous, nothwithstanding the many years of physical infirmity and suffering through which the author has passed. His thought has the rapid, palpitating movement that indicates vivid conception, and feeling which puts heavy-freighted reasoning almost out of breath. It manifests, more strongly, as it seems to us, than any of his preceding works, an indignant sense of the wrong done to God and man by the dogmas which it puts in pillory; and at the same time it is redolent of the solemn consciousness of spiritual realities befitting one who has lived so long on the border land, and close by the half uplifted veil. The style is intensely realistic, and there are not a few passages of wonderful word-painting, in which spiritual things are made more than conceivable, almost visible to the fleshly eye. The author, indeed, sometimes, for lack of the right shade of pig-

ment in the dictionary, makes his own colors, and he employs no more forceful words than such as were never used before and perhaps will never be used again. Dr. Bushnell has one bad habit of style, against which we would enter our protest, — namely, the insertion of an adverb between the sign of the infinitive and the infinitive itself, as "to forever sweeten," instead of "to sweeten forever." This is in bad taste, and Dr. Bushnell's is the only *respectable* usage, so far as we know, in its favor.

We trust that the book will have an extensive currency among those who identify with Christianity the dogmas which have only obscured its lustre and limited the range of its power. A. P. P.

American State Universities. Their Origin and Progress. A History of Congressional University Land-grants, a Particular Account of the Rise and Development of the University of Michigan, and Hints towards the Future of the American University System. By Andrew Ten Brook. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

That one whose duties as librarian of a large seminary would seem to require all his time should have found leisure to prepare for the press this goodly octavo, is little less than marvelous. But industry and patience will do wonders; and the painstaking compiler of these facts and documents can be happy in expecting from the grateful alumni of the University of Michigan an adequate recognition of his service. Especially will they be glad that he has vindicated the honesty and the honor of that admirable man whose work as President gave the University its enduring fame; though some of them may think that higher praise could have been given without exaggeration, and that it was not necessary to speak of the books of Dr. Tappan as neglected in their library dust, and unsalable by the dealers. If the almost unanimous testimony of the alumni may be trusted, Henry P. Tappan was the model of a dignified, accomplished, and successful college president. And this book of Mr. Ten Brook comes happily just as the present Regents have expunged from their records the unjust votes of their predecessors a dozen years ago.

The volume treats three subjects: First, it tells the early history of public college education in America, and records the aid granted to colleges by the national and state governments. Secondly, it relates the history of the University of Michigan from the beginning to the present time. And, finally, it discusses "The Prospective University," and gives the picture of what state college education ought to be. In this last discussion the writer expresses his opinions frankly and fearlessly. They will not please those who would substitute the

new ideas of science and living language for the old classical and mathematical curriculum, or who would have women educated for the professions or in the same way as men. The opinion of Mr. Ten Brook upon the co-education of the sexes, however, is not justified by the experiment as it has been tried now for half a dozen years in the University which he celebrates. If anything has been proved in the work of this University, it is the fitness and the possibility of disregarding in college education the distinction of sex. Women have not shown themselves in their studies here "weaker" than men; nor is the term "females," which Mr. Ten Brook constantly uses, more proper than the description of men as "males," which is not the word which he uses. From Mr. Ten Brook's idea of the relation of a state university to the orthodox sects (he does not say "so-called orthodox," though he speaks of "so-called liberal"), many will differ. Such a university has nothing to do with Evangelical majorities. And one of the great advantages of the Michigan University is, that, in theological and ecclesiastical matters, the students of all the departments are absolutely free from dictation or coercion, that the rights of a skeptic or a Catholic are as much respected as those of any Protestant Christian of any sectarian name. In the choice of a professor, competence, learning, and ability to teach are the only qualifications asked for, and not his pronunciation of Shibboleth. A state university has no business to consult the supposed preferences, or the traditional creeds, of the majority of church-goers, in any of its dealings. And, instead of the plan which Mr. Ten Brook proposes, of bringing all the departments together once a day for worship, in the great hall, the small attendance upon the regular chapel exercises in the academic department is likely to become steadily smaller.

In his conscientious effort to tell the whole truth about the University, Mr. Ten Brook has gone into some perhaps unnecessary details of the strifes between the faculties and the Regents. Instead of these, the public would have been glad to learn more of the general influence of the Michigan University upon the education of the West, in raising the standard of the public schools, and in sending out thorough books of science and instruction. The internal disputes of university professors, and their misfortunes, have small interest for the outside world, especially when the excitement about these troubles has gone by. What we wish to know of the University is of its increase in endowment, in teaching facilities, in the number of its departments, in the number of its students, and in its general fame

and influence. If we learn that, we can spare the minor affairs of administration, and leave altogether aside such matters as get into the record of the "class-day historian."

Mr. Ten Brook writes straight on, in a style which is not ambitious and not ambiguous. We have no difficulty in understanding his meaning. Except in a single instance, where Judge Pratt and his resolution are characterized (p. 212), his words about men are moderate and gentle. In his list of professors, past and present, indeed, he has not said all that he might have said, passing by some of the more eminent and gifted with a bare mention. And his index at the close is very imperfect, not at all adequate to so large a book. But those who wish to learn about the most successful of all the Western colleges, how it has been saved from its threatened disasters, and has grown to proportions almost as large as those of Harvard and Yale, with a reputation quite as wide, and what claim it has upon the good will and sympathy of those who believe in state education,—will find in this book much food for thought.

Especially interesting is the plea for the library, and nothing in the book is more graphic than the character and picture of the efficient librarian. Many will recognize this from their own memories: "A man whose mental and moral traits command general respect; whose varied learning and administrative skill are such that he can guide all inquirers to such of these collected treasures as each may need to consult, and who can do all this so quietly and unostentatiously as not to make the impression that he does anything or merits any praise."

The Church Porch. A Service and Hymnal for Sunday Schools. Compiled and Edited by William R. Huntington, D.D., Rector of All Saints Church, Worcester. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1874.

This little volume contains twelve services for the several Sundays of the month, and for the different ecclesiastical seasons, together with a closing service for every Sunday, and a number of special prayers. It also contains one hundred and fifty-four hymns, with tunes. The refined taste and æsthetic sense which the compiler possesses, in no common degree, have found worthy occupation in the preparation of a work of this useful character. Any one who has turned the pages of most of the Sunday-school manuals which it has been our fate to examine, must have been painfully struck by two things especially, — namely, the frequent absence of the spirit of real

prayer in their devotional parts, and the *namby-pambyism* of many of the hymns or "songs" which they contain. There is, too often, a monkishness and silliness which indicates that the ruling idea of such compilations is that religion must be presented to the youthful mind in the form of "pap." In contrast to such manuals, it is refreshing to take up Dr. Huntington's admirable one which does not contain a prayer or a hymn which the child may not commit to memory and find full of help and beauty in maturer life. The occasional use of Trinitarian phrases must, however, prevent its introduction in schools where that doctrine is not inculcated; though with a few omissions it would be, as seems to us, the model volume of its kind.

A Double Story. By George MacDonald. New York: Dodd & Mead. 1875.

All of MacDonald's books will amply repay the thoughtful reader. Some of the earlier ones have given him a place among the foremost religious, and indeed theological, teachers of the age. We cannot think, however, that this or any among the last two or three of his works, adds anything to his reputation.

The Social Law of God: Sermons on the Ten Commandments. By E. A. Washburn, D.D., Rector of Calvary Church, New York. Second Edition. New York: T. Whittaker.

One of the wisest and strongest volumes of sermons which this country has produced. Dr. Washburn's prominent position among American Broad Churchman is justified by these discourses, which, prepared in the ordinary course of his pulpit duties, are given to the press in comformity with the request of his parishioners. So long as any churches in this land are in the habit of receiving such instructions, there can be no danger that preaching will become obsolete; and it is cause for gladness when the circle of hearers is widened through the press to take in thoughtful and appreciative minds far outside the religious denomination to which the preacher belongs.

Dr. Washburn takes the commands and forbiddals of the Decalogue, joining with each text from the Old Testament a parallel one from the New, and applies the law in its full breadth of spiritual meaning to the conditions of modern American life, so as to show that the tables of stone are as pertinent to the republic of Washington as they were to that of Moses. In faithful searching out of the flaws in our civilization, in high and broad application of a spiritual Christianity to the duties and dangers of the time, in a style enriched by thought

and culture, and in seriousness of ethical and religious convictions, these sermons deserve, not only the welcome of earnest readers, but the study of those whose function it is by preaching to bring Christianity to bear, not only on the lives of individual men and woman, but on human society at large.

Wide Awake. An illustrated Magazine for Girls and Boys. Ella Farman, editor. Boston: D. Lathrop & Co.

We have received the four numbers of this magazine that have been issued, which promises to be the most beautiful of all the monthlies for children. Children are favored mortals in this age of the world. Here are fine illustrations, the nicest of paper, and the daintiest morsels of both prose and verse to suit their appetites. We trust that the magazine, in order to be "wide awake," will not fall into the danger of sensationalism for the boys, or impassioned romance for the girls. We see no danger of this at present, as the writers appear to be of the best order, and their contributions are both charming and instructive. We hope the magazine will have a wide and useful circulation.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Philosophy of Trinitarian Doctrine. A Contribution to Theological Progress and Reform. By Rev. A. G. Pease. Pp. 185. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Berea College, Ky. An Interesting History. Approved by the Prudential Committee. Cincinnati. 1875.

Liberal Christianity. By a Broad-Church Non-conformist. London: Williams & Norgate.

Memoirs of John Quincy Adams. Edited by Charles Francis Adams. Vol. VII. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1875.

The Bhagbut, Its Philosophy, Its Ethics, and Its Theology. A lecture delivered at Dinagepore, by Kedar Nath Dutt. Calcutta.

Smith College. Addresses at the Inauguration of Rev. L. Clark Seelye as President, and at the Dedication of its Academic Building, July 14, 1875.

Catalogue of Books, published by Macmillan & Co., London, and No. 21 Astor Place, New York.

The Bible in the Public Schools. By Andrew P. Peabody, D.D.

Vick's Floral Guide, for September.

Steiger's Classified Catalogue of American, British, French, and German Periodicals. Nos. 22 and 24 Frankfort Street, New York.

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ART AND LITERATURE IN EGYPT AT THE TIME OF THE EXODUS.*

In the fourteenth century before our era the Egyptian monarchy was at the height of its splendor. Even at that remote date the national archives contained the records of eighteen dynasties, and the walls of palaces and temples enumerated the names of scores of kings. For two, for three, possibly even for four millenniums, †

* The most probable date of the Exodus appears to be in the fourteenth century, B.C., about 1320.

† The following dates may perhaps give some idea of the historical sequence of the three empires, although chronological certainty is confessedly unattainable: —

Old Empire. First ten Dynasties (Boeckh 5702, B.C., Brugsch 4455, Bunsen 3623, Lepsius 3892, Mariette 5004.

Middle Empire. (About 3000 B.C.). Eleventh to Fourteenth Dynasties. Shepherd Kings.

New Empire. (Seventeenth Century). Eighteenth Dynasty. *Thothmes* III. (about 1600 B.C.). Nineteenth Dynasty (Fifteenth Century). *Sethi* I., *Rameses* II. (Fourteenth Century). Twentieth Dynasty, *Rameses* III.

See Brugsch, *Histoire d'Egypte* 2me éd., p. 25. Mariette, *Notice des Principaux Monuments du Musée à Boulaq* p. 15. On the basis of

the valley of the Nile had been occupied by a people who sprang full armed out of the darkness of prehistoric times like Pallas from the brow of Zeus. Their first achievements still remain to bear witness to the astonishing daring of their enterprises, and the vast resources with which their plans were carried out. They made a new channel for the Nile, they carved the Sphinx,* and they built the pyramids. City after city arose on the banks of the river, and the sepulchres of the wealthy dead exhibit the elaborate refinement which marked their whole social life. The organization of the country was complete, and though the sovereignty passed from one royal house to another, and the seat of power was shifted from time to time, and stood now at Memphis at the head of the Delta, and now at Elephantine at the first cataract, the stability of the government remained unimpaired. The Egyptian monarchs, however, of the first six dynasties, which comprise the ages known as the Old Empire, scarcely seem to have carried their arms beyond the limits of their own country. They repulsed the wild African tribes who haunted their Southern frontier: they chastised the wandering Bedaween who emerged from their retreats in Arabia Petræa, and worried the Egyptian workmen at the copper mines in the Sinaitic peninsula: but foreign conquest, possibly because they were so far in advance of the Asiatic peoples immediately on their borders, had no attractions for them, and they sought no nobler game than the hippopotamus and crocodile on the reedy banks of their own stream.

A troubled period succeeded, which was only terminated after some centuries by the rise of the eleventh dynasty, when the

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some calculations of Biot, MM. Lenormant and Chevalier (*Ancient History of the East*, vol. i. p. 269), fix the date of the accession of Rameses III. in the year 1311 B.C. M. Mariette, however, brings it down to 1288.

* The researches of M. Mariette have proved that this extraordinary figure had already begun its long vigil before the first stone of the great Pyramid was laid. The museum at Boulaq contains an inscription in which the Sphinx figures as one of the monuments which Cheops restored. *Notice des principaux Monuments du Musée à Boulaq*, 1872 p. 231.

Middle Empire of the scholars begins. The princes of the twelfth dynasty commenced that career of military adventure which subsequently made the Egypt of the Thothmes' and the Ramessidæ the strongest power in the world. They extended their sway far to the south along the line of their own valley, and compelled Æthiopia to submit to their rule. They revived the rights of their predecessors in the barren districts of Arabia Petræa, and they sent their explorers into Palestine to report upon the condition of the country, though they did not attempt to subdue it. But the grandeur of their rule, distinguished by new types of art, by the construction of the Labyrinth and the great lake of the Fayoum, gave way in its turn before the Semitic invaders known as the Shepherds. The peculiar configuration of the country rendered it an easy prey to conquerors who were once masters of the Delta. It is but a strip of land varying from one to eight miles in breadth, divided into two unequal parts by a river, and bounded by uniform ranges of limestone hills, beyond which on either hand there lies the desert. Winding ribbon-like along the valley of the Nile, it extends eight hundred miles from north to south; and this extraordinary elongation made the concentration of troops to repel a foreign aggressor a matter of exceeding difficulty. For four hundred years Egyptian civilization lay prostrate beneath the feet of the Shepherds. Lower and Central Egypt were completely in their power; only at Thebes did a native dynasty hold its ground against the strangers. Slowly the country recovered from the shock of subjugation: the Thebaid princes at length gathered their forces, and descended to attack the strongholds of the barbarians. They made a vigorous resistance, but were at length subdued: the sovereignty of the Shepherds was broken, and by the seventeenth century before our era the land of Egypt was once more united under a native king.

The age which followed, that of the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties, was one of extraordinary activity and brilliance. To protect themselves against a repetition of the Asiatic invasion, the immediate successors of the Shepherds undertook a series of expeditions into the North. These were designed to crush the power of the races whose movements had driven the Hyksos forward, impelled by the resistless pressure from behind. The petty kings

of Palestine soon yielded, and the first Thothmes, third king of the eighteenth dynasty, boldly pushed forward from Damascus into Mesopotamia. Among the most valuable results of these conquests to Egypt was the introduction of horses, which subsequently played so important a part in her military operations. The successes of Thothmes I. encouraged his son Thothmes III. to step forth upon the same career; and the princes who came after him were not slow to tread in his steps. In the proud language of the monuments, they "extended their victories to the tips of the world," and "placed their frontiers where they pleased.* The vast area between Abyssinia and Armenia was brought under their sway. Thothmes III. set up his tablet at Nineveh; Sethi I. was arrested only at the Caspian; and Rameses II. advanced into Tartary. Their fleets "stood up," so said the court poet of Rameses, III. "like a strong wall upon the waters." They sailed up the Euphrates, and through the isles of Greece to the Black Sea. Along with vast hordes of captives, thousands of horses and chariots of war, with gems from Tyre and wine from Lebanon, ebony and frankincense, bars of iron and vessels of gold, came rare birds and beasts, eagles from Ararat and the white bear and the elephant from central Asia,† to adorn the aviaries and pleasure gardens of the king.

The vigor and energy excited by the conquest of Thothmes III. find, perhaps, no better illustration than the grand lyric engraved on a tablet at Karnak, now contained in the Museum at Boulak, the Nile-port of Cairo. In the midst of a long enumeration of the royal victories by the sun-god Amon, the deity suddenly bursts into a sort of chant, of which the following verses ‡ are a portion:—

* See an inscription of Sethi I., translated by Dr. Birch, in the *Trans. Roy. Soc. Lit.*, 2nd. ser., vol. ii., pp. 347, 373, and the treaty between Rameses II. and the Cheta, inscribed on the walls of Karnak, and reproduced on the Ramesseum, translated by DeRougé *Rev. Archéol*, 1866, 13me. vol., p. 268 sqq.

† See the inscriptions decyphered by Dr. Birch, *Trans. Roy. Soc. Lit.*, 2nd. ser., vol. ii., pp. 218, 228. Vol. vii., pp. 55, 65.

‡ Of this monument an account is given by M. Mariette, in his *Notice des Principaux Monuments*, &c., 1872, pp. 82, 85, where a translation of this "poetic parenthesis" in the divine discourse occurs in full.

"I am come, and I grant thee to smite the princes of T'ahi (Syria),
I cast them beneath thy feet, when thou passest through their countries:
I have made them see thy majesty like a lord of light,
Like to my own image when thou shinest upon them in glory.

"I am come, and I grant thee to smite the dwellers of Asia,
To lead into captivity the chiefs of the Rotennu,
I have made them see thy majesty, robed in kingly splendor,
In arms arrayed for battle on the war-car fighting.

"I am come, and I grant thee to smite the lands of the West,
Cyprus and Ases lie stricken with thy terror:
I have made them see thy majesty like a young and valiant bull,
All armed with his horns, whose might none can withstand.

"I am come, and I grant thee to smite all the Tahennu,
The islands of Tana are bowed beneath thy spirit:
I made them see thy majesty, like a lion of terrible aspect,
Lying upon the carcase he slays as he walks through the valley.

"I am come, and I grant thee to smite the shores of the ocean,
Round the great sea be the dwellers bound by thy hand:
I have made them see thy majesty like the king of birds,
Soaring, and with his glance seizing whatever he will."

The wealth which was poured into Egypt by these conquests naturally stimulated its artistic activity. Not only the sovereign but the great functionaries of state, the rich landed proprietors, the head of the colleges of the priests, the officers of the army and navy, wished to hand down costly memorials of their dignities and achievements to their posterity. The enormous number of prisoners of war made labor cheap in a land where life could be maintained at almost no cost, and enabled Sethi and Rameses to adorn their country with the most splendid structures ever erected to gratify royal pride. Amid the general affluence of the people the interest in art, which had been suspended under the Hyksos, revived, and advanced to new and grander forms. In the history of Egyptian art, the fourteenth century stands out pre-eminent, not indeed for grace, but for magnificence. The ruins of Karnak have not their rival in the world; yet the energy expended upon these stupendous buildings soon exhausted itself; towards the end of the reign of Rameses the Great, the artistic spirit was waning

fast, and the sculptures of the reign of his successor are clumsy and coarse. To these vicissitudes Egyptian art, like all other schools, was constantly exposed through the whole course of its long career. The stiffness and monotony of its forms impress us with a terrible conventionality, as forcibly as they did Plato; but we can hardly take refuge in the explanation which he provides. "Long ago," remarks the Athenian stranger in the Laws,* "the Egyptians appear to have recognized the very principle of which we are now speaking, that their young citizens must be habituated to forms and strains of virtue. These they fixed and exhibited the patterns of them in their temples, and no painter or artist is allowed to innovate upon them or to leave the traditional forms and invent new ones. To this day no alteration is allowed either in their arts or in music at all. And you will find that their works of art are painted or moulded in the same forms which they had ten thousand years ago — this is literally true and no exaggeration, — their ancient paintings and sculptures are not a whit better or worse than the work of to-day, but are made with just the same skill." "How very extraordinary," observed Kleinias. "I should rather say," replies the Athenian stranger, "how wise and worthy of a great legislator." To an eye that had been educated among the sculptures of the Parthenon, the sameness of the style of the Egyptian works of art might have been intolerably wearisome, had not that eye been gifted like Plato's with a moral insight which could read its own meaning into the objects upon which it looked. By the side of the heroes of Phidias, the gods and kings of Egypt, in one or other of the seven attitudes to which the artist was restricted by the irresistible legislation of taste, look ludicrously rigid; yet they possess characteristics of their own which no other art has adequately expressed. Egyptian art is marked by an absolute independence. Whatever models its founders had before them have disappeared. In their earliest monuments there is nothing rude or primitive: whatever they attempt they perform with complete command both of their ideas and their resources.†

* *Laws*, ii. 656 D, Jowett's *Dialogues of Plato*, iv., p. 177 sq.

† The realistic perfection of early Egyptian art is admirably exemplified in the two painted limestone figures of Ra-hotep and Nefer-t belonging to the third dynasty, now in the Museum at Boulaq.

If they borrowed anything from surrounding nations, they have left no clue by which the loan may be traced. When you have shown on the ceilings of Egyptian tombs the origin of Greek designs, or in Egyptian architecture the primitive types of the Greek orders, or in Egyptian geometry and astronomy the elements of Greek science, or in Egyptian philosophy the sources of Greek metaphysics, you have reached the furthest limit of historic certainty and stand on the edge of a vast chaos out of which the conflict of races with each other and with nature brought knowledge and power. Moreover, Egyptian art is by no means to be too hastily credited with the attribute of perpetual uniformity. It had its classic days, its periods of decline and of renaissance. The Old Empire produced the pyramids, but these edifices, considered from an artistic point of view, are prodigies of ugliness, and the interval between the adjacent temple of the Sphinx, with its square pillars and unbending lines, and the beautiful building known as the Ramesseum, with its elegant avenues and courts of Caryatidæ, is wide indeed. Enter the tombs of the fourth dynasty, or even the more sumptuous sepulchres of the sixth, and you will find the same general types of representation which reappear in the nineteenth, but in the meantime art has become more solemn, more ideal, yet without losing any of its hold on actual life. In one branch only, that of sculpture, do the earliest monuments exhibit an almost unsurpassed maturity. The famous wooden statue of an Egyptian gentleman of Memphis, disinterred from the sands of six thousand years, and now exhibited in the museum established by the Khedivé at Boulaq, though deficient in the grace of proportion which the Theban statues attained, is distinguished by a simplicity and vivacity which faded away in the later scholastic style; and the equally remarkable statue of Chafra, the builder of the second pyramid of Ghizeh, wears that serene dignity which is so conspicuous in some of the statues of Rameses the Great. Allowing, then, that some lights of progress break in upon the somewhat Japanese-like uniformity of Egyptian art, let us take a rapid survey of its chief features at the era of its culmination in the fourteenth century, B.C.

In the arts of decoration it may fairly be said that the Egyptians excelled. Like all Orientals they had a splendid eye for

color. Nevertheless, its employment was limited. For architectural purposes they only availed themselves of blue, red, yellow, and green, together with white or black, and they rarely used any variety of tint of the same color. The richness of their combinations is seen to great advantage in the temple of Sethi I. at Abydos, which is further adorned with a peculiarly vivid scarlet in addition to the ordinary deep red. To prevent the apparent blending of blue and red into purple, when placed side by side, they introduced between them a fillet of white or yellow: and again, the predominance of yellow was averted by the addition of a due proportion of black. The brilliant contrasts which were thus obtained simply reproduced on pillar and wall and ceiling the combinations exhibited in the panorama of their country. The whole tendency of an Egyptian landscape is to fall into strong bands of color. The river reflecting the scarcely changing azure of the heavens; the deep black bank, — proof of Herodotus' epigram that Egypt is the gift of the Nile; the plain on either hand green in the spring-time with an intensity and delicacy which our eyes can scarcely imagine; the yellow belt of sand lying abruptly against it at the foot of the hills; these hills with their limestone terraces glittering in the sun, and their line of elevation standing at an almost unbroken level against the sky; nay, the sky itself wrought in the mysterious afterglow into broad belts of crimson and orange, — all these may have suggested the peculiar repetition of colored stripes which is employed in some of the temples with such striking effect. The greys and purples of the north were unknown there. In an atmosphere of extraordinary transparence every object stood out sharp and clear, and this gave to the artists of Memphis and Thebes that distinct consciousness of form which is so characteristic of all their work. It appears even in the patterns of their walls and ceilings, where many of the modes of ornamentation, the chevron and the chequer, the scroll and the guilloche,* had been in vogue for ages before they passed into Greece and Italy; and it produced vases, to say nothing of

* Several examples of these, taken from the Theban tombs of the eighteenth and following dynasties, are figured by Sir Gardner Wilkinson. Others occur in the tombs at Beni Hassan, belonging to the twelfth dynasty, and elsewhere.

furniture, of the most exquisite designs, in which the beautiful outlines of Etruria were long anticipated.

The fact that the Egyptians, for the most part, employed but one shade of each color, of course, instantly destroys all their pretensions to excellence as painters. The conventional rules, both of drawing and coloring, which no artist seems to have had the remotest conception of breaking through, were fatal to all freedom of design; and the persistence with which they represented the shape of various objects, not as they appeared, but as they knew them to be, produced the most ludicrous incongruities. Pictures in which the men are always red and the women are always yellow, in which the face is only depicted in profile, but the eye is always full, in which the figure is seen sideways and still turns both shoulders to the front, in which beneath the loosely hanging robe (without any folds, however), the outline of the form is revealed within, — can have no value as works of art. In this respect, they never got beyond its infancy. They certainly practised painting on panel, but in temple and tomb the sculptor is often called to the painter's aid, and the different objects of the picture appear in low relief. Totally ignorant of the laws of perspective, however, they produced a plan or an inventory instead of a picture. Of a house you have only the elevation; of a tree the trunk, with an appendage at the top which generally baffles identification. In a garden with a pond in the middle the trees that grow upon its further side are pointed downwards to correspond with the trees nearer the spectator which grow the natural way; and in a battle-field, the distant combatants fight above the heads of the warriors in front, the horses fly over nothing, and the wounded and the dead lie on the air. Nevertheless, the delineation of single figures was often remarkably spirited. Their representations of animals are exceedingly clever. The incidents of the chase, the hare and gazelle, the ostrich and wild ox pursued by the hounds, the hyena rising to defend her young, the lion springing on the royal car, or lying breathless and transfixed beneath the horses' feet, show uncommon power of seizing characteristic attitudes and expressions. In an amusing caricature, apparently taken from some of the sculptures at Medinet Haboo, relating to the Asiatic campaigns of Rameses III., an army of cats besieges

a fortress defended by rats.* The feline king, of gigantic proportions, stands up in his car (which is drawn by two dogs), brandishing his battle-axe. The rats have made a sortie, but are driven back in confusion, and the victorious cats advance unchecked. One places a scaling ladder against the walls, and others, armed with shield and spear, prepare for the ascent; whilst the rats, standing on their hind legs upon the battlements, look down on their assailants with comic dismay. Much study had been devoted to the human form, of which the Egyptian artists had at a far earlier period acquired an extraordinary mastery. On the wall of a tomb at Beni Hassan, belonging to the Middle Empire, are five rows of groups of wrestlers. In each row are about thirty pairs; and of the three hundred postures thus displayed no two are the same. The intimate knowledge thus exemplified was at length carefully reduced to certain definite proportions. The British Museum contains a small board, about twelve inches by ten, which was evidently employed for this purpose. Red lines, running perpendicularly and horizontally, divide it into squares, in which a seated figure of Thothmes III. is drawn. Some portions of the sanctuary at Karnak have been prepared in the same way. The artist, however, did not always have recourse to this expedient, which was probably reserved for the copyist. He was trained in a bold and vigorous style of drawing, and learned to do his work without a rule. On the walls of the unfinished chambers in the great tomb of Sethi I. there stand the outlines of pictures whose completion was interrupted by the monarch's death. They are drawn in red, and their occasional defects have been corrected by the master-artist in black. Some of the lines, from the shoulder to the elbow, from the knee to the instep, are twelve or fifteen inches in length, and they appear to have been done at a single stroke.

This command of form secured for the Egyptians an eminence as sculptors which their ignorance of perspective prevented them from acquiring as painters. Their statuary, however, is marked rather by breadth and massiveness than by delicacy and grace.

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* See the satirical papyrus of Berlin figured by Lepsius, *Auswahl der Wichtigsten Urkunden des Ægyptischen Alterthums*, taf. xxiii.

In the canonical style of the nineteenth dynasty minute detail was avoided. All muscular development was treated with the utmost conciseness, and though not absolutely ignored, it was only indicated, — it was never reproduced. They had no want of truthfulness of perception: they could paint with the utmost accuracy of observation the lines on the feathers of a bird's wing, an ear of corn, the clinging tendrils of a vine, the scales upon a fish; and the varieties of the physiognomy of different nations never escaped them. Neither did they fail in technical mastery of their material, for they worked in the hardest basalt as easily as in the softest sandstone. It was from choice and not from ignorance that they adopted these austere lines, these solemn attitudes. Only into some of their wooden statues did they throw a greater vivacity, and allow themselves a more distinct imitation of nature. This is curiously shown in the ingenious device by which the eye was sometimes represented. Within a bronze rim corresponding with the eyelid was inserted a piece of white quartz which served as the eyeball. A hole in the centre covered with rock crystal did duty as the pupil, and the glittering head of a pin behind sent out its sparkle to complete the illusion. The British Museum contains several specimens of this treatment,* though the eyes have unfortunately fallen out, leaving the sockets bare: they remain in a remarkable statuette of Rameses II., cast in bronze, of the finest execution, preserved at Berlin. This mimicry of reality was, however, obviously unsuitable to severer style. An artificial eye in a granite colossus would have been intolerable. And it was in these giant works that the Egyptian genius displayed itself most grandly. The conquerors of the world must needs tower high above ordinary men; and the artists of the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties expressed perhaps more than royal pride — the pride of the country in its kings' achievements — in the astonishing productions which have not yet wholly yielded to the vulgar attacks of invaders, or "the unimaginable touch of time." Amunoph III. set the example, by erecting near his palace at Thebes two lordly figures of himself on each side of the great royal

* See, for instance, the statue of Sethi I. taken from the tombs of the kings.

street that ran down to the river. The annual overflow of the Nile has long since laid its gifts at their feet; the yellow sand on which they once stood is now covered with a thick deposit of black soil, and fields of wheat and beans spread over the wide area which was once gay with the gardens, the shops, the markets, the barracks, and villas, of the hundred-gated city. The elevation of the figures alone, which are seated in the attitude of legislation, is about fifty feet; they were both originally monoliths, and they are placed upon pedestals still ten feet above the ground. The faces are unhappily too much defaced to permit their artistic merit to be realized, but the lonely grandeur of their repose harmonizes strangely with the serene peace of the quiet valley and the azure sky. They were, however, exceeded in size by the colossal statue of Rameses II., which that prince set up in the court of his own palace temple. This vast mass of granite, the largest statue in Egypt, upwards of sixty feet in height, and some eight hundred and eighty tons in weight, was brought from the quarries of Syene, a distance of nearly one hundred and fifty miles. It lies now shattered on the ground; the face has been sawn into millstones; the legs and arms are shivered into fragments. Other statues of the same king have fortunately escaped the whole severity of this fate and still exhibit to us the perfection of Egyptian art at this period. The beautiful colossus at Memphis, wrought with such exquisite sharpness out of the hardest siliceous limestone, and the noble figures which guard the rock-cut temples at Ipsamboul, are marked by that simplicity and sense of restrained power which distinguish its classic days. The mastery of a complicated organization in which each one fills his appointed place, the royal power based on respect for law by which alone a monarchy three or four millenniums old could be sustained while the king and his seven hundred thousand warriors were absent for years together on foreign expeditions, the justice and beneficence which were universally recognised as religious duties, — are expressed with consummate force and dignity. They realize precisely the aim of the later Greek spirit: —

> "Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control, —
> These three alone lead life to sovereign power;
> Yet not for power (power of herself
> Would come uncalled for), but to live by law,

Acting the law we live by without fear,
And, because right is right, to follow right,
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence."

But in this, as in many other things, was not the priest of Sais right when he said to Solon, "O Solon, Solon, you Greeks are but children"?

Decoration, painting, and sculpture were all, however, made subservient to architecture. From the earliest times to the latest the Egyptians possessed a complete command of technical construction. The interior chambers of the pyramids are floored and roofed and walled with solid blocks of granite squared, polished, and put together without mortar, so close that even a penknife cannot be inserted between them. In the decadence of art under the Roman empire, four thousand years later, this precision was still maintained, and the halls and corridors of the temple at Denderah, which bears the names of Tiberius and Nero, exhibit the same peculiar skill. But in the interval the art of architecture had arisen, and it culminated in the magnificent structures of the fourteenth century. Almost all the Egyptian orders, of which all before have been copied elsewhere, were then in existence. The proto-Doric appeared under the twelfth dynasty, and the most splendid examples of the bell-shaped capital which subsequently developed into the Corinthian, present themselves at Karnak in the nineteenth. The conquests of Sethi I. and of Rameses II. enabled these princes to indulge to the utmost their building propensities. The name of Rameses II. is probably connected with more great monuments than that of any other sovereign in the world. From Tanis in the north to Ipsamboul in the south, at Heliopolis, at Memphis, at Abydos, he dedicated temples to his protecting deities. But it is at Thebes that his father and himself have left their proudest memorials. On the western bank of the Nile stands the palace temple of Goorna, begun by Sethi I. and completed by his son, and the Ramesseum, which is perhaps the most beautiful in its proportions and the most elegant in its combinations of all the temples of this era. These, however, are far surpassed in size and grandeur by the edifices erected on the opposite side. Leaving the colonnades and gateways, the obelisks and statues added by Rameses II. to the sanctuary at Luxor,

drop down the river till you are abreast of the immense pylon which forms the majestic entrance to the palace temple of Karnak. With its huge breadth (three hundred and seventy feet), and its truncated pyramidal towers, which stood above the plain one hundred and forty feet, it resembles one of the solitary masses into which the limestone hills which bound the valley have here and there been broken at the opening of some defile. A massive gateway leads into the spacious court (two hundred and seventy-five feet by three hundred and twenty-nine), flanked on either side by covered corridors fifty feet in height, and originally traversed by a central colonnade, of which, alas, only one solitary pillar still remains. This was the grand approach erected by Rameses II. to complete the work of his father Sethi, the great hall of columns. Ascend a low flight of steps, pass beneath a second propylon under a gateway whose lintel stone measures more than forty feet in length, and stand in the central avenue of this extraordinary building. Gradually the bewildered imagination restores its pristine arrangements. Enormous columns rise on either hand, of gigantic girth, their stiffness broken by the gentle curves with which they spring from the ground, and the beautiful bell-like forms into which their capitals expand. Through the bars of the clerestory windows, at a height of more than seventy feet, stream long shafts of sunshine, bringing out into sharp relief the solemn figures of gods and kings which tell their history on these mighty piers. Across the deep blue ceiling spread outstretched wings, pair after pair, the symbols of divine protection. Parallel with the main colonnade are sixteen aisles, eight upon each side, divided by rows of pillars somewhat less massive. They carry the eye through their dim mazes peopled with lordly forms, until the light fades away into mysterious obscurity, and bears into the darkness suggestions of immense vistas still beyond. This vast hall contains one hundred and thirty-four columns, and is large enough to hold a church of the size of Notre Dame of Paris, and have room to spare. Include the two great pylons which guard it at each end, and its area, comprising eighty-eight thousand square feet, will exceed that of Cologne, the greatest of all the cathedrals of the North.* Beyond the hall are further courts and colonnades

* Fergusson's *Hand Book of Architecture*, p. 232.

of a somewhat older date, belonging to the eighteenth dynasty: they extended the length of the whole temple to upwards of eleven hundred feet. Among these we will not linger even to observe one of the splendid obelisks of princess Hatasu, daughter of Thothmes I., who acted as regent during the minority of her brother, Thothmes III. A monolith, and ninety feet in length, it is probably the longest, though by no means the weightiest piece of stone anywhere employed for architectural purposes. Consider only this hall, this court, these gateways. These solid columns, thirty-six feet in circumference, might seem firm as Atlas itself. But their doom has been pronounced: they are being slowly sapped, and some of them already lie, like rows of giant cheeses, on the ground. Is it an enemy that has done this? It is no enemy, truly, but a friend. Century after century the rising Nile has approached the gentle eminence on which they stand, and now it annually floods the vast area, but there at least it brings no blessing but a curse. In the gallery of Munich there is a statue of an Egyptian priest, covered in front and rear with a long inscription. It is the statue of Bak-en-Khonsu, the principal architect of Sethi and Rameses. In language of which modesty is certainly not the chief feature, he relates the stages of his career from the time when* he "passed four years in the condition of an intelligent child," and describes the works which he constructed. "I am the servant who does honor to his master, proclaims just appreciation, rests upon truth, detests evil, and unfolds the doctrine of his god. O all men, who appreciate in their heart the things that are upon the earth, coming after me for millions and millions of years, after old age and decay, may their heart be satisfied by contemplating my dignities." Alas, the obelisks which he erected, "whose summits," he says, "almost pierced the vault of heaven," are laid low: the "very, very large colonnades" which he designed are overthrown. By what irony has fate made the sacred river which created Egypt the very instrument of the downfall of its proudest structures, and fulfilled the aspirations of their architect by transporting his funeral monument to be stared at by careless visitors in a European museum?

* See the essay of M. Devéria in the *Rev. Archéol.*, 1862, vol. vi, p. 101 sqq.

The palace which Rameses erected for himself, known now as the Ramesseum, is by no means on so large a scale as the great buildings of Karnak, but in addition to its singular beauty it possesses a distinct interest of its own. Its principal hall leads to an inner chamber, of which the ceiling is covered with mysterious pictures of astronomical events. Upon the walls stand the king and queen, fed by Osiris from a huge Persea, the tree of life. This was the royal library. If the Ramesseum be the edifice which Diodorus Siculus describes as the tomb of Osymandys, over the doorway of this chamber was the profound inscription which he renders *Ἰατρεῖον ψυχῆς*. Upon one side is sculptured a figure of Thoth, the divine author of letters, whose attendant bears a huge eye; upon the other is Saph, with the august title of "Lady of letters, and President of the hall of books," followed by an attendant carrying a mighty ear. These were the patrons of history and science, and the eye and ear were emblems of that observation which must ever be the method of knowledge. That the dimensions of Rameses' library were small need not surprise us, for the walls of his temple were in themselves a library. Acres of mural literature cover the temples and the tombs, statues contain autobiographies, and coffins bear religious treatises and prayers. The archives of the nation were not buried in obscure record offices, to be covered with antique dust: they were boldly inscribed on the walls of edifices that were intended to last for "millions and millions of years." Long lists of monarchs, of wars, of conquests, of tributes, treaties with vanquished races, lyrics describing the royal victories, epics relating the deeds of prowess of the hero king, dedications of offerings and colloquies with the gods, were carved in the sunshine on imperishable stone. And hidden away from the light of day, sealed up in unbroken silence in the heart of the hills, upon long corridors and vaulted halls, was the solemn story of the trials and triumphs of the soul, a true "pilgrim's progress," * but in the other world, and not in this. Nevertheless, beside the vast remains thus preserved to us, the scribe as well as the sculptor was kept busily at work. Multitudes of papyri, whether in the hieroglyphic or the hieratic char-

* So Dean Stanley has somewhere happily designated it.

acter, abound in the museums of Europe. Like Egyptian art, Egyptian literature was indigenous. Those who reflected on its beginning found themselves unable to grasp the notion of absolutely inventing the subtle connection between signs and ideas, and they accordingly referred it to some higher source. Music was certainly a "heavenly maid," Isis with her harmonies was rightly named sister of Osiris, lord of justice and truth; and letters could have had no other origin. Be that as it may, the hieroglyphic mode of writing was completely developed at the beginning of Egyptian history, and her literary activity commenced almost with her first days. The builder of the great pyramid of Ghizeh was reputed to have written a treatise on medicine, and other royal authors followed with works on manners and morals. The literary remains of the fourteenth century are peculiarly abundant, yet they are obviously but an insignificant part of the whole productions of the era. They comprise pieces of the most various merit and interest; public documents and private memoranda: poems, romances, and travels; calendars of propitious and unpropitious days; works on mensuration, magic, and astrology; correspondence between the members of the colleges of the scribes, between land-owners and their bailiffs about the management and crops of their estates, between court-officers respecting the arrangements of the royal journeys; lists of wines in King Sethi's cellars; orders for the repair of vessels, and the transport of merchandize; records of judicial proceedings; hymns, prayers, and the vast literature consecrated to the next life.

The literary form of these productions is for the most part exceedingly simple. Of all artistic qualities, massiveness and solidity are precisely those which are least capable of expression in literature. In the poem of Pentaour, for instance, which relates a warlike exploit of Rameses the Great in one of his early campaigns, the attempt to produce effect by absurd exaggeration ruins all. As in the battle-pieces the hero king is intended to awe beholders by being four times the size of any one else, so in the poem the multiplication of his adversaries is an easy way of adding lustre to his fame. Rameses is advancing through Hollow-Syria, when he is suddenly beset by the Chetas who were lying in ambush for him. His body-guard gives way, and he is left alone with no help

but his famous horse, "Victory in Thebes," in the presence of two thousand five hundred chariots, each of which bears three men. In his distress he cries to Ammon, "What art thou, my father Ammon? What father denies his son? For have I done aught without thee?" At this appeal Ammon comes to his aid, and Rameses rushes against the chariots of the enemy. "Then were they overthrown before my steed, not one of them found his hand to fight, their heart shrank within them; their hands all dropt, they knew not how to shoot; they found no heart to grasp the spear; I made them fall into the water as fall crocodiles; they tumbled headlong one over another, I slew them: my pleasure was that none of them should look behind him, nor any return." Strong in the conviction that "Ammon brings very low them who know not God," he encourages his trembling squire, and after the sixth onslaught, prevails over his enemies so that none escaped. Subsequently his troops come up, and extol the monarch's prowess. But he indignantly replies, "Not well done of you, your leaving me alone amid the foe; there came no chiefs, officer or captain of Host to aid me. I fought, repelling millions of tribes all alone. 'Victory in Thebes' and Nehraghruta (my horses), they are all I found to succor me. . . . I will that they shall eat corn before Ra daily when I am in my royal palace." The next day the battle is renewed, and Rameses again performs prodigies of valor, until at length the Cheta chief sends a herald bearing a scroll containing his submission: "Thy strength weighs heavy on Chetaland; is it good to kill thy servants? Thou exercisest thy might upon them; art thou not softened? Thou camest yesterday and slewest 100,000 of them [*i.e.*, an infinite number]; again thou art come to-day; do not continue the massacre. . . . We are prostrate on the earth, ready to execute thy orders; O, valiant king! flower of warriors! give us the breath of our lives." In the end, Rameses concludes a peace, and returns in triumph to his own land.* The whole poem, which exists in a papyrus in the British Museum, and is also inscribed on the walls of the Rameseum and of the temple at Ipsamboul, is scarcely as long as a

* See Prof. Lushington's version in *Records of the Past*, vol. ii., p. 65, and compare M. de Rougé's translation.

book of the Iliad, and is far removed from the true grandeur of epic style by the fabulous achievements which it attributes to the great king. That the author's literary efforts met with approval is evident from the care which was taken to preserve them; but he apparently grew tired of the perfumed atmosphere of the court, for he withdrew from it (it would seem, if the following letter may be trusted,) to live the retired life of a country gentleman. To this change, a letter from his friend, Amenenha, the keeper of the royal archives, thus alludes: "I am told that you have abandoned letters, that you are become strange to the practice of elocution, that you bestow your attention on country labors, and turn your back on sacred science. Consider! You have not represented to yourself the condition of the cultivator. Before he reaps, the insects carry away a portion of the corn; the animals eat what is left; multitudes of rats are in the field; the locusts fall, the beasts consume it, the sparrows steal. If the cultivator neglects what remains in his fields, robbers carry it off; his iron tools wear out; his horse dies in drawing the plough. The scribe arrives at the station to collect the taxes; he has with him agents carrying slaves; negroes, bearing palm-branches. They say, 'Give us some corn,' and it is impossible to drive them away. He is bound and sent to work on the canal; they treat him with violence; his wife is bound in his presence, his children are stripped: As to his neighbors they are far away, and are engaged with their own business. The occupation of the scribe surpasses every other kind of labor. He does not regard letters as a toil. No taxes are imposed on him."* In which latter respect the position of the scribe has altered for the worse at the present day.

Besides correspondence, however, the Egyptians initiated another branch of literature which was obviously closely connected with the great conquering expeditions of the sovereigns of the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties, namely, travels. The British Museum contains a papyrus relating the journey of an Egyptian officer of the fourteenth century in Syria, Phœnicia and Palestine. The perils of the journey are described with consider-

* See Mr. Goodwin's version in the *Rev. Archeol.*, 1861, vol. iv., p. 136.

able humor, which is unconsciously heightened by the mode of narration, in which another person relates the traveller's adventures, in the form of an address to himself. "Thou seest a Mohar's trials. Thy car is placed in thy hand: thy strength fails. Thou arrivest at night; all thy limbs are knocked up; thy bones are broken; thou fallest asleep from excess of somnolence; thou wakest up, — 'tis the hour when sad night begins; thou art absolutely alone. Comes there not a thief to rob the things left aside; he enters the stable; the horses are agitated; the thief goes back in the night carrying away thy clothes. Thy servant awakes in the night; he perceives the thief's actions; he takes away the rest; he goes among the bad ones, and joins the tribes of the Shasous [Bedaween], and transforms himself into an Asiatic." The steep hills of Syria presented difficulties to which the drivers of the valley of the Nile were not accustomed, and an amusing passage relates the descent of the traveller into a deep ravine, in the course of which his chariot comes to pieces.

"Thy soul places itself in thy hand; thy way is full of rocks and rolling stones — no practicable passage; the road is obstructed by hollies, nopals, aloes and bushes called '*dogwolf's shoes.*' On one side is the precipice; on the other rises the vertical wall of the mountain. Thou must advance going down. Thy car strikes the wall, and the horses are startled by the rebound; they stop at the bottom of the harness; thy reins are precipitated and left behind; all fall down; thou passest on. The horses break the pole and move it out of the path; you cannot think of refastening them, — cannot repair them. The seats are precipitated from their places; the horses refuse to be loaded with them. Thy heart fails thee; thou beginnest to reel; the sky is clear; thirst torments thee; the enemy is behind thee; thou beginnest to quake; a thorny bush hinders thee; thou placest it aside; the horses wound themselves. At this moment thou art stretched flat, and beholdest the sad satisfaction of thy state." *

That these Syrian expeditions were by no means always popular the following fragment on the fatigues of the profession of

* From the version by M. M. Chabas & Goodwin in *Records of the Past*, vol. ii., p. 109, sqq.

arms under the nineteenth dynasty will abundantly prove. The parallelism which connects its lines recalls the structure of the Hebrew verse.

"I wish to depict to you the numberless troubles of an unfortunate officer of infantry.
While still a youth he is entirely shut up in a barrack;
A tight suit of armor encases his body, the peak of his helmet comes over his eyes;
The visor is over his eyebrows, so that his head is protected from wounds.
He is wrapped up like a papyrus roll, and can hardly move his limbs in fight.
Shall I tell you of his expeditions in Syria, his marches in far distant lands?
He is obliged to carry water on his shoulder, as an ass bears its burden;
His back is bent like that of a beast of burden; his backbone is bowed.
When he has quenched his thirst with a drink of bad water, he is obliged to mount guard for the night.
If he meets the enemy, he is like a bird in a net; his limbs have no strength left.
When he returns to Egypt, he is like a piece of worm-eaten wood.
If he is too ill to stand, they put him on the back of an ass;
His baggage is plundered by robbers, and his servant deserts him." *

The simplicity of structure of the Egyptian language prevented the development of anything like style. Composition consisted of little more than placing independent sentences side by side. To draw out a sequence of thought, or state a metaphysical argument, was impossible. The total want of flexibility in their instrument rendered the writers who wielded it incapable of ever rising to epic elevation; but it was not so ill adapted for lyric utterance, in which it could forcibly express a certain intensity, and, as the passage last quoted shows, it could also lend itself a certain grim humor. Indeed, the definiteness of Egyptian society, and the rigid conceptions embodied in its art, were not after all incompatible with some elasticity of imagination. The same papyrus which illustrates the campaign of the cats and rats contains other pictures,

* *Ancient History of the East*, by Lenormant & Chevalier. Vol. i., p. 315.

displaying no small sense of fun. A fox is overthrown and laid upon his back by a troop of geese; a bird laboriously climbs a ladder to visit a hippopotamus who resides in a tree; and four animals are engaged in a musical performance, the quartette consisting of a donkey playing the harp, a lion sweeping the lyre, an ape fingering a double pipe, and a crocodile, seated on its tail, striking a guitar slung round its neck. These animals, and many others, occur again and again in the fables of Æsop, whose origin, like that of the well-known Irish bull, pronounced by Horace Walpole to be the best he ever heard, — namely, the story of the man who said, "I would have been a very handsome man, but they changed me in my cradle," — can be traced apparently to the banks of the Nile.* There, too, does the fairy tale for the first time appear, with all its machinery complete; the childless king to whom a son is at last granted; the destiny pronounced over the cradle of the babe by the seven Hathors who attended like fairy godmothers at the birth of children; the doom that he should die either by a crocodile, a serpent, or a dog; the seclusion by which his father endeavored to secure the young prince's safety; his escape, when he reaches manhood, to see the world; the adventure by which he wins his bride, — a princess shut up in a tower by her father, with the declaration that whoever should scale the window of his daughter's chamber should receive her to wife; the stratagems by which the royal pair endeavor to elude the fate which ever overhangs the prince, — do we not recognize them all with a touch of surprise that they should be as old as the classic days of the Thothmes' and Ramessidæ, and, indeed, how much older we cannot tell. Happy are they in their youth; they know not what lies before them; could they only see their future, might they not feel a little weary at having to play the same part so long and so often? The tale of "The Doomed Prince," † however, is not the only *maerchen* of this period that has come down to us. The British Museum, so rich in papyri, contains

* See an essay by M. Zundel in the *Rev. Archéol.*, 1861, vol. iii., pp. 355, sqq., and a lecture by Wendell Phillips, entitled, *The Lost Arts*, published by the New York Tribune.

† See Mr. Goodwin's version in *Records of the Past*, vol. ii., p. 153, sqq.

also the "Story of the Two Brothers," composed by Anna for the young King Sethi II., grandson of Rameses the Great.* The strong moral element in this story is an interesting manifestation of the growing vigor of moral and religious ideas to which the hymns and prayers of this period bear such remarkable witness. When the younger brother flees from the elder, whose wrath is excited against him by a false accusation, he appeals for aid to Horus, the sun-god of the two horizons, "My good lord, it is thou who *distinguishest wrong from right.*" The cry of injured innocence is heard at once, and the god responds by suddenly creating a river full of crocodiles between the elder brother and his intended victim, and this effectually bars all pursuit. In the end, of course, persecuted virtue is vindicated, as the Egyptian notions of justice required. This tale was originally designed for the entertainment and instruction of royalty, but the ability to read was by no means confined either to the professional scribes, or to the king and the great functionaries of state. The thousands and thousands of tablets which are covered with hieroglyphic character, from the costly funeral monument to the simple stone which the poor man laid upon his grave, the numerous inscriptions in which the deceased addresses himself to the passer-by, plainly show that education was not the monopoly of the priestly class, but was very widely diffused. On this head, indeed, a remark of the Athenian stranger who felt such admiration for the wise foresight which he supposed to guide Egyptian arts may be worth quoting: "All freemen," he says, at a later stage in the same dialogue of the "Laws," "should learn as much of these various disciplines as every child in Egypt is taught when he learns his alphabet. In that country systems of calculation have actually been invented for the use of children, which they learn as a pleasure and amusement. They have to distribute apples and garlands, adapting the same number either to a larger or a less number of persons. . . . Another mode of amusing them is by taking vessels of gold and brass and silver and the like and min-

* This story has been a favorite subject of study by Egyptologists. It has been translated by De Rougé, Brugsch, and others. An English version by M. Le Page Renouf is published in *Records of the Past*, vol. ii., p. 139, sqq.

gling them, or distributing without mingling; and in this way, in the management of a household, they make people more useful to themselves and more wide awake; and again, in measurements of things which have length and breadth and depth they free us from that ludicrous and disgraceful ignorance of all these things which is natural to man."* The young student, however, on passing out of what Bak-en-Khonsu described as "the condition of an intelligent child," required something more than this flowery discipline. He was conducted through a regular mathematical training, and of the treatises employed for this purpose a papyrus in the British Museum, deciphered by Dr. Birch,† may serve as an example. It is itself not older than the twentieth dynasty at the outside; but it only professes to be a copy of a work then in existence, and we may assume therefore with much probability that it represents the text-books in geometry employed in the fourteenth century. It contains a variety of propositions by which the areas of a square, a triangle, an irregular four-sided figure, and a circle, may be determined. It then advances to the method of finding the solid contents of a pyramid of given base and altitude; and it concludes with what must be regarded perhaps as the first historic attempt to solve the most venerable paradox in the world, namely, the squaring of the circle.

Of all the literary remains of this period, however, the most interesting are the hymns, prayers, and confessions, which occur in such abundance. In the history of Egyptian religion and mythology, the age of the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties formed a most important era. The impulse to national unity which succeeded the expulsion of the Hyksos seems to have acted on the noblest minds of the country to produce a most refined and spiritual monotheism. One by one the different cycles of gods whose worship was established at the great centres of antiquity, at Abydos, at Heliopolis, at Memphis, at Thebes, were brought into union beneath the One Supreme.‡ Each of these separate theologies

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* *Laws*, vii. 819, Jowett's *Dialogues*, &c., iv., p. 332 sq.

† *Zeitschrift für Ægyptische Sprache*, &c., 1868, p. 108.

‡ See Dr. Tiele's *Vergelijkende Geschiedenis van de Egyptische en Mesopotamische Godsdiensten*, p. 184, sqq.

had arisen, like so many others, out of solar myths, and they were therefore the more readily blended under the worship of Ammon Ra. Egyptian nature supplied but few objects to be either the scene of the divine presence, or the instruments of the divine power. They had no limpid springs or shady grottos where the nymphs could sport, no woods to be the haunt of satyrs, no glades of oak peopled with laughing dryads, no level turf on which the elves might dance without wounding a flower, no mountains whose cavernous recesses were the hiding-place of gnomes. They had nothing but the sun, the river, and the desert. The sun and the river were their allies and friends, the desert was their natural enemy. The sun, therefore, beneath which their crops ripened three or even four times in the year, was the symbol of the source of life, the sublime image of the all-pervading presence. "Amon," said the stately verses of their hymns, "is one in himself, Sole who produces all," he is "the Ancient of heaven, the Oldest of the Earth," "the Lord of time and Author of eternity." He is "the Causer of pleasure and light," "Maker of grass for the cattle and fruitful trees for man, causing the fish to live in the river and the birds to fill the air, . . . lying awake while all men sleep to seek out the good of his creatures." In language which still further recalls the style of the Hebrew Psalms, he is described as "listening to the poor who is in distress, gentle of heart when one cries unto him; deliverer of the timid man from the violent: judging the poor, the poor and the oppressed:" and he is addressed as the "Lord of wisdom whose precepts are wise, Lord of mercy most loving, at whose coming men live." * "To him, therefore, the sovereign of righteousness, the needy had recourse, confident in his impartiality, as a prayer in a papyrus of Boulogne, dated in the reign of Menephtah I., son of Rameses the Great, touchingly proves. O Ammon Ra, who art the first who hast reigned, God of the first time, protector of the wretched, thou who dost not speak to him who makes justice incline, thou who dost not consider promises to decide. Ammon

* See the beautiful hymn translated by M. Grébant, *Rev. Archéol*, Juin, 1873, and also by Mr. Goodwin, *Records of the Past*, vol. ii., p. 129, sqq.

Ra says what is in the bottom of the heart; he marks out the guilty, and he is destined for the abode of fire, the just, and he is set on the right hand."* The Egyptian religion, then, was no common polytheism: the crowd of gods who filled the halls of the temples were the creations of the Supreme Being, the instruments to work his will. It was, moreover, animated by the loftiest and most ardent moral feeling, which demanded another life to be the development and completion of the present. Three great realms composed the Egyptian cosmos, heaven, the earth, and the underworld. Above the sky in which the sun, the moon, the planets and the fixed stars paced their daily round, was the abode of the invisible king. By the word of his mouth were the gods made: out of his eyes, the sources of light and truth, came the spirits of men. These were in their turn united by means of an organic soul or vital principle, with the material elements of the earth, out of which the human body was composed. This union was analogous to the relation between the νοῦς, the ψυχή, and the σῶμα, of the Platonic philosophy. It was the condition of man's existence in this world, and his existence hereafter depended on its restoration in a higher form after the judgment in the next. If he proved unworthy, his soul (in which his individuality resided) would be destroyed; no new habitation would be formed for him; and his impersonal intelligence would remain blended with the Supreme Being to whom it had returned on his death. From his station on the earth man beheld the sun rise in the east and set in the west with unvarying regularity. These "two horizons" were the marks of his course by day. But where did he go in the interval? Clearly, as he passed beneath the earth he shed by night the same illumination on the underworld which by day he bestowed upon this. There, then, was the abode of the dead, who, however, were not dead, but "lived unto God." "Nothing dies," says Hermes Trismegistus, and in this respect it cannot be doubted that his mystic work faithfully reflected the spirit of the older philosophies, "but that which is composite is divided. This division is not death, it is the dissolution of a combination, but the end of this analysis is

* Chabas, *Mélanges Egyptol.* 3me ser., vol. ii., 1873, p. 145.

not destruction, it is renewal." * The life of man was assimilated in this respect to the sun's course, and the Egyptian was as certain that he would exist in another world after death as he was that the sun which had set in the west would reappear next morning in the east. To this feeling the opening verses of a hymn of the nineteenth dynasty gives elevated expression. It is addressed to Atum, the setting sun: —

"Hail to thee, O Sun, Creator of all men,
Atum Horus, God of the two horizons,
Thou, God, the single and only true life,
Who dost bring forth everything that exists, and call every creature into being,
Both beast and man.
In his eye [that is the solar disc] doth he reveal himself visibly,
The Lord of heaven, the Lord of earthly worlds,
The Creator of all things in the height and in the depth,
The Lord of the universe, the bringer forth of all gods,
The God self-creating,
The Almighty, creating from everlasting.
Thee, O Atum, thee do all gods glorify,
As him who created the souls of pure men,
As the Lord of the palm, a being full of love,
Who streams forth life over the children of men,
I praise thee in the evening of my life,
Whilst thou descendest, and I descend with thee,
To the new life." †

This new life is commenced in the world below, under the sovereignty of the Universal Lord, there known under the title of Osiris, whose material manifestation is still the sun, and whose moral manifestation is goodness. This was the scene of the divine awards upon the deeds done in the body; here were penalties for the guilty and recompense for the just. To this mystery the Egyptians consecrated a whole book, which bore the remarkable title of the "Book of the Resurrection," or the "Book of the Manifestation to Light." Of the one hundred and sixty-five chapters which compose this book in its completest form, some had

* *Hermes Trismégiste*, traduction compléte par Louis Ménard, p. 89 cf. p. 76, and other passages.

† From a version by Dr. Brugsch, "Egyptische Doodemvereld," in the *Bibliotheek van Moderne Theologie*, 1870, Erste Deel. p. 83 sq.

been in existence for centuries before the age of the Ramessidæ, others appear to have grown up in succeeding centuries. The rituals of the fourteenth century vary somewhat in their contents,* but they all agree in their representations of the trials through which the soul had to pass before he reached the great "Hall of Double Justice"—justice, that is, to the wicked as to the good, as they enumerate in identical terms the conditions upon which the award is made; and they reproduce the principal features of the judgment scene in essentially the same way. Entering this solemn court, the soul is confronted with the forty-two assessors of the Supreme Judge. They wear upon their heads the ostrich plume, the emblem of truth, and in their hands they bear the knife, the instrument of execution. Before these mysterious forms the soul begins its pleading:† "O ye lords of truth, let me know ye, I have brought ye truth, rub ye away my faults." This invocation is followed by a series of declarations, one being addressed to each assessor in turn: "I have not privily done evil against mankind. I have not told falsehoods in the tribunal of truth. I have not made the laboring man do more than his task daily. I have not been idle. I have not calumniated the slave to his master. I have not murdered. I have not given orders to smite a person privily. I have not stolen. I have not done fraud to men. I have not robbed the streams. I have not defiled the river. . . . I am pure, I am pure." From these forty-two assessors, the soul is led forward by their president, Thmei, the Greak Themis, the goddess of justice. The legends generally attached to her figure describe her as "Thmei who resides in Amenti, where she weighs hearts in the balance, no wicked one escapes her." Over the balance presides a baboon, symbol of one of the ministers of Thoth: his two names, Api, "number," and "Hap," "judgment" indicate his functions as its guardian. One scale, placed in charge of the hawk-headed Horus, contains a miniature image of Thmei, bearing in her hand

* An excellent description of funeral papyri of this class is given by M. De Véria in his *Catalogue des Manuscrits Egyptiens* conservés au Musée Egyptien du Louvre.

† The quotations are made from Dr. Birch's translation in the fifth volume of *Egypt's Place in Universal History.*

the *crux ansata*, the emblem of eternal life: the other scale is watched by Anubis, and holds a clay vessel whose fragile nature does but typify the frailty of the heart within. The result is recorded by Thoth, the inventor of letters, and the secretary of the gods. The wicked are carried away bound to the chastisement which they have merited. They are thrust into dungeons Dantesque in their horror, whose floor is of flaming water, whose walls are of living serpents, whose ceiling shoots down fire. Here is the place of doom for those "who have not known Ra upon earth." In the solemn language of the legend on the sarcophagus of Sethi I.* they hear their condemnation to destruction. "The evil acts which you have committed are smitten in the Great Hall. Your bodies are smitten by the extinction of your Ba-u (the organic soul or vital principle), which exist no more. No more shall ye see Ra in his forms when he issues from his mysterious abode. O Ra, adoration to Thee! thy enemies are in the abode of annihilation." For the good, however, a happier lot is reserved. When the scrutiny is over, he is dismissed with these words: "Let the justified go. Ye know he is without fault, without evil, without crime. Do not torture, do not anything against him. He has given meat to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, clothing to the naked; he is pure." A new heart is then bestowed upon him, and he is led to the gateway of the sanctuary of Osiris. As he attains his goal a last attempt is made to arrest his progress by the sill and the lintel, the lock and the panels, of this gate of heaven, which demand in turn the utterance of their mystic names, before they will allow him to pass through. But he has been provided with the knowledge which will satisfy their claims, and he is accordingly permitted to enter. There he stands before the presence of Osiris to whom he does homage as "the Great Being, Lord of life, Great God, Eternal Ruler, King forever." This is the era of his second birth. His soul commences to weave for itself a new habitation which shall be in the spiritual world that

* This well-known sarcophagus is preserved in Sir John Soané's Museum. It has been figured and described by Messrs. Bonomi and S. Sharp, and in the *Rev. Archéol*, 1870, 21me vol., p. 285, sqq. M. Pierret has published a translation of some of the inscriptions.

which his body was upon the earth. For it was confidently expected that —

> "Eternal form would still divide
> The Eternal soul from all beside."

and it was to assist these evolutions that the Great God, still symbolized by the sun, was described as passing through the various regions of the underworld. There he put the dead to judgment: there he made new abodes for the souls of the justified into which he breathed once more that divine intelligence which had in the meantime ascended to its native seats in heaven. In this fresh life, among the company of the justified in the plains of Amenti, "they that have known God on earth" shall need no more meat and drink, for, it is said in one of the legends of the sarcophagus of Sethi I., "they shall be nurtured on the word of God." For them a bright destiny was in store which is thus described in the hymn already quoted: —

> "They that abide in the west are full of delight:
> Grant that my spirit may one day abide with them,
> That upon me the light may arise,
> That I may behold the sun with them,
> Who in glory and perfection are set down in the west before the God
> Who createth everything that is noble and good."

Here we must leave this elaborate scheme of philosophy, morality, and religion. May we not say, as we look back upon its immemorial antiquity, and trace its connection with much of our own thought, that in the larger consciousness of the race it occupies the place of —

> "Those first affections,
> Those shadowy recollections,
> Which, be they what they may,
> Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
> Are yet the master-light of all our seeing,
> Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
> Our noisy years seem moments in the being
> Of the Eternal Silence."

J. Estlin Carpenter.

THE CHRISTIANITY OF THE CHURCHES IN GALATIA.

THE author of that ingenious but fallacious book, "The Keys of the Creeds," suggests that one of the next attempts of the new criticism may well be directed against the life of Paul. He must pass from the real into the ideal, with great gain to religion, the writer thinks, because nothing is so unfavorable to the ends of the spirit as the discussions about persons and places and dates to which we are committed so long as we propose to be historical. We shall be eager to see what disposition will be made in this interest of the Letter to the Galatians which comes before us next in order amongst our original documents.* It will not be denied, we suppose, that there have been some real things in the course of human life on earth, and amongst the rest some letters written by real men for real readers. Now if ever there was one such letter this would seem to be that one. The marks of reality are upon every line of it. The hand is the hand of one who in the stress of a most earnest life, and under the mastery of new and strong convictions, had a point to carry, a human constituency to fashion and hold, and a cause to promote upon which he has staked his all. You may question, if you will, whether the writer of this letter is truly presented in other writings of the New Testament, you may well insist that he shall be to us what we find him here, and that all other accounts of him must be squared to this; but all the more shall we say, whatever else may be fancy, this is fact; here are mannerisms, subtilties, personalities, situations, difficulties which shut out absolutely the supposition of forgery; it is just the book that would not have been devised, supposing the capacity for devising it had not been wanting, a book accordingly which the teachers of our religion in a subsequent age were much concerned to tone down and explain away as scarcely to be reconciled with the type of Christianity in their time prevailing, or with the peculiar reverence which the church was beginning to feel for those who had been apostles and minis-

* See first article in the August number of this review.

ters of the Word. Hence it has come about that with no better external testimony for its genuineness than that which is appealed to in support of several books, that are confessedly spurious, the Letter to the Galatians is unchallenged to this day even by the extremest criticism. Call him Saul or call him Paul, or give no name to him who wrote it, put the date a little earlier or a little later than has been customary, you have in this Epistle a bit of human history and a transcript of human thought and life. It tells us what Christianity was when it was just struggling out of the "Jew's religion," and depended under God chiefly upon one man, who in this little tract gives us an account of his birth into as well as of his labor and travail and exceeding gain in the new faith.

But we are not arguing for the genuineness of the Epistle to the Galatians. How can we when there is no gainsayer? The most extreme critics are not yet prepared to work up a *mythus* of Paul so far as he comes into light in this letter. It is agreed on all hands that this writer is a real personage, and that the conditions under which he writes are real. There never has been, to our knowledge, any other suggestion, if we except the fancy of Origen and Chrysostom, that the scene which the letter describes between Peter and Paul was intended to be dramatic, and is to be understood only as a strong illustration of the contrasts of doctrine. It hardly need be said that this supposition has no historical support whatever, but was altogether due to the difficulty which these fathers found in allowing that so serious a difference could ever have arisen between two so prominent teachers of our religion.

As to the precise year we are not concerned. We will not even make any account of the help which may be afforded in this particular by the Book of Acts, and put this letter about five years after those to the Thessalonians. Let the Epistle speak for itself, and we shall need that much time to pass from what we have there to what we have here, and we shall say even so that the rapidly diverging tendencies in the new society proclaim it to have been a growing time. We wish to confine ourselves absolutely to this particular writing, to read it as if no other writing about our religion had come down to us, and as if we were dependent upon tradition for all else. No matter now what is recorded in the

Gospel, or in the Book of Acts, or in any other Epistle. Let us shut ourselves up altogether with this little pamphlet, which, we will suppose, for the moment, alone of all that was written in the beginnings of the great movement, has escaped the tooth of time. Let us try to divest ourselves of all associations with the persons whose names appear upon the pages, and gather only from the document itself who they were, and what were their functions, and how they were related to the religion which so large a part of our world has so long cherished in name at least, and which many have found to be a great help and blessing.

I. In general, then, let it be said, first, that the writer calls himself Paul, and describes himself as an apostle, that is, one who is sent, one who, to use a phrase much worn and by lips so often careless that unfortunately it sounds like cant, has a mission in the world. As to this mission he makes haste to tell us that it is not of men, neither by man, that it has not been imposed upon him by or even through any human authority, that it comes directly from Jesus the Anointed, and God the Father, who raised him from the dead; that in this writing certain brethren join him, and that it is addressed to churches or religious assemblies in Galatia, which we find to be a part of Asia Minor settled by conquering emigrants from Europe, and occupied by remnants of that invasion, an excitable and changeable people, the Gauls of Asia, who had changed their sky but not their mind, a race of abundant surface, but having little root. To these churches, which we see at once are Christian churches, this Paul writes, because they are in the most pressing need of advice. They have come under influences which, as he confidently believes and uncompromisingly declares, are antagonistic to his teachings and fitted to destroy the work which he seemed to have done. He writes in great heat, and without any bandying of compliments, and as one who has a right to command, and whilst the teachings against which he is warning his friends in the new faith are recognized as a form of the Good Tidings, and even as having or seeming to have high sanction, they are none the less denounced as perilous and possibly fatal to the new convictions and the peace which they are fitted to impart.

The letter brings before us the names of certain men who would

seem to have been the original or earliest or first-called teachers of our religion. These names are familiar to all Christians; we say they must be the Peter, James and John of the Gospels, and in Peter at least we recognize the same man, not yet changed as much as we could have hoped that he would have been, and as in time he will be. They are authorities with Paul, in one sense, for he makes a journey to see them, and yet he holds himself to be quite independent of them, does not appear to have been much impressed by their exhibition of Christian truth, confesses to have been compelled to criticize very sharply the Christian practice of one of them, and on the whole is at one with those who were apostles before him as much as in anything in a mutual understanding that he shall be allowed to have his own audience and his own way of explaining the religion of their common allegiance. We find accordingly that he is laboring and had been for a considerable period, just how long we cannot say, under an express understanding that he and his associates should address the uncircumcised, as a man especially fitted to meet their wants, whilst the earlier apostles should devote themselves to the Jews. His call he tells was a call to preach the gospel to the heathen, and was so heard by him from the very beginning, and he makes it very plain that as to his preaching he recognizes no authority save that of Jesus Christ, whose grace he is manifesting in a way which is all his own.

II. Looking now at our letter a little more closely, alike by what is written and by what is not written, we gain much light upon the way in which a man and the most conspicuous of men became not only a Christian, but a Christian apostle during the very earliest period of our religion, and very soon after the withdrawal of the Founder from common vision. We have the writer's account of the way of his own conversion. It appears that the new teaching and living had already begun in the world and was significant enough for him to oppose with exceeding bitterness as a mischievous innovation: "Beyond measure I persecuted the church of God and wasted it." The Founder of the faith having, as we said, passed beyond the reach of our poor senses, wrought now from another sphere; but he had his visible, human representatives; these were the first called; those who are desig-

nated by this writer as "apostles before him," their headquarters as it would seem at Jerusalem. But our authority is careful to assure us, with the utmost vehemence of assertion ("Now the things which I write unto you, behold, before God, I lie not"), that from these first apostles he received neither impulse nor guidance of any sort. Before his conversion his relation to constituted Christianity was simply that of bitter antagonism. His sympathy with it was of the inverse sort; it somehow found him but only to awaken resistance; and if we ask, whence the great change? we get only these answers, "I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ." It is impossible to understand this in any way save as excluding human agency. "It pleased God, who from my mother's womb separated me, and called me by his grace, to reveal his Son in me." It was somehow borne in upon his soul that Jesus was the Christ. "It was an anticipation of moral truth and of the course of experience," "out of the course of nature, and in ways unlike the methods of human knowledge." We are not obliged to suppose that the mind of Paul had not been continually at work upon the great movement, drawn to it even in his hatred and opposition, "finding it hard to kick against the pricks." He may have made himself familiar with the story of Jesus. He may have been more impressed than he was conscious of by the preaching of the apostles; but he expressly and emphatically rules out everything except what he designates as "the revelation of Jesus Christ." He is silent, in this place, as to any evidences inward or outward of this revelation, and is at no pains to guard in any way against the possible charge that it was a mere illusion. He is sure of his ground, but he does not tell the Galatians in this letter why he is sure. So sure is he that an angel from heaven, or himself in some other mood teaching anything else, shall be "accursed." It is deserving of at least passing notice, that in a matter so vital as his claim to have been called by Jesus himself into a Christian apostleship, he did not appeal to any evidence save that which might come from his own assurance. But did he not mean by using the word "revelation" to assume and virtually to assert that an outward sign accompanied and authenticated the inward wonder, his evidence and theirs that he had been specially set apart? In other

words, does not the account in the Galatians carry with it what we read in the Book of the Acts of the experiences of Paul on his way to Damascus, or at least what is equivalent to that story? Does he not fail to recount the outward miracle simply because it was notoriously and necessarily an accompaniment of the inward event, and it only concerned him to show that the grace inward and outward was specially and directly his? Shall we say that he had satisfied the Galatians in his original teaching, that he was a man of "visions and revelations," and now was only intent to impress upon their minds that his visions and revelations were not subordinate to but co-ordinate with those which they had enjoyed who were before him in apostleship? This seems to us to be the best account of his silence in this letter as to anything outwardly miraculous, and may at all events satisfy us that we are not on account of this silence to rule out anything of the kind which may be set down in any other place. "Am I not an apostle, have I not seen the Lord?" is his question in another universally accepted writing. Still I cannot avoid gathering from his silence that he did not attach so much importance to the outward in comparison with the inward as has been usual with apologists and writers upon "The Evidences." I must conclude that his faith was inward and spiritual and assured far beyond what we in our day are wont to regard as possible, so thoroughly wrought into the whole fabric of his being, so truly a sense awakened, that for the blessed reality of his new life in God, and for God, he forgot sometimes to speak of the marvel and mystery in the natural life which had signalled this reality to himself and to others. But this only by the way, for we are concerned now only with what is here set down. Somehow this Christian apostle had come into the church under the direct leading of Jesus the Founder of this church, and absolutely without any help from the recognized leaders of the society. It is a revelation and a new revelation as from heavens not yet closed and lips not yet silent. It is a fresh example of the new and great movement from God to man, as it were a breaking forth of the Light and Life in another form and for the sake of a new personality, aside from what seemed to be the recognized channels and instrumentalities, though with the most absolute reverence for the One Master, loyalty to the same Divine Source and

originating Heavenly Person. Moreover, the man through whom this fresh grace has been given has a large following. The Same who had wrought mightily in the circumcision was every day working mightily in the uncircumcision. There was not only a church, there were churches, in Galatia. It was no idiosyncrasy; it was no individual whim; no instance of religious conceit and self-assertion: it was a healthy fruit-bearing growth from the One Living and True Vine under the husbandry of the heavenly Father, and multitudes were already rejoicing in the luscious vintage.

And as it was in the beginning, so it was with the unfolding, of Paul's faith. As Jesus did not teach him through his disciples and evangelists, as he could in no sense be regarded as their convert, so he was not committed to their care during what may be called his novitiate, and ever after, although at times he consulted with them, cannot be said to have followed them in the recognition of any rule of faith and practice with which they may have been thought to be entrusted. The convert did not go to Jerusalem, as one might have supposed he would have gone, until after the expiration of at least three years, a part of which was passed in Arabia. This visit at Jerusalem extended only to fifteen days, devoted to intercourse with Peter his host and James the Lord's brother. "Unto the churches in Judæa he was unknown by face," although they had heard with deep gratitude to God that the destroyer of Christians had become a preacher of Christianity in Syria and Cilicia. There was no more going to Jerusalem, so far as this letter supplies any record of the apostle's journeys for fourteen years; whether after the conversion, or after the previous journey, we have no means of knowing, he goes by "revelation," in obedience to a divine impulse, and under divine guidance. His thought is expanding and deepening; his work is growing in his hands; he is gathering churches on every side; only his humility can move him to style himself "the least of the apostles;" he must confer with those whose conception of the New Life, as he is well aware, is quite other than his, he must see whether they have anything to say which may modify his teachings. He took with him a Greek convert, Titus, and another who for his gifts in administering the comforting truths of the new religion had got

the name, Barnabas, or son of consolation. So strongly convinced was he that what he had been doing all this while as a preacher of the gospel might be unfavorably regarded by many at Jerusalem, that he sought a private interview with the heads of the church in that city. He does not seem so much to have had any misgivings himself as to have desired to fulfill all righteousness by listening respectfully to what they might say who were most entitled to be heard. Whether he so far regarded their prejudices, and to the Jew became a Jew, as to have Titus circumcised, we cannot gather from the letter, which is obscure on this point, and is variously interpreted to assert and to deny it. That he should have done anything of the sort is entirely inconsistent, as it seems to us, with the whole tenor and tone of the writing. Moreover, what could he have had to do with beggarly elements? We fail to recognise in the bearing of Paul towards the apostles at Jerusalem the deference which might have been looked for. They are of reputation, indeed, and "seemed to be pillars," but "they added nothing to him," and "God respecteth no man's person." But there is no evidence whatever of any misunderstanding, much less of any breach between themselves and him. They had the greatest respect for his mission and his work. They found the best proof of his divine errand in the success which had attended his preaching. He had brought the Gentiles to Christ, and that was enough. It is very plain that as he could not see with their eyes, so neither could they see with his eyes. He must work in his way, they in their way, and as he was especially furnished for the task of converting the nations, so they might address to the best purpose those who had been born Jews and would be Christians without ceasing to be Jews. We cannot fail to see that they of Jerusalem, original disciples of Jesus though they were, did not find in the gospel what Paul found in it, or allow that the New in fulfilling the Old had put an end to it, or that in the deepest sense it was impossible really to accept the New without treating the Old as no longer of any account. I think that upon all this of Paul the early evangelists looked with wonder, perhaps not without misgivings, but let it be gratefully noted with the utmost consideration, not to say charity. Had they the gospel of Jesus? So had he. Had they been called of the Divine Mas-

ter? So had he. Let him have the right hand of fellowship, and go forth if he would to the ends of the earth; only let him remember from remote cities the church at Jerusalem, so rich in faith, and so able to bless the world with its testimonies to the Lord's Christ, but so poor in earthly treasures. There are no traces of any demand on the part of the leaders of the mother church in behalf of the Jewish ceremonial, and that the heathen in becoming Christians must become Jews also. So far as there was any suggestion of this kind it came from a misguided faction, scarcely honest in their narrowness, "false brethren unawares brought in," men to whom Paul would not yield the least jot, and though his word was specially adapted to heathen conditions, it was by no means without significance for the Jew also, as appears even from the case of Peter. Away from Jerusalem, at Antioch, on Paul's ground, and under his influence, he could eat with Gentiles, but with his facile temperament and liability to fall back into his old persuasions and habits, he became a Jew again when certain came from Jerusalem, claiming, with or without reason, to forbid this in the name of James, perhaps, what accords very well with the traditions concerning that apostle, announcing his decision that however free the Gentiles might be, the Jew though converted must be a Jew still. Paul makes it plain how much he was disappointed in Peter, and strange would it have seemed to him had he been told that not only this apostle himself, but his successors to the end of time, must be regarded as infallible, unless we are ready to pronounce our religion a failure. And yet perhaps the chief bishop *was* infallible, for he seems to have *known* better all the while, and to have erred in deed rather than in thought, even when he carried Barnabas away with his dissimulation. Happily, however, in the good providence of God, Paul as well as Peter could approve himself to his generation and to mankind as a veritable apostle of Jesus Christ. There is an implication that the gospel as Paul preached it was less welcome than the older form of the faith, certainly amongst the Jews. Indeed it might almost seem that a partial reconciliation had been effected between the followers of the earliest apostles and their former persecutors, and that there was a tendency on the part of the Jewish people to recognise the conforming Christians as a Jewish sect, extreme and fanat-

ical, but still within the ancient fold. Perhaps there were on one side and the other those who said, "Let us strive to forget that offence and horror of the cross; let us think of him whose word and work were so glorious and whose glory shall be even more wondrously displayed at his promised reappearing; let us all be true together to our grand old faith, and they, who failed in that day of perplexity and shame to confess him who claimed to be Messiah, may come erelong into a recognition of One no longer bowed under earthly sorrows and veiled in earthly clouds. So the deep, broad line between the New and the Old may have been growing dim to some eyes, because the hold of the past upon us is so very strong; and, if there were any of this mind, the emphasis which Paul put upon the cross and his persistency in fixing all eyes upon it must have been especially trying to them. Why should he, they may have asked, make it as difficult as possible, and not as easy as possible, for the Jew to receive Jesus as the Christ? Why this harping upon the cross? Does he not see that just this invites persecution, that this idea of a crucified king is what staggers the Hebrew faith and must be accepted at the best only as a trial until the day of restoration and the second coming?

III. But if we can gather but very imperfectly from this letter what must have been the character of the preaching of Peter, James, and John, at this stage in the life of the Christian church, we are left in no doubt as to the Christianity which had come to Paul through the revelation by Christ, and which in its grand elemental principles, at least, he had from the beginning preached to all who had ears to hear, whether Jew or Gentile. It had been from the beginning the Christianity of the churches of Galatia. They had never heard of any other until some intruders upon the domain of the apostle had "bewitched" them. He had never taught them anything else, and if now with greater distinctness than at first, only because the truth was in peril through their fickleness. Largely, it must have been the Christianity of the time, the religious experience which the people called Christians, in the Gentile world at least, were striving to enter into, and more and more fully to make their own.

Of this Christianity it must be said, first, that it comes through

Jesus as the recognized and revered Mediator. It is the gift of God through him, a part of the great Divine Ordering of the world, in the fullness of the times, after due preparation and seeming failure in what had gone before. He is the Son of God born of a woman, made under the law, not a visiting angel descending into the world from an angelic sphere, but having his root in our humanity, and revealing his heavenly lineage in a veritable earthly life, and he is sent forth of the Divine Father to bring in a new age. It is not a religion which Paul and the rest have conjured up, the fruit of the religious times, born of the embrace of Judaism and Gentilism, its head an Idea personified. How can we deny the fact of a huge Personality? Did the religion create the Man Jesus, or did he under God create the religion? Again, this Jesus was a sufferer unto death, and that a death of shame and agony, a man in the sight of men condemned and defeated. He died upon a cross. Moreover, this terrible death, instead of being kept out of sight as simply deplorable and to be forgotten if possible in the contemplation of the beneficence and beauty of his life, is presented as the very source of his power and the thing in which his true disciples confide and glory. Through this he has wrought his wonders. Without this the unspeakable blessing in which they are rejoicing could not have come to them. And as he is presented in the letter as One who died, so also do we see in him One whom God raised from the dead, a statement which must have meant more from the pen of Paul than simply the assertion that in common with all who die Jesus had passed into another life. As a deeply religious Jew that would have been to him a thing of course. We have little or no story of Jesus, properly so called, in this letter, and yet it is plain that but for him and for what he was, and for what he was content to suffer, and for the wonder which God wrought in his behalf, this letter would never have been written, because there would have been no Paul and no churches in Galatia. Indeed, he sums it all up as Christ in himself and in them. He illustrates his success in preaching to them at the first by reminding them that they received him as if he had been Christ Jesus, coming again to take up the parable and establish his church in Galatia as in Judæa, and for the delight they had in his tidings they were ready to overlook the infirmities of

him who brought them. It all turns upon faith or confidence in a wonderful person, whose lordship and mastership they reverently and thankfully confess, and who is as real to them as if he were visibly present. The Christians are described as they who are in "Jesus Christ."

And if we ask as to the particular elements or articles of this faith, we are carried at once into the religion of spiritual and moral experience, and the wonders of a renewed life; we recognize the new and unspeakable grace in the thoughts, feelings, and works which it is producing most signally and characteristically in this great preacher to the Gentiles, and doubtless according to their measures and degrees in his disciples. What it is is seen in its effects. The writer shows us what it had done for him, and we know that he had a large and devoted following, uncertain and wavering at times, but only because the result was so vast, and the eminence to which he would raise his disciples so very high. He was born child of a church than which none could be, as it had been ordinarily understood and administered, more formal. If it contained in that day, as seems likely, what we should call a broad school, he had not been of it. He had emphasized its ceremonialism, and had thought to derive great good from a punctilious ritualism. It appears that Jesus for a long time was a special offence to him as engaged against the religion which was so dear, and which he was trying, not very successfully, as afterwards he virtually confessed, to make helpful. At last he learns, — would that in one of his own matchless letters he had given us the steps of the process, if such there were,— through a blessed and wondrous Providence, that He whom he is hating and persecuting brings in his pierced hands the very help which he had been all his days seeking in vain from the grand old law of his fathers, that Jesus Christ is indeed the glorious outcome and indispensable supplement of his nation's faith, that in him one of the most formal of religions becomes absolutely and altogether a ministration of the Spirit, and that so all-including, that in Jesus Christ there is neither Jew nor Gentile, bond nor free, male nor female, and it matters not whether the disciple be circumcised or uncircumcised. It was a fulfilment of the Parable of our Lord in which he describes the war which, having counted the cost, the king declines, send-

ing rather an ambassage and suing for peace. For in that story we are not to understand by the opponent the Evil One — surely the Lord would not have us reckon up the possible suffering and come to terms with *him* — the hostile king is the Friend and Saviour who comes to help us, but whom at first we strangely distrust and are ready to fight against. And do we not often see men in their earlier years signalling the direction in which they will eventually go by their vehement movement in the opposite way, silencing their own inward misgivings by their zeal against those who voice them, and persecuting the faith of which they shall in the end be the foremost preachers?

So Jesus came to be in Paul, and in the great multitude that God gave him, the Author and Finisher of a faith which saves unto the uttermost. Already the world is deeply in it. In the earlier epistles, to which attention has already been directed, this religion appears in its broad statements and essential trusts; it is hard to see how Paul could ever have preached, or how they to whom he addressed himself, could ever have received anything else. Something of the sort may seem to be indicated when he writes of knowing Christ after the flesh no more, but this may fairly be explained as his exchange of a narrowly Jewish for a broadly spiritual conception of Messiah. That he fondly preserved the old vesture and the familiar furnishing and instrumentalities of his original worship we can easily believe, and it is likely that he had no controversy with old and passing things save as they claimed still to be saving realities and entitled to share the victories of the new faith. From first to last this which comes out in the Letter to the Galatians was the gospel which Paul preached, and which his converts believed, their kingdom of "righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."

And now what more precisely was the experience in which Paul and his friends in Christ rejoiced? They found themselves, thanks to the Son of God and by his Spirit in their hearts, in a filial relation to the heavenly Father, and, as his children, were coming more and more into a state of reconciliation and a possibility of loving obedience. Without Christ by virtue of the law written upon the heart, or proclaimed from Sinai, man had and might have a religion of duty, with its consciousness of sin still

deepening as the awful heights of obligation were uncovered, and becoming more and more sensitive through being diligently heeded. Without Christ one might try and had tried to supplement a halting obedience and quiet a sense of sin by outward observances, the sacrifices of Jew and Gentile. Without Christ the world in its better estate and most advanced conditions might come and had come to feel itself weighed down by a shameful sense of ill desert, threatening self-respect, and alienating the heart from the Holy God, and allowing no hope that the future would be any gain upon the past, afraid to draw near to the Holy of holies even as the preparation for drawing near increased; for the consciousness of sin is ever more vivid as the man improves, until the very call to repent, as it deepens and swells, becomes to the sensitive soul a pealing forth of the trump of doom. More and more man might begin to feel, and had begun to feel, that he needs not only pity as unfortunate, but pardon as unworthy; more and more man might come and had come to look upon God as the righteous One who will by no means clear the guilty, but is engaged to arraign and punish the sinner every day. More and more a voice summoning men to repent — which is just the hardest thing in life to do — might be heard, not only in the wilderness of Judæa, but in many a Gentile land; and in their sense of spiritual and moral poverty and weakness, death hanging upon the soul like a paralyzed limb upon the body, they might eagerly resort to mediatorial sacrifices and the expiatory rites of a vain will worship. The Law doubtless had done its work for the Hebrew, and through the Hebrew in his providential dispersion it had been a schoolmaster to Gentiles also; and far and wide there were the poor in spirit, and they who mourn, and they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, yes, and the pure in heart, not yet having received the promised vision of God, but full of that faith which is the substance of things hoped for. It was the fullness of the times. There is abundant evidence that it was a day of expectation, not only in Judæa, but far and wide in a world which had outwardly become one that there might be a body for the Indwelling Spirit, and that a Light might no longer shine in uncomprehending darkness.

Now upon Paul and his friends the Light had somehow dawned,

the God whom they needed had been revealed, yes, was every day revealing himself more and more gloriously; he had come to them. That Presence in Jesus became a divine Reality in every Christian heart, and it created each soul anew day by day, and of every newly created soul it was the glad conviction that God can be just and yet a Justifier, that the Love which is manifested in the Holy Sufferer, the crucified Lord, is not a weak tenderness which in justice even to our own sense of law and penalty we cannot accept, that the Father may be at once a Judge and Saviour, that a redemption in the blood of Jesus is a forgiveness which silences the anxious suggestion of the heart that somehow the sinfulness of sin must be signalled, and the sacrifices that have been offered from the beginning come to an end, through being fulfilled in a real sacrifice of One who said, "Lo! I come to do thy Will, O God." "Even the strong claim which God's justice puts forth in the death of Jesus may be regarded as simply a result of his grace. So far as the penalty of sin had to be enforced in order to give this justice what it claimed, he desired it to be enforced not in men themselves, but in another for them." We are not writing a commentary upon Galatians. We are not endeavoring to unfold a scheme of atonement from the words which the apostle has set down in this letter. It is enough for our purpose to call attention to the effects which everywhere followed his preaching, the peace that was found to be compatible with the most intense moral life, the new power to avoid the thing they hated and to do the thing they would, the kingdom coming within and without.

We see how vital it was in this new religion, and we can easily believe the apostle when he reminds them of the joy with which its awakening confidence had filled the hearts of the Galatians that the believer should be absolutely in Christ, nothing between his soul and that sufficient Grace and Truth, the very thought of supplementing him in any way an offence, as if one were to eke out sunlight with a candle, and when the wind is strong and steady and fair betake himself to oars. Why, they must have heard him in vain if they are not at rest and active and devoted in their restfulness beyond the possibility of giving ear to any one else; they must have been "bewitched;" they ought to know that an angel coming from heaven with any other message than that which they

have received would stand condemned by his very words, and be shown to be no true messenger from God. "He seems to say, Whatever you please in the way of discipline, and out of regard to old associations; but remember first, last, always, that where Christ is revealed in the heart, and we are walking in his Spirit, and in our humble measure reproducing his Life, there is Christianity." I gather from this letter that Paul could not have attached any importance to any ordinance as essential: it was enough if Love had cast our fear, but not to introduce license, nay, rather to establish justice and purity upon the only sure foundations.

And we must not fail to notice that the persuasions which had been wrought into Paul's soul and had become the very life of his life were quite distinct from any arguments by which he might seek to reconcile them with the regard that he entertained for the Jews' religion. These arguments may be more or less satisfactory to us. Paul is not to be read as infallible. Jesus is to interpret him. He is not to interpret Jesus. How he would have protested against any such assumption! Forms of thought may have been significant to his mind and to his age which for us have little or no meaning, and where it seemed needless to him it may seem indispensable to us to put Christianity squarely in the place of the Jews' religion and fall back upon the words of the One Master, "It hath been said by them of old time, but I say unto you." How often a man's faith is entirely independent of the reasonings by which he seeks to recommend it! Sometimes the very weakness of his arguments, and the confidence with which he presses them, witness for the reasonableness of his faith, and that it stands not in the wisdom of man, but in the power of God. The fact was, that in this community to which Paul preached, so long as they were mastered by his Master, faith, hope and love, held place against the old distrust, fear and malice. Let it not be irreverent to say that, if Paul had found that the law could not be adjusted to the gospel, he would have ceased to be a Hebrew of the Hebrews that he might be a Christian of the Christians. But of this there was no need, for, as the Lord said, "Salvation is of the Jews."

It is easy, and it may be service for the practical end which we

have proposed, to gather up in a few of the apostle's own sentences a description of the Religion which had been so welcome to the people of Galatia when Paul first brought it to them, that "had it been possible they would have plucked out their own eyes and have given them to him." It was a Religion the central Figure of which was "Jesus Christ evidently set forth crucified among them;" through him "the blessing of Abraham comes on the Gentiles, that they may receive the promise of the Spirit through faith," of which Jesus Christ is the object, so that both Jew and Gentile are "dead unto the law that they may live unto God," and of course unto all righteousness, peace, and blessedness. They who have truly embraced this religion are "crucified with Christ," and yet "they live, and yet not they but Christ lives in them," and "the life which they live in the flesh they live by the grace of the Son of God, who loved them and gave himself for them." To rely upon anything else, to try to work out a righteousness of one's own, is to make the death of Christ "vain," a needless suffering. They are "no more servants, but sons," and in token of this and to make it altogether a reality, "God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into their hearts, crying, Abba, Father! Since they are sons they are heirs of God through Christ." Not that they are full of spiritual conceit, and ready to say that whatever they do must be right because they as the children of God cannot do evil; they "through the Spirit wait for the hope of righteousness by faith;" they that are Christians "have crucified the flesh with its affections and lusts," and "in Christ Jesus neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision but a new creature;" "and they who live in the Spirit also walk in the Spirit;" and "the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance, against which there is no law;" and Jew and Greek, bond and free, male and female, are banded together in a great religious society, "and their freedom is only a freedom to do and bear for God, costly indeed and not cheap, for there are signs that by becoming Jewish Christians in a temper of compromise they may escape "persecution for the cross of Christ," which God forbid,—for what can be glorious in comparison with that cross seeing that by him who suffered "they are crucified unto the world and the

world is crucified unto them." They are "the Israel of God, and peace is upon them so far as the miracles of this Faith are wrought in their hearts and lives;" and the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ shall be with their spirits, making them at once exacting in their moral judgments, but meek in restoring the wrongdoer, considerate of the peculiarities and infirmities of others, as those who have their own weaknesses. They are the thankful subjects of a wondrous grace, and yet for them also there is a God who is not mocked. "They that sow unto the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption, whilst they who sow unto the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting."

This was the gospel which Paul planted in Galatia.

Now if we ask for events in the life of Jesus, for summaries of his teaching, for accounts of his miracles, for any enforcement of what Paul taught by reference to what the Lord was, or spake or wrought or suffered, we find only the crucifixion and the resurrection, the dying emphasized even more than the rising. And yet what a wealth of gospel story the letter supposes! How much must Paul have known about Jesus, if not, as he says, through the apostles, then through some other sources! Just such accounts as the evangelists give lie behind all these wonderful spiritual and moral results. We say that one who could think and feel about heavenly things as this man thinks and feels must somehow have been brought into vital connection with Jesus, the Jesus who lives in the four Gospels according to Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. Perhaps Paul had himself listened to the Teacher; but never, whilst he spake to the earthly ear, to understand his words; perhaps he had heard the beatitudes "ignorantly in unbelief;" perhaps some grand parables may have come straight to his ears from the heavenly Lord; but, however this may be, we may be sure that the same divine abundance which was lavished upon all who gathered about the Saviour in his brief ministry to the multitudes of Galilee and Judæa must have been brought near to this great apostle to the Gentiles, that God in Christ might reconcile him unto himself. Here, again, what may at first have seemed to us a loss as our one church has in a certain sense become two churches, proves in the end an immense gain for our conception of this wonderful New Life in our redeemed world.

Who can measure the abundance of the Revelation which so overflowed its original, and, as we were ready to say, its authorized channels? Who can venture to tell how deep were Judæa and the Dispersion everywhere in the new Truth, or how rich and various were the sources of gospel illustration? How thoroughly Paul must have known Jesus! How eagerly he must have gathered up every word concerning him! Before he went into Arabia he must have been in possession of the whole blessed story, only it needed to become unto him no more a savor of death, but a savor of life.

Of three things, one. Either the sources of Christian knowledge outside of the apostolic preaching and of all that could be gathered up by pilgrimages to Jerusalem and sitting at the feet of the original evangelists must have been wonderfully rich, filling the world with the new doctrine, and compelling us to ascribe to Jesus a transcendent influence; or Paul must have learned his wisdom through continually repeated communications from him whom he had persecuted; or yet again, what we call natural and what we call supernatural were inseparably blended in a Creative Age,—the Divine now anticipating and now supplementing the human. Of these things, one, or the other, or the other, lies behind and explains this letter to the Galatians. Think of what the experience of Paul must have been during the "three years" and "the fourteen years" of which he writes! — he was growing always, doubtless, and yet from the same Root, and in the same direction, and unto the same fruit-bearing! As he tells us, he was not his own, he was before all the expression and the creation of a Life out of the heavens, a life which came through one Man, of whom so far as anything could be gathered from these letters we should know far less than we know of the writer's own personality, and yet a Man whose altogether Real and Regal Presence pervades and masters a world that is every day becoming his and is enriched with the fullness of the gospel of Christ. If the Divine Providence had preserved for us no record of Jesus and no commentary upon this work beyond this, we should have here not a little which might have kept alive and protected from perversions the Faith written by the finger of God upon the hearts of his disciples, and transmited from generation to generation, wave upon wave, in ever-renewed experiences.

Poor indeed had we been in comparison with our actual abundance, our wealth of gospel story; but it is only when we bear in mind that we might have been Christians in a way even so, that we can recognize as gratefully as we should the treasures which the ancient church, being thereunto divinely moved, gathered for the ages to come, and handed down in the New Testament Scriptures, to be the Bible of the people.

For all who have kindly followed us thus far in our readings of New Testament Epistles, a single question: Have we, in all religious history, any signals of that Life behind the veil besetting us, behind and before, to be compared with these which have come out in the light of our ancient writings? Is it not upon our lips to say, God no longer hides himself? If we had not the phrase given to us, should we not devise it, and declare with the apostle, God is reconciling the world unto himself, and unto this society of Christians has been committed a ministry of reconciliation, in which heaven is reaching down to earth, until in the great and blessed light every clod of the valley is changed to glittering gold? Could they who lived in that day have satisfied their sense of what had befallen them with any less testimony than this, "The Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us, and we beheld His Glory"?

RUFUS ELLIS.

REMEMBRANCES OF DR. JAMES WALKER'S PREACHING.

THIS is the birthday of our revered and lamented pastor, the Rev. Dr. James Walker; and a year ago his old parishioners and friends waited upon him, through a chosen committee, with an appropriate address and a significant and beautiful gift. The day was lovely, and the occasion was delightful and memorable, as the printed report of it, with the remarks and poems, shows in permanent form. In a few months he passed away from us, and that gift now remains as a memorial of him in King's Chapel, where it is sacredly kept, and placed solemnly upon the communion table on the three great festivals of the Christian year, — Christmas, Easter, and Whitsunday. Is it too much for me, who had by his bequest the disposal of that gift, to have now the privilege of writing for the eye of friendly readers some remembrances of him as he stood for so many years in the pulpit of the church where I was a worshiper from my childhood? This day seems to answer well to its fellow, August 16th, of a year ago, and this bright sky and rising breeze remove the dullness of the morning gloom and rain, and assure me that the pleasant sunshine, that now cheers these fields and groves, falls in blessing upon the hallowed ground where his body rests at Forest Hills, as it fell upon his little garden at Cambridge a year ago, when those friendly visitors went to him.

I have written two articles upon Dr. Walker since his death, and published them in "The Evening Post" last winter. After thus speaking of his last days, and of his life and times whilst the impression of his death was so fresh upon the public, it has seemed to me best now to send these remembrances of his preaching to you, and to the circle of readers most likely to be interested in the subject. Much, indeed, has been said, and well said, upon Dr. Walker as a preacher, as well as a scholar and a man; and a most valuable volume could be made out of these various materials, fitly closing with Prof. Lovering's thorough memorial paper that was prepared for the American Academy. It may be that

these unambitious words of mine may throw some light upon the pulpit habits and powers of the preacher whose face and voice were for many years the main elements of my mental and moral life.

I cannot recall distinctly the interior of the old Methodist Church in Salem Street, where James Walker first preached to the new Unitarian congregation when he went to Charlestown in 1818, but I remember the building distinctly, and I like now once in a while to look at what remains of it in its present strange transformation into a public hall, with stores in the basement story. The congregation had a minister to serve them a few months before Mr. Walker came, the Rev. Thomas Prentiss, of whom I have a very dim remembrance when he called to see my good mother in her sickness, and who died much lamented. The Methodist Church stood at the head of Salem Street, at the top of the hill, and the street descends from it in a straight line to Main Street, and, if continued across Main Street, it would, I believe, go very near the Harvard Monument in the old burying-ground. My father's house stood on Salem Street, on the left hand, about midway as you ascend the hill, and it is still in very good condition. After we left it for another home, that house was rented by the family for some years to the Rev. Edward Turner of the Universalist Church, a man whose thoughtful face, tall figure, and blue cloak are familiar associations of my boyhood, and whose name will be welcome now to some of your readers who remember him.

Mr. Walker's young parish was formed by secession from the old Puritan Church under the charge of the famous Dr. Jedediah Morse. The four men who came from the membership of the old church to the new organization were Timothy Walker, Joseph and John Tufts, and Thomas Osgood. The latter was my father, and he was one of the deacons of the new church, and very active in starting the enterprise and in providing for the supply of the pulpit. The brick building erected on Main Street for the parish in 1818 still remains in its Christian service, and there I received my early religious education. It is a very plain structure now, with all its recent improvements; but fifty years ago, when it was plainer still, it represented all that was dearest and loveliest to me in worship. The stucco work on the ceiling, the curtain about the pulpit, the large glass chandelier in the centre,

with its oil lamps, and all the features of the sanctuary, had a certain grandeur, as well as sacredness, for they were the best specimens of church architecture that I had ever known, and I had more stirring visions of divine things perhaps there than I have since had in the great temples of Europe; for a boy's fancy outstrips every architect's plans, and every little Jacob is sure to see, where he worships, the ladder that reaches from earth to heaven and brings good angels down.

I can recall the dedication of this church, now known as the Harvard Church, and I can see vividly the face and form and gesture of the fiery young preacher who so soon made that pulpit his joy and throne. Those were the fighting times of the Christian Liberals; and when I recall the belligerent temper of theologians then in our town, and think of my pleasant and humane friend, the Rev. J. B. Miles, who was for years Dr. Morse's successor, and whom I lately met in New York before his voyage to Europe on his mission of universal peace, the change seems most memorable, and it is clear that whatever differences of opinion may remain, the old battle between the two sections of Congregationalists of Massachusetts is over, and good fellowship remains. Mr. Walker often preached controversial sermons, yet his fire did not seem to be kindled so much by antagonism of doctrines as by want of charity on the part of the dominant sect, and such subjects as the "Exclusive System" brought out his strongest logic and his most vehement declamation. One of his recent biographers has spoken of his one gesture, which was, I suppose, the up-and-down movement of his open hand; but in his early preaching he had, at least, a second gesture, which was what I used to call *pounding*. He in good earnest brought his closed hand down upon the pulpit, and whilst he expounded the Scriptures, he sometimes *pounded* them too. His manner afterwards greatly changed, and with the cessation of the dogmatic stage of theology, his subjects and his tone were greatly altered.

Throughout his whole ministry, however, his essential habit of intellect remained. He was always a logical more than a rhetorical preacher; and argument was far more conspicuous in him than metaphor or description. He had, indeed, many kinds of sermons, and the subjects varied from expositions of disputed texts to les-

sons in natural religion; and I can recall a vast variety of them, from discussions of the Trinity to discourses on the spiritual nature of man, from studies of final causes in the structure of the human brain to practical counsels to young people on the use of time and the general conduct of life. Yet he always tended to argue the matter, and to urge a few points with the full power of his logic, rather than to leaf and flower out into spreading foliage and blooms of fancy and sentiment. But, in his way, he was master of rhetoric, and he made his sentences tell in a rare style. He seems to me, however, to have used light and shade more than color in his rhetorical art; and, whilst I do not recall more than one elaborate description in his sermons, which had form as well as color, you could hardly ever listen to him, in one of his careful efforts, without having your attention fixed upon some passage, even if it was but a single sentence that stood out before you with the force of Rembrandt's lights and shadows. I remember how he startled us once by the mere repetition of two common words,— the Protestant Reformation. He paused, and said again, "The Protestant Reformation," in that peculiar tone of his, and we felt at once that we were then at the opening of that great drama of ages, and that now we must look at what the rising curtain was disclosing, whether we cared to do so or not. Then recall him as he sometimes spoke some simple words like these, "Thou shalt say, 'No.' Let the consequences be what they may, thou shalt say, 'No.'" That little monosyllable stood out like the handwriting on the wall in Belshazzar's feast, and I believe that it has flamed before many a young man's conscience when his temptation called for the startling warning.

I have read much this summer in Dr. Walker's published volume of sermons with an eye to their characteristic qualities; and their argumentative character seems most conspicuous. Even in the treatment of such devotional and practical subjects as the Inward Manifestation of Christ and the Students' Sabbath, that so readily call for pathos, exhortation, and description, the severity of the logician prevails throughout, and hardly at the close does he make a full appeal to the emotions of the heart. Yet, when he approached the region of emotion, there was great power in his voice and manner; and it may be that this quick sensibility, as

well as his abhorrence of affectation, kept him from dealing much in expression of feeling.

Whilst Dr. Walker was, in his habit of intellect, pre-eminently a logician in the pulpit, he was in the choice of subjects, and in his method of treating them, generally ethical more than theological or metaphysical. Perhaps this was more the dominant tone of his mature years; and, whilst there was an early period when he was a polemic theologian, a middle period in which he searched into and preached the philosophy of things human and divine, in his later and riper stage he dwelt most upon the duties of men, and made all his thoughts bear upon practical conduct. The sermons preached in the chapel of Harvard College, which were either carefully written or revised for the purpose, were eminently of this character, and they are full of the Christian ethics that are rooted in godly faith. I think that I can remember pretty distinctly the great period of his intellectual struggle for light, when he was passing from the traditional faith of the old Biblical Unitarians, and seeking for the foundation of religion in the nature of things with such helps as Constant, Cousin, the Greek sages, and the English and German Platonists. This was about the year 1832, when R. W. Emerson virtually left the old Biblical foundation, and took the attitude of Free Religion, by withdrawing from the communion table. About this time Dr. Walker dwelt frequently upon the philosophy of the soul, upon the being of God, and the reality of the spiritual world; and in his sermons and lectures, he had great power as the philosophic teacher of the generation then craving new light upon religion. No less a person than Starr King became the disciple of his transcendent wisdom; and it has always seemed to me that full justice has not been generally done to his pre-eminent services as a philosopher, and that other men of more sensational gifts and more combative tempers have now the honors that he fairly won. I remember him well when he was a vehement controversialist, and I entered at the time into all the fervor and even the passion of the controversy; but the pastor and friend of my youth stands forth to me now, in the calm clear light of years as the master of spiritual wisdom and the preacher of Christian ethics. He is to me what Ralph Cudworth and Henry Moore and their peers in Christian philosophy were to the young men of their

time who looked up to them for instruction; and I am quite sure that the more generous and comprehensive type of church life and thought, now conspicuous among Massachusetts men, owes much of its rise and progress to the mind and work of James Walker.

In insisting upon the ethical tendency of his recent and ripest preaching, I of course do not slight his positive faith and distinct theology. He has made the strongest affirmations of his Christian convictions. He speaks thus of Christ, the Mediator, as not only the perfect example, but the prevailing sacrifice: "But this I say, with all reverence and humility, a compassionate God may be, and I believe is, made more compassionate still by the intercession of such a Mediator for the frail and erring beings whom he is said, in the emphatic language of scripture, to have redeemed, ransomed, bought by his own blood." He affirms his trust in prayer, not merely as a spiritual exercise, but an effective act: "Prayer, to have most effect on ourselves, must be believed to have an effect on God. It is too solemn a transaction by far to be made use of as a kind of spiritual strategy. No: make not our prayers to seem one thing and to be another. Strike not our devotion dead by the skeptical sophism, that they can only have an effect *on ourselves.* They will have an effect on God; for he has said that they will, and the promise has been ratified and confirmed in the experience of holy and devout men of all ages. They will have an effect on God; for he who is in 'the bosom of the Father' has said that they will. 'Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find.'" He affirms, too, beyond all doubt the Judgment to come, and that "this imposing, but hollow masquerade, will come to an end, and then every soul will *seem to be what it is, and take its place accordingly.*"

Whilst Dr. Walker's ethics thus had a theological basis, and whilst in his view the moral sense itself is a religious faculty, because it bears witness, not only of the abstract right, but of the will of God, and in his prayers he often used the expression, "Conscience which is the echo of the Divine Mind," his ethical system was not as thoroughly theological as the common orthodox code, which rests so much upon Scripture texts, and appeals to peculiar promises and threats; nor did he build his system so much upon evangelical principles and powers as the new order of theological

moralists of the Rothe school has done. He insisted more upon the human faculties, the power of circumstances, and the obvious laws of cause and effect, and less upon the impulse of divine grace by the direct influence of God through Christ upon the soul. He indeed accepted the fact of such influence, but it did not always pervade his preaching, nor did he dwell a great deal upon what is usually called evangelical experience; but he preached duties to be done and character to be formed by self-discipline, nor did he depend much upon ecclesiastical agencies to help out the thought and effort of the individual believer. He was a good pastor, visiting his people faithfully, and very considerate of their condition and needs, attentive to the Sunday school, regular in preparatory lectures for the Communion, and holding also regular courses of vestry lectures for expositions of scripture; yet his mind did not run much in church channels, nor did he regard his people, or mankind in general, so much in associations or masses as in their individual character. It seems to me that, whilst he had good knowledge of history, and great insight into the ideas and motives that have swayed the ages of Christianity, he had not the historical sense very strong, and his heart did not beat quickly with the currents of life that flow through nations and centuries. He dwelt most earnestly upon principles and upon characters; and, with all his conservatism in respect to established institutions, he regarded more their influence upon private life than the corporate spirit that animated them. Even when he handled ecclesiastical subjects, he showed this trait, and had more an eye to the mind of the individual than to the emotions of the congregation or association. Thus he had a favorite sermon upon the ordinances of Baptism and Communion, and he urged their influence upon the ground of the ideas and facts which they suggested; and he had little, if anything, to say about them as resting upon covenants of obligation and channels of grace.

Nor had he much of the æsthetic sentiment that often enters so largely into church zeal. I never saw a flower or a green branch or anything of the kind in our old church or Sunday school, although it was interesting to observe that the good Doctor's mind flowered out most in his latter days; and his residence for years at the Cambridge Botanical Garden had probably something to do with

that decided love of nature that appeared in and around his house of late. He never seemed to care for the fine arts, whether music, pictures, sculpture or architecture. He disliked the latest church architecture, and expressed his preference for a new church in Boston which retained the old pulpit and pew features and ignored the idea of chancel and altar. He liked poetry of a certain kind, and I remember when I was a college student he urged upon me the importance of reading Shakespeare, and wanted me to know what an incomparable treasure this poetry was. He probably valued it most for its practical wisdom and its marvellous knowledge of human nature; yet he was not blind toward the beautiful in form and character, nor insensible to pathos or humor. He was much of a humorist himself, and something of a poet. Had he tried his hand at poetry he would not have ventured into the fancy land of the "Tempest" or of the "Midsummer Night Dream," but there are sentences in "Hamlet" and the "Merchant of Venice" that have the stamp of wisdom like his own, and he could be as sententious as Pope, as didactic as Cowper, and he might have left a body of maxims that even Goethe would not have scorned to mark with his own name.

I have spoken of Dr. Walker's logical method and his ethical subjects, and there is call for few words upon the general object of his preaching. Here a single word seems to the best to characterize his sermons. They are in the main *judicial* in their purpose. They aim to settle the question or decide the case in hand. His calling was evidently that of judge rather than of legislator or administrator. He strove more to make truth and duty clear, than to enact laws or to organize agencies or to lead enterprises. He set before the people the right course, removed objections, and urged the importance of the decision, and there he rested the case. He had in his constitution and habit nothing of Luther, who set forth the new law of Christendom, nor of Wesley, who led the new campagin of popular religion. He was especially averse to assuming any active leadership, fond as he was of having and expressing his opinion upon all leading subjects. He never seemed to enjoy much the executive part of his Presidency of Harvard University, and all exacting demands upon his force of will were apparently

annoying to him. This feeling may have come from the narrowing influence of executive action and the necessity of siding with one party or measure or with the other, which effective action requires. Goethe well said "that thought widens, but weakens a man, whilst action narrows, but strengthens him." Dr. Walker was fond of having the field of thought all open before him, and found it easier to pronounce a judgment that appreciated all sides of the matter in hand than to execute a purpose which outwardly takes it for granted, that there is practically but one side to the case. Moreover he had not been trained to eventful action. He had always been a great scholar, when he was pastor, and his years as college professor deepened his scholarly habit. Probably his system of thinking confirmed his studious meditative habits, and kept him from giving to the aggressive will the place that it holds with heroic reformers, and the office assigned to it by the new school of Dynamic Philosophy. Even in his sermons, with all their vigor of thought, there was little of the dash of daring purpose, little of the original force of a militant will. His words were judgments often, but they were rarely if ever battles, and even when it was a question of peace or war, and war was the call of the hour, he found it hard to speak the burning word that solid, thoughtful men like himself were waiting to hear from their adviser. Physically he had never been trained to muscular hardihood, and mentally he had pursued serene study and severe thought rather than stormy reform and daring enterprise. He was a sage more than a hero, and his sermons have much of the wisdom and learning of Cudworth and Joseph Butler, but little of the militant ring of Martin Luther or Frederick Robertson. He does not seem to me to have appreciated the will at its full value, much as he insisted upon its moral freedom and spiritual dignity. He dwelt more upon its freedom of choice than upon its power of achievement, more upon its moral quality than upon its intense energy.

In the three noble sermons on "Motives," "Character," and "Success in Life," where he touches more or less on the will, he does not bring out all that our present accepted thinking requires. He makes the will more of a resultant of circumstances and of attention, more of a condition or state of mind, than of a vital

force, and his sermons have not the volitional power that have marked the master orators of Christendom. They had marvellous weight, but far less impulse, and they stamped deep their mark more than they imparted momentum. He says wisely, that motives have influence over the mind in proportion as it gives them more attention and thought, but he does not set forth duly the motor organ in the mind itself. He is right in saying that character is made up of habits, and that these habits must be shaped and molded into a consistent whole, but he does not point out the tonic energy, the dominant spirit that must vitalize and harmonize this complete, and perfect, this well-filled and well-rounded whole. He says truly, that the uncertainty of success consists in this, whether we shall will and persevere in that will or not. "Where there is a will, there is a way." But he does not define satisfactorily the uncertainty "which lies behind the will," nor do I find in his habitual speech or characteristic thinking any adequate statement of the will of man as a vital power, and of the spirit of God as quickening and guiding that power. There is in his literary career a certain degree of that atrophy of the will which was so characteristic of the whole scholarly culture of his age, and which marked quite as much the intellectualism of Europe, especially of England as of America, and which made our new Cambridge pulpit not as sleepy but as little dynamic as the pulpit of old Cambridge before the new nerve and muscle began to tell.

Undoubtedly this quiet temper of Dr. Walker's preaching and of this school of preachers came partly from the constitution of the society in which he lived. The liberal Christian community was not so much ecclesiastical as it was civic and social. The people had the old Puritan reverence for their clergy, but they held in reserve their individual and domestic liberty, and did not give much jurisdiction to the preacher. He was to preach and they were to hear, and to use their reason and conscience in applying his lessons. They no longer held the theocratic idea of the clerical profession, no longer looked to the minister to lord it over them, nor did they ascribe much authority to the church as distinct from the congregation. The power was in the hands of the weighty men, whether church members or not, and it was their culture and courtesy, not church law, that gave the clergy their position and kept them in their ancient dignity. Puritanism had

two dominant elements, the kingly and the priestly, and the kingly element predominated among the liberals, whilst the priestly element flourished most in the old orthodox theocracy. Thus Massachusetts liberalism was aristocratic and in a degree royal, and it asked the liberal clergy, who belonged to the royal caste, to speak to its conscience and to instruct its authority, but not to lord it over faith and action. The great interests of life were left to the people in the pews, and they were earnest to be instructed but impatient of dictation, and thus the tone of the preacher was that of a counsellor, not that of a master. I remember well the solid men who made the body of Dr. Walker's parish. They were the civic and social powers of old Charlestown, and whilst they had great reverence for him and for his preaching, they kept most of their affairs in their own hands, and they did not expect from him anything of the management and leadership which was so common in the old orthodox pulpit. A veritable drum in the pulpit would have been as much a surprise to them as any beat of the drum ecclesiastic calling on these stout men to organize themselves under ecclesiastical orders, whether according to the ancient platform or any new rituals or professions. Thus our distinctive liberalism had an air of ecclesiastical quietism and gave it to the pulpit. It kept its stir and command for the world, and its church was more the consecration of private life than the fellowship of ecclesiastic law. The pulpit was more intellectual than militant, more ideal than dynamic or volitional.

New movements indeed came that changed all this, and the stirring reforms of temperance and antislavery brought the war-cry to the temples of peace. Dr. Channing roused the people from their Sunday quietude by his cry for freedom to the slave, but he offended the dominant spirit of the aristocratic church, not merely from what he said against slavery, but because he ventured to carry such subjects into the pulpit and to offer to lead men in the civic matters which they regarded as their own peculiar business. I do not know what the experience of other preachers has been, but I must say that I can remember most excellent and even devout men who were indignant at the very idea of having the minister make any approach towards civic or political subjects in the pulpit, or even to propose any active measures that called for especial effort or means. The minister must preach in the old way

and there stop. He must not even ask for money for charity unless so ordered, and the contribution-box was looked upon as secular and offensive. The kings were in the pews, and they were willing to hear a good sermon on a moral and spiritual topic, but anything beyond that was dictation or usurpation. Things have much changed now, but it is well to remember how the old way began, and how it was that dislike of the old theocratic pulpit thus led congregations to take from the pulpit all look of being a throne, except as far as it enthroned the practical conscience and recognized the civic and social dignity of the people.

Dr. Walker was in his way a bold and fearless preacher, and on Fast and Thanksgiving Days he handled freely subjects of public and political ethics, and sometimes went in the face of the prevailing opinions, as when he ascribed the financial troubles of the people not to the measures of Gen. Jackson, but to speculation and imprudence. Yet he generally kept within careful limits, and did not even use his privilege of voting in his cautious sense of the dangers of party spirit. Nor did he enter into the new reforms that so changed the temper of the liberal pulpit, and brought strange fire into academic studies and speeches. Perhaps his distaste for such excitements had much to to do with his withdrawal from pastoral work and his acceptance of the Professorship at Cambridge so early in his career. In this respect he differed much from Dr. Channing, who retired from his pastoral labors to be more than ever a leader of public opinion, and who won as a moralist of reform a far greater name than he had won as a controversialist in theology. This fact in a measure accounts for Channing's more conspicuous place in history. He took part in the great battles, and his name stands upon the monuments of victory, whilst Walker pursued his quiet studies, preached the principles of right and duty, and did not go out into the field of strife or mingle his name with the personalities and the parties that ruled the times. Walker dealt with principles and was very impersonal in his speech and method, whilst Channing, also clear and strong in his principles, was eminently personal in his spirit and policy, and he moved on the tide of affairs, the apostle of the rising humanity, and in the name of Christ calling the nations to the kingdom of God. In short, Channing was the glowing prophet

and Walker was the calm philosopher; and we, who knew and revered them both, should rejoice that their prophecy and their philosophy have gone so well together, and that we and our children are heirs to their riches.

It is greatly to be lamented that Dr. Walker had not strength of manual nerve and muscle enough to revise and print his literary and philosophical papers, for he had much to say that we greatly need to have well said by a man who knows our experience and wants. His help would be of especial service in our present exposure to pantheistic extravagance, on account of his mastery of ideal science and his exemption from the transcendental mysticism that threatens to open the fancy of the new generation to the wildest vagaries of Buddhism. But we must do our best to appreciate what our honored fathers have already done for us, and especially prize their contributions towards the just philosophy of human nature in its relations with religion. We have seen a great change in the estimation of their work in this direction, and all thoughtful Christians now look with satisfaction at every judicious effort to show the appeal of religion to the human soul and the witness of the mind of man to the truth of God. The antagonism between the religion of humanity and the religion of divinity has come to its crisis, and the yearning now is for the union of the two. I have no new measures to propose, and I speak now only as one who has always tried to be a Catholic liberal among our own Cambridge set and to be open to all light from above. Grateful for this opportunity to pay my humble tribute among cherished associates to my old pastor and constant friend, I ask God's blessing upon all earnest and generous thinking, and pray for the fellowship that shall be as large as the needs of man and the Providence and grace of God.

SAMUEL OSGOOD.

Fairfield, Conn., August, 16, 1875.*

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* I retain the date when this article was written, because it interprets the spirit and motive of the writer. Now that summer is gone, and the leaves are fast falling, and I must soon leave this country home for the city, it is comforting to look upon the wise and venerable head of our old pastor, here in this quiet library, and to have his silent benediction upon all worthy study and faithful effort.

ALL SAINTS AND ALL SOULS.

A SERMON. BY REV. CAZNEAU PALFREY, D.D.

"Wherefore, seeing we are also compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight and the sin that doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us." — HEBREWS xii. 1.

The Catholic Church has a festival specially devoted to the memory of the eminently pious dead who have adorned the Christian profession, and illustrated the spirit of their religion, by lives of singular excellence and disinterested devotion to the good of their race; and another, consecrated to the memory of all the pious dead, when individuals call to mind the loved ones who have gone from them, and lay fresh flowers upon their graves, whilst they revive an affectionate remembrance of them in their hearts.

These festivals, celebrated on the first and second days of November, and called "All Saints" and "All Souls," are a natural expression of strong Christian faith operating on the affections of the human heart. They had their origin in a vivid sense of the reality of the spiritual world, of its nearness, of our intimate connection with it, of our departed friends' continued love for us and interest in our welfare. The early Christians had a very strong and living faith in these truths. Very soon they began to mingle errors with them; but these errors sprang from the very intensity of their conviction. They saw their fellow Christians, after having lived lives of eminent purity, self-denial, and love, after having renounced all that was dear to their hearts, for Christ's sake and the gospel's, and submitted to the most cruel tortures rather than deny their Master, finally sealing their faith in him by the blood of martyrdom; and firmly believing that they passed immediately from the bitterness of that death to heavenly glory, how could they help believing, also, that they retained an affectionate interest in the church for which they had suffered so much, and looked down in love and pity on those who were still in the midst of the conflict through which they themselves had triumphantly passed. That love and sympathy of blessed spirits were to them a living reality, and a source of comfort and strength. Then they went

on to address those whom they felt to be so near and so abounding in love for them, and to ask, not at first that blessing and help which the Father of spirits is ever ready to bestow, but for the intercession of the saints, as they would have asked for the prayers of any earthly friend whom they saw by their side. Then they proceeded a step further, and prayed directly to the saints themselves, making them the immediate objects of prayer, which Christ forbade to be addressed even to himself, but to the Father only. These were sad mistakes indeed. But, in avoiding them, we need not lose the element of truth involved in them.

The text stands at the close of an eloquent passage, in which the author of the Epistle enumerates the worthies of the old dispensation, the men of faith, who, through a clear inward sight of things unseen by the bodily eye, served God steadily in their generation, following his guidance through trial and temptation, shunning no danger, suffering, or loss that met them in the way of obedience to his will, waging a successful war with the enemies of God, and cheerfully dying in the conflict. These men anticipated, in no small measure, the spirit of Christianity, to which they looked forward through faith in the promises, but died without a fulfillment of the promises, — "God," it is said, "having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect." And now these blessed and perfected spirits are represented as watching from their heavenly seats the struggles and sufferings of the early Christians, as in the famous public games of those times vast multitudes of surrounding spectators watched and cheered the racers. It is said, in effect, for the consolation and encouragement of afflicted and persecuted Christians, "Be not dismayed. You are indeed despised and rejected of men. The world cannot understand you, and has no sympathy for you. Your fidelity to God may seem to the unbelieving as folly, and your zeal for truth and right may excite their rage; but you are not alone. There is sympathy for you in heaven. The spirits of good and holy men, of all past ages, are watching you. The truth for which you contend is dear to them. For it they suffered in life; and in it they triumphed in death. They look to you to carry on the work which they began on earth. Their wishes, their prayers, their influence, are on your side. They are wait-

ing to receive you, when your earthly toils are ended, into their own blessed and glorious company, to which even now you belong. Wherefore, seeing you are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, run your appointed race with patience."

The church of Christ, the great company of those who have had a living faith in him, to whom he has been indeed a Redeemer and Saviour, a Lord and Master, who have taken his word to their hearts, who have caught the spirit of his life, and manifested some portion of it in their own, — this body is one in him. Its members, through all their generations, and under all the different names they have assumed, are bound together in unity by a common faith in him. The same divine word has been the food of their souls. The same divine life has been a source of spiritual life to them all. The same holy aspirations, the same love, trust, and submission, that filled the hearts of the early Christians, when they assembled for prayer in the catacombs, animate the spirit of all true worshipers who worship the Father to-day in the name of Christ. The same consciousness of an ever-present divine love, which was their comfort and strength in torture and death, is our sufficient support in all trial and suffering. The experiences of the Christian life, the virtues and graces that compose the Christian character, the trials and temptations by which it is proved and matured, are always and everywhere essentially the same. In all the conflicts of this mortal life, Christians have been upheld by the same help, and been cheered by the same hope, and have looked up to the same Father, and forward to the same home, in heaven.

Thus are the followers of Christ of every age and clime bound together by a common life, faith, and hope. But let us not think of the Christians of those early ages as if they belonged altogether to the past. There has been no interruption of their spiritual life. They still live. That divine life, which they began amidst the weakness and imperfections and trials of this world, is victoriously continued in the world into which they have entered, the same in its essential elements, but freed from all the obstructions of the flesh. The same spirit of consecration to God's service, the same purpose of co-operation with his all-loving providence, which was the informing principle of their life on earth,

still works within them with more exalted powers, in a far wider sphere, in more glorious ministrations in God's service. Faith, in deed, is lost in sight, and hope in fruition, but love, the greatest of the three, abides forever. Heaven is its native place. There it finds a congenial atmosphere and an appropriate sphere. Let us feel then that the tie, which binds us to the past generations of the church, connects us with living, active, glorified, and blessed spirits. The church of Christ which is one, lies partly in the seen, and partly in the unseen world.

The saints on earth and those above
But one communion make;
Joined to their Lord in bonds of love,
All of his grace partake.

One family we dwell in him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

Is it not natural to suppose that the spirits of just men made perfect, with their wider view and stronger love, feel this bond between them and us far more sensibly than we? Must not their associates in Christ here on earth be objects of their peculiar regard? If the saints above are employed in ministries of love, may we not reasonably imagine them to be active in promoting the interests of the church militant? In various ways may their influence be exerted, without being distinctly felt by us as proceeding from them, yet so as to help on the progress of Christian truth in the world. Can we so completely explain the tidal movements which sometimes pass over the spirits of the Christian community, awakening in them new perceptions of truth, moving them to new efforts for the correction of established wrongs, and to new applications of Christian principles to daily life, — as to say, that they do not proceed from impulses originating in the realm of spirit? When I hear it lamented, at the removal in mid-life of a man of eminent usefulness, that so much good influence should be lost to the world, at the very time, as we say, that it was most needed, I cannot but feel in my heart a deep dissent from such regretful expressions. I do not believe that spiritual influence is ever lost or wasted. I believe it to be withdrawn from mortal sight, and from

local and temporary ends, only to be more powerfully exerted, for the best ends, in a wider sphere. The progress of truth and righteousness in the world, the gradual approach of society to the Christian standard, may be in no small measure owing to the constant accumulation of spiritual force in the unseen world, by the passage into it of pure and good spirits, whose influence reacts upon the condition of the world they have left.

It was a right and good idea of the Catholic Church to cherish the memory of its saints. The examples of good and pious men, and their thoughts left recorded in their writings, are a precious legacy to the church. One of the methods by which, from the beginning, God has conducted the religious education of mankind, has been by inspiring individuals to live devout, holy, and loving lives, and so to speak divine truth that it cannot fail to touch and quicken the heart of him who hears or reads. They prove their inspiration by inspiring us. And as, in the natural world, all the light that fills the air and makes our day does not strike us directly from the sun, but is reflected upon us by all surrounding objects, so do we receive spiritual influences not only immediately from the Father of our spirits, but indirectly from the life and word of good men. Every good influence that reaches us from such sources, and nourishes our souls' life, and excites us to new endeavors and a higher aim, is a gift of God's Holy Spirit. The Roman Church erred by making the designation of its saints too formal a matter, and by conferring the distinction with too little reference to character. The true Catholic Church, — the Holy Church Universal, has its calendar of saints, not formally canonized by decree of Pope or council, but designated by the love and reverence of the universal Christian heart. The names of such may be gathered from all the principal denominations into which the church has been divided. Their influence has transcended denominational limits. The excellence of their lives is acknowledged by Christians of every name, and their writings are read by all for edification. Such are Fenelon and Thomas á Kempis, Leighton and Taylor, Scougal and Law, Fox and Wesley, Channing, Tuckerman, Follen. In how many thousands of hearts has the flame of devotion been kindled, by the consecrated lives, and the pious utterances, of such men. How many have been helped

on in their Christian course by their inspiring and instructive writings, which never grow old, but are continually reproduced, and by which their authors, though long since departed, still speak, and still produce a blessed influence in the world. We feel that such men illustrate, not merely the particular sect to which they belong, but our common Christianity. We are all willing to rejoice in their light. As we commune with such spirits, in their recorded lives and thoughts, we feel ourselves to be heirs of all the past ages of the church; we feel our relations to the great and good of distant periods and countries; we feel how much greater is the Christian name than any sectarian name by which we may be sometimes willing to call ourselves.

But these eminent saints, who are conspicuous to us from afar by reason of the extraordinary gifts with which they were endowed, and the wide sphere in which they were placed, are not the only saints. There are the saints of private and domestic life, who have exercised a Christian influence and shed the light of a Christian example in narrow and humble spheres. We have all personally known such. Let us ever affectionately remember them; the teachers, guides, and friends of our early years, whose living excellence gave us our most vivid idea of goodness, and excited and guided our endeavors to attain it; the parents who watched over, nourished, and blessed, our childhood and youth; the friends and companions with whom we took sweet counsel as we started on the journey of life, but who were early removed from our side. Let us remember all souls with whom we have been connected: the young men, who grew up till the responsibility and work of life were devolved upon them, and were then called to other scenes of activity; the young maiden, who had just developed the virtues and graces which fitted her to give and receive happiness here, when she was translated to the happiness of heaven; the little children, in whom many parental affections and hopes centred, who were early removed from their earthly home to their Heavenly Father's house.

And those over whose frailties or sins affection would throw a veil, let them too be tenderly remembered. They are in the hands of a merciful and compassionate God, who loves every child of his with a wise and just love, and is continually bestowing upon

each all the good he is capable of receiving, who will not fail to inflict on each all the salutary pain he needs, and who knows how to gather, at last, all his children to himself.

Let us not think of any of these as gone from us forever, as irrevocably lost to our affections. God, who is eternally their God, is not a God of the dead, but of the living. In him all live. They have not ceased to exist, nor are their affections dead. They remember and love those to whom they were bound here. Can we doubt that they desire our highest good? Is it unreasonable to think that, in ways that we cannot distinctly recognize, they minister to us? Do they not pray for us? And why should not we pray for them? Or, if we think they are beyond the reach of our intercession, may we not affectionately remember them in our prayers, with thanksgiving to God, for the peace and rest and joy into which he has received them?

Yes, there are strong sympathies for each one of us in the spiritual world; fervent desires that we may not be overcome by the evil that is in the world; that we may hold fast to our purity and integrity amidst all temptations; that our faith may be unshaken by any trials; that we may be true to every duty. Do we need that the silence of the night should be broken by audible voices from the unseen world to tell us this? If the sainted mother, who was taken from her children in their tender years, if the pure sister who was removed in childhood from her brother's side, should now speak to the tried, tempted, erring, loved ones whom they have left behind, do we not know what they would say? Would they not encourage and help their return to virtue, by the assurance that there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repents? Would they not plead with them, by all the remembered innocence of childhood, by all their hallowed recollections of their early home, of the prayer and the hymn repeated together at their mother's knee, by all their hopes of a happy family reunion in heaven, not to wander in the paths of sin and shame, but by lives of purity, of piety, of faithful service of God and man, to prepare themselves for participation in the blessed ministries of the perfected saints?

The spiritual world is our true home. The time we spend here is as nothing compared with the immortal life we are to live there.

As we advance in life, we come to have more friends in that world than in this. Each year that passes over our heads transfers some who were dear to us from the seen to the unseen state, and reminds us that the time of our own passage cannot be far distant. That should be to us a solemn and elevating, not a sad and chilling thought. It should lead us to live a spiritual life in this present world. That is the true preparation for the world to come. That is the way to get from this world all the good it is capable of yielding, and at the same time to be fitted for a higher. This world is one of the mansions of our Father's house. Every true child of his will prize and enjoy it. Let us endeavor, as we pass through it, to make it more beautiful and happy, more like heaven, to ourselves and to those who shall come after us. That is the end of all duty. Having been faithful in a few things, we shall be made rulers over many things, and welcomed to the joy of our Lord.

A JOURNEY TO THE ADIRONDACKS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the labors of newspaper correspondents and magazinists for the last ten years, the great region of mountain, forest, and lake in northeastern New York, known as the Adirondacks, is still to the average American mind little more than a sonorous name. The early volumes of Street and Headly were too vague, incorrect, and rhetorical to satisfy the few who read them. The report of the original state survey of the region was more explicit, but has slumbered, unnoticed, in a public document that nobody reads. The original book of Rev. Mr. Murray was a clever exaggeration of one portion of the wilderness, from a sportsman's point of view, with a depreciation of the vast mountain realm of which he seems to have then been ignorant. Last year, a small hand-book, by Mr. Wallace, of Syracuse, and a new edition of Murray, have afforded additional information, which, in connection with Dr. Ely's map, lets in some additional light on the bewilderment of the common tourist. The publication of the final

report of the new state survey, by Mr. Verplanck Colvin, of Albany, has given the public the first reliable information of the most interesting part of the country. But the book is too rare and expensive for general circulation. The time has come for a thorough book on the Adirondacks, which shall be a reliable guide to the multitudes of people who are still in doubt concerning the conditions of a successful trip thereto. The little space allotted to an article in this review will admit only a few suggestions that may be helpful to somebody for the coming year.

The entire region of the Adirondacks occupies nearly the whole of four large counties in northeastern New York, being not less than a hundred miles in length and seventy-five in breadth. Its eastern boundary is the shore line of Lakes George and Champlain; while St. Lawrence County, on the north, separates it from Canada. The forests that bound the valley of the Mohawk and the Black Rivers are its southern and western fringe. The entire eastern half of this vast territory, extending forty miles westward from the shores of Lake Champlain, is a magnificent wilderness of lofty mountains and dense forests, interspersed with a great number of mountain lakes, and watered, both on its northern and southern slopes, by several swift rivers; those on the north flowing into Lake Champlain, while the southern streams are the sources of the Hudson. Beyond this mountain realm lies the wonderful lake region described by Mr. Murray; an elevated plateau, densely wooded, with an occasional mountain summit.

This lake country is a net-work of rivers, ponds and lakes, as far as we know, unique in its character; offering to the summer tourist or sportsman, as Dr. Ely assures us, a thousand miles of boating, varied by occasional land carriage. This part of the Adirondacks is best known, and oftenest visited, both by the sportsman and pleasure-seeker. Its attractions are, — being paddled day after day, in a light boat, over waters embosomed in silent woods, with occasional magnificent mountain views, and such added enjoyment as can be gained from camp-life and the very uncertain hunting and fishing. If the tourist has the energy to scale half a dozen mountains, from a thousand to thirty-five hundred feet in height, he can gain a series of exquisite views of this land of silence and mystery. The drawbacks on this sort of

summer touring are the exposure to the changeable summer climate, the misery of musquitoes and black flies in the woods, and the crowning affliction of the extortions of hotel keepers, guides, boatmen, and the general riff-raff of the wilderness. As there is only a watery highway through this paradise, and only an expert can safely venture into it, the ordinary tourist is completely in the hands of this army of assistants. The few hotels in its northern region are crowded and severe in their charges. Your boatman expects three dollars a day and his own "keeping," if in the vicinity of a hotel, at nearly hotel prices, with an unlimited hope of additional fees. You pay largely at every considerable "carry." In short, the most moderate rate of expense considerably exceeds a first-class New York hotel, and a single gentleman can hardly make a tour through this charming region for less than twice this amount. The whole region is practically in the hands of a dozen great land owners, who manage the hotels and wink at, if they do not encourage, the shameless plundering of the tourist. Of course, this is a state of transition; but while it lasts the charms of the Adirondack lake region are practically hidden to all but two classes: the wealthy and willing to disburse, and the sportsman prepared for labors and exposures more severe than those of an ordinary New York farmer.

The stories of the marvellous sanitary virtues of the lake country are chiefly absurd and cruel exaggerations. Now and then a sick man finds health in this, as in every elevated region. But nobody who has witnessed the frightful discomfort of invalid life in this wilderness will advise anybody to go there for health, except by the order of a good physician who knows the country. As things go now, a hundred ailing people are hopelessly broken down, where one is cured, by a season of out-door life among the Adirondack lakes. Our cities are full of enthusiastic young ladies who assure you that "nobody can take cold" in the camp-life of this region. But the huge crop of typhoid and summer diseases that always follows the brigade of camping-out young-ladyhood, to say nothing of the social side of this free life in the woods, is attracting the attention of the small class of old-fashioned mammas who still insist on knowing what their daughters are at in their vacation rambles.

By far the most available region for the resort of the mass of intelligent people of moderate means is the eastern mountain district of the Adirondacks. This is a realm quite as extensive as the White Mountains, with a far higher average elevation, and in the glory of its primitive forests, mountain lakes and streams, exquisite valleys, wonderful gorges and general picturesque arrangement of scenery, far excelling that noted region. The splendor of its high mountain views beyond comparison excels anything east of the Mississippi; for almost every mountain, from three to five thousand feet high (and there are multitudes of such), includes in its prospect Lake Champlain, the Green Mountains of Vermont, and the fertile plains of the St. Lawrence on the east and north; while upon the south and west the eye ranges over a boundless realm of mountain, lake, and endless woods.

This mountain region is divided into a northern and southern slope by the great Clinton range, extending from the shores of Lake Champlain in a westerly direction to the borders of the lake district, at least forty miles. This magnificent range, far surpassing the Mount Washington range in extent, variety of formation, and attractiveness of outlook, is still a wonder-land to the majority of people who look upon its noble summits and awful passes from the lowlands. Half a dozen of its great summits, including Tahawus, its loftiest peak, five thousand four hundred feet high, are visited by a few enterprising people, conducted by mountain guides. But there are fifty mountain peaks in this range alone, any one of which, on a fine day, affords a view of wonderful beauty, which is the fit memorial of a summer.

The southern slope of this range is now becoming comparatively well known as a summer resort, especially for the cities of New York. The Adirondack railroad, now extending some fifty miles north of Saratoga, up the valley of the Hudson, has made almost every little village in that and its tributary valleys a pleasant place of summer resort. Of these, the most attractive is Schroon Lake, a lovely sheet of water, in size and situation remarkably like Lake Windermere before the English Lake district became a crowded city suburb. In all this region respectable summer board can be found in hotels, country taverns and farm-houses, with a chance of excellent company, at a charge of from eight to fifteen

dollars per week. The country is a lovely region of farms, thickly sown with high, wooded hills, with numerous charming valleys and occasional lakes. But even at Schroon Lake, the most northerly of these resorts, you are many miles away from the great central range of which there is no satisfactory view. The foot hills upon the southern slope are not generally attractive, and few of them have available paths for ascent. On the other hand, the facilities for driving are excellent.

One grand excursion can be made, over abominable roads, some forty miles, from Schroon to the great Indian Pass, in the very heart of the chief range. There is also a shorter tour of ten miles from Schroon to a brace of lovely mountain lakes that lie at the foot of Dix's Peak, the most easterly of the higher summits of the great range; nearly five thousand feet high. A tolerable path for a good walker leads to the rocky crest, and a view of marvellous extent and loveliness repays the fatigue of the long day required for its achievement. A foot path from Elk Lake leads also up to the heights of Tahawus and the half dozen summits clustered around his brow. The Indian Pass, with Lakes Henderson and Sandford, and, indeed, the whole range, is easily accessible from this southern slope. But the approach is less attractive, and generally it can be said that going up to the high Adirondacks from the south is like entering a splendid mansion by the back door.

By far the noblest district in the entire wilderness is the northern slope of the great Clinton range; and this is destined to become one of the most attractive and healthful summer resorts of America. It consists of three distinct ranges of mountains, tending northward from the great central ridge at right angles to it, separated by the charming valleys of the Bouquet, and the eastern and western Ausable rivers. These swift mountain streams come tearing down from the high gorges, and flow away through broadening meadows, overlooked by superb wooded ranges, to Lake Champlain. These valleys are five hundred, one thousand and two thousand feet high; have been occupied for half a century, and afford a delightful summer residence; with boundless facilities for tramping, climbing, sporting, and sailing on high mountain lakes. At any point in the upper region of these three

valleys, you are in sight of magnificent mountain scenery and within half an hour's walk of a wilderness wild enough to satisfy the most exclusive lover of solitude; vast enough to give every inhabitant of the United States a seat "under his own vine and fig-tree," with only the busy musquito and black fly to "molest and make afraid."

The best approach to this district is Westport, on the western shore of Lake Champlain, twenty-five miles south of Burlington. There are few lovelier bays than the noble bay of Westport, with the glorious heights and sweet lowlands of Vermont upon the east; while from the west, through a gorge in the hills, the summit of Mount Hurricane welcomes you to the Adirondack world. Next year Westport can be reached by rail from Boston, *via* Rutland, Whitehall, and Ticonderoga, by sundown of a summer day; and a charming drive of eight miles over the hills will bring you to Elizabethtown, Essex County, in the Bouquet Valley.

Here you find a village of five hundred people, the shire town of the County; a cultivated population and one of the most enchanting of American summer resorts. Already has this beautiful place, known to the people as the "Pleasant Valley," become the yearly abiding-place of several hundred visitors. There are two large hotels that afford comfortable entertainment at ten to fifteen dollars per week, while board can be obtained in private homes at lesser rates. The village is in a charming valley, five hundred feet high, embosomed in mountains, ranging from a thousand to four thousand five hundred feet in height; all accessible by a few hours walking, and affording a series of views not exceeded for beauty in eastern America. The drives are numerous and enchanting, extending to an unlimited distance up and down the valley, and along the high slopes. A long summer is all too short for the exploration of this superb valley and its overlooking world of mountain summits. From the top of Mount Hurricane, thirty-eight hundred feet high, you look over upon the grand Clinton range, crowned by Tahawus; or a scramble to the bald crest of the Giant of the valley, forty-six hundred feet, admits you to a vision, at close range, of the marvellous majesty of the everlasting hills.

A drive of ten miles towards the west carries you over to Keene,

in the valley of the eastern branch of the Ausable River. Here is a valley for twenty miles walled in by noble wooded mountains, from two to four thousand feet high, running up into the magnificent gorge of the Ausable ponds. These little mountain lakes sleep in a cleft of the great range, overwatched by the stupendous Gothic mountains, four thousand feet high; a marvel of rock and precipice, several of them perhaps never ascended. Out of the lakes rushes the swift Ausable River, down a wild chasm into the valley below. The six mile reach of this valley nearest the lakes is known as Keene Flats, and is a miracle of mountain loveliness. A thousand feet above tide-water; the steep-wooded slopes falling almost to the emerald banks of the swift, clear stream; overwatched by the highest summits; it is indeed a paradise of grandeur and beauty. One small hotel and perhaps twenty little farmhouses were crammed last Summer with people at six to eight dollars per week, with such fare as needs an Adirondack stomach to dispose of. This Keene valley is a great resort for artists, and a few summer cottages have been built. This is the great front door of admission, by the Ausable lakes, to the upper mountain region, and scores of people every year mount the rugged way to the cloud-splitting summit of Tahawus; even walk down its steep western slope to the Indian Pass.

Another drive of ten rough miles, through the romantic pass of Edmunds' ponds, westward, brings you out upon the heights of North Elba, in the valley of the western Ausable. Here, on a lofty plateau, two thousand feet above the sea, is the highest inhabited region of the Empire State, made famous as the residence and burial-place of John Brown. On the old Scott farm is a new and comfortable hotel for fifty people, with rates not exceeding eight dollars per week. The situation far surpasses the Waumbeck House, both in grandeur of outlook and as a wholesome summer retreat. You look southward upon the glorious line of lofty mountain summits, rising out of the endless woods, cloven by the mighty gorge of the Indian Pass. Northward, five miles away, towers Mount Whiteface, five thousand feet, bounded on the east by the sublime Wilmington pass; while its western slopes are reflected in the clear waters of Lake Placid. There are two small hotels on the borders of this beautiful lake; and beyond

this there is little accommodation for visitors at North Elba. But the time is near when this superb highland will swarm with a summer population; for nowhere can be found a region more desirable for the seeker of health or the lover of splendid scenery.

A drive of ten miles, still westward, through the tamarack forests, brings you to the Saranacs; the entrance to the thousand mile sail through the watery wilderness of the Adirondack lakes. A few busy days of fine weather and a fifty dollar greenback will take you on the round trip, through the half dozen Saranac and St. Regis lakes, and their adjacent fringe of ponds, from Martin's round to Paul Smith's. This excursion affords a good idea of the whole lake district; while from the summit of Mount Ampersand, that rises thirty-five hundred feet, overlooking the middle Saranac, you gain perhaps the most remarkable outlook over the entire region. For thirty miles to the east, you behold the numberless summits of the great mountain realm, while, to the westward and the south, slumbers the mysterious wilderness of the lakes.

This entire excursion from Westport to Paul Smith's, including the ascent of Tahawus, Whiteface, Hurricane, and Ampersand mountains, can be put inside the month of August, with due allowance for rainy days. A man, with a good use of his legs and a sound stomach, could do the walking without undue fatigue; and all except the mountains is within the capacity of any woman who can ride over an ordinary mountain road. And whoever goes through this matchless journey will go again and again to the Adirondacks, better satisfied with the experience of every summer in these glorious northern woods.

A. D. Mayo.

EDITORS' NOTE-BOOK.

THE SPIRIT TO THE CHURCHES.

THE August number of "La Libre Recherche" contains the remarkable sermon which Athanase Coquerel preached to his people on the 27th of June, and which proved to be his last public utterance and appeal. Read now, in the light of his own life and work, it has a prophetic tone, and must come to the Liberal Protestants of France, in the fresh sorrow caused by his departure, with an almost apostolic authority, fitly joining his counsels and warnings to those of the Revelator to the Seven Churches, whose refrain is the text of this discourse. M. Coquerel was not so much a seer as a philosopher and philanthropist; not a mystic, but a student and worker; not a dreamer of dreams, but an earnest and devoted soldier for spiritual freedom and Christian civilization. Yet none could be freer than he from the reliance on mere physical forces and visible causes which marks the materialising tendency of the age. Our impressions are confirmed in this sermon, as to the large grasp of his thought, the keenness of his sagacity, the ripeness and candor of his judgment, as well as in regard to the earnestness of his spirit, and the sincerity and depth of his piety.

We hope erelong to publish in this review a full analysis of his life and work, especially as connected with the later history of French Protestantism, and must refer to that place the considerable portions of this discourse which deal directly with recent ecclesiastical events in France. There are many passages, however, which voice so grandly and wisely what the Spirit is saying to the Universal Church, and to liberal thinkers in religion in particular, that we have translated them for this place, and a few of them appear below.

After affirming the right and duty of all men to hear and judge for themselves, as to what is divine truth, M. Coquerel proceeds to maintain against skepticism and materialism the reality of the

Spirit and its voice. He appeals to nature and human history, to conscience and the religious instincts of universal man: —

Aspirations unending, born of the religious instinct, inward illuminations of the moral sense, dramatic revelations of history, intimations innumerable of nature, are you not all the diverse voices of the Spirit? You repeat, each to each, in perpetual concert, to the glory of God and for the spiritual unfolding of every man who thinks, *He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith.*

Never has any one of these grand voices been silent; but according to the age has one or another resounded louder or more low. No man has been able or has cared to doubt this, save perhaps in a single half-century; and that which to-day makes the most uproar in the world is, not the low murmur, but the cry, now of agony and now of triumph, of the divided souls who are attacking or defending a religion. We are not deceived; whether for good or ill, that is the fact. It is the religious question which is before all most pressing among us. It lies at the very foundation, below all others. It would seem that the Spirit at this moment speaks loud enough to be heard by every church and every ear. The wind which blows where it listeth stirs all the churches; it shakes them violently; it seems bent on forcing them into collision, as if to make them burst their too narrow limits and dash each other in pieces. So certain enclosed fruits, when the winds of heaven shake them, break each other open, and let escape from their hard envelope the living and fruitful seeds.

I declare that this crisis, though terrific to feeble hearts, fills the strong with hope. It renews itself from point to point in the process of the ages. Then the supreme husbandman takes in his hands the fan which shall winnow all the grain with which the threshing-floor is strewn. Then the axe is laid at the root of the trees. This crisis Scripture has announced, not with menace, but with glorious promise, though under figures sublime and terrible. Recall in what energetic language, borrowed from an old Hebrew Prophet, one of the New Testament writers has spoken of it. "God now," he says, "has made this promise. Yet once more I shake not the earth only, but also heaven." And the comment which the Epistle to the Hebrews adds to these words of the Prophet Haggai is worthy of the text. "And this word, Yet once more, signifieth the removing of those things that are shaken (as of things that are made), that those things which cannot be shaken may remain." That is the gigantic work of history, of Providence, of progress. That, I should say, employing in another sense the wholly modern term I find so constantly useful, that expresses well the natural selection, providential and infallible, of religious forms, of ecclesiastical institutions and dogmas. The things which can be really shaken must fall; they have fulfilled their time; soon men will search among their ruins to see whether any materials remain which the future can employ anew. The things

which the shaking of the earth and the heavens shall not disturb will last through a new stage of the world's life, and shelter for yet long-enduring ages the reassured and reverent generations.

Never, indeed, was it more necessary to strengthen all the foundations, to purify all the mixed elements, to save from insecurity all that deserves to be retained, and to let sink to their own proper ruins all things which cannot firmly stand. Let our ears attend, without satisfaction in ourselves, without ill will towards others, to the solemn challenge which the Spirit, our judge in all things, is speaking from above. To-day, as in the day of the Revelation, here, as in Ephesus or in Laodicea, the Spirit says to every church, *I know thy works*, and allots to each its measure of praise or blame. It might to-day, as then, pronounce this sentence against one of them, *Thou hast a name that thou livest and art dead.*

After dwelling at length on the spirit of the Romish Church and the perils growing out of the present reaction in favor of Ultramontanism in France, and characterizing vigorously and yet temperately the narrow and unjust policy of Orthodox Protestantism at the present time, M. Coquerel addresses himself with great earnestness and directness to his own adherents, and points out the duties and perils that await Liberal Christianity. We are profoundly convinced that these passages contain timely words of the Spirit, not for our French brethren only, but for all our churches that have ears to hear.

I have only a single reproach to make, but it disturbs me, it weighs heavily upon my soul, it pains me to dwell upon it; and I am not comforted in remembering that by a kind of general law, a kind of infirmity which seems inherent in human nature, the partisans of pure truth, of right methods, of needed advance, are almost never so enthusiastic as many others. I ask myself with fear and trembling if we are not far below the grandeur of our task. That is immense and infinitely glorious. While France is torn, and perhaps will speedily be more largely torn, between the clericalism which usurps all and bold irreligion which saves nothing, what are we doing? what are we able to do? what, alas! are we? We know too well that ecclesiastical Jesuitism, if it triumphs, will bring shame and damage upon France. We know that it will produce here, if it be permitted to go on, that which it already has accomplished in Spain and South America, those fields of battle perpetually soaked by so much useless bloodshed, where order and peace are like uprooted trees which one strives in vain to replant and vivify anew, because the nourishing earth is lacking for their roots and the free sunlight for their foliage.

On the other hand, we also know that the lack of all religion is not power but weakness, an impotence which often smites with barrenness heroic undertakings; that no one has a right to tear down unless he is capable of building on a juster plan; that nothing is really destroyed, indeed, unless it is rendered useless by being replaced; that the absence of genuine religious sentiment is intolerable to multitudes of souls; and that the church which claims to be universal will infallibly, soon or late, gather in again the families that have deserted it, so far as these families are not provided with a refuge and a home in another religious communion. Finally, we know that we alone in France possess just what France is seeking, without well understanding what it seeks; a religion essentially laical, anti-jesuitical, and anti-ecclesiastical, and at the same time a religion which is known everywhere, which has its grand place in history, and which does not feed the soul on lifeless abstractions or rites improvised as an experiment. . . .

Listen once more to what the Spirit says to all the churches.

Be serious, it says to them first of all, serious not only in the elevation and the holiness of your aim, but in all the means you employ to attain it. In other words, be true. Never affect to believe what you do not believe. Never demand of any human being that he should believe what you do not believe yourself. No official comedy. No conventional dogmas. The day of fictions is gone by.

Be regardful, says again the Spirit to the churches, of the liberty of others and your own. Never submit to any yoke upon your conscience, the daughter of God. Sell favor to no man, nor try to purchase it of any. Remember that, contrary to the usages of a certain class, perhaps, the infamy of him who lets himself be bought is a very small thing beside the more abominable infamy of the man who buys him. A religion which gains adherents by menaces of confiscation, or promises of promotion and enrichment, should be condemned; it should be regarded as far beneath all that is most irreligious in the world.

Be courageous, says the Spirit further to the churches. He who calculates too much the peril or the hindrances to all his undertakings, shows that he believes but little, whether in the goodness of his cause or the reality of his God. "If God be for us, who shall be against us?" If the temples which belong to us were all finally confiscated; if this Reformed Church of Paris, which was born liberal when Rabaud St. Etienne revived it in 1787, outside of all orthodoxies ancient or modern; if this church, of which you are and which is yours, should shut its doors upon you, should hunt you from your homes,—this would but yield you demonstration that the delay of your hopes had not exhausted either your endurance or your faith. After having appealed in vain to every arbitrament, after having exhausted every effort, after having too long borne all, strong in your right, if all should still persist in refusing the justice due you, if it should chance that any government whatsoever should sometime be

the dupe of your persecutors or their accomplice, you will forsake neither your conscience nor your God. You will at last obey Jesus Christ, who said, "In whatever place they will not receive you, nor hear your word, go out of that city and shake off the dust of your feet." I do not finish the words of our Lord; I leave you to read in the Gospel of St. Matthew [Matt. x. 14-15] what follows in immediate connection. What we demand is that the unjust shall cease to oppress, not that they shall be punished for their injustice.

Finally, saith the Spirit to the churches, be holy and just, be affectionate, be religious. Holy and just, for no religion, no piety, no mysticism, no prayer, no rite, no sacrament, can dispense for one single instant with integrity. Too often, devotion, however exalted, serves only to deceive the consciences which believe themselves released from their duties, their essential, primal, natural obligations, for paying into the hands of God imaginary debts. It is a counterfeit coin with which they pay a deceitful and impious tribute.

And there is nothing of disrespect or too great simplicity in saying to Christian churches, whether Catholic or Protestant, Be religious. They are not so always. They are not so enough. Ecclesiasticism is not so. In spite of its pious pretensions, it is more than anything a rallying line for the old vanquished parties; it is a policy, it is an art, it is a means of monopoly and domination, of enlisting feeble minds, of crushing upright and strong minds. There is nothing in it really religious. It seeks to rule by fear, it seeks to allure ambition and greed, it plots for success, and, as Jesus himself said, with most withering invective, with most terrible condemnation, it "devours widows' homes and for a pretense makes long prayer."

When religion becomes a method of usurpation, of tyranny, of hinderance, it is false, it is immoral, it is wicked, it is the contrary of what Jesus wanted it to be. It deserves, in this event, to disappear forever, and man, forlorn, unstable, tortured by an unassuaged thirst, go forth to live an orphan forever under the cruel and empty skies.

It is impossible for me to believe this. I believe in the good and the true with a serene and steadfast trust. I believe in the Spirit and in its might. I believe that the liberty to which I have right, since God has granted it and Jesus Christ has brought it to me, cannot be denied me forever in our dear and glorious France. Not in repose, but in activity as great as possible, I shall await justice, that tardy messenger of God, that impassive daughter of heaven, who deigns not to take account of our desolated years, because eternity is hers. Yes, I shall still hope for the coming of the Spirit and its reign, if while still awaiting them I should come to sit upon the stone destined erelong to seal my tomb; or even if this stone should be the last of our last temple, demolished anew, and this time forever; or even if again (a monstrous and impious hypothesis, a thing so horrible to think that my tongue delays to utter it), even if

that stone should be the last land-mark, reddened with the blood of all my friends, and torn up from the holy soil where it had marked the border of my thenceforth desolate country. Even then, even upon that fatal stone, I should behold, if I had guarded my faith, if I still had ears to hear and eyes to read what the Spirit saith, I should behold, I say, written in characters of fire, these imperishable words: "The heavens and the earth shall pass away; but this word shall never pass away; the flesh profiteth nothing, and the letter kills; but the Spirit, the immortal Spirit, always young, always abounding and sure of victory, the Spirit giveth life."

OF THINGS AT HOME.

THE death of Mr. Ralston, the great California banker, has called forth from our brother, the Rev. Horatio Stebbins, a very able and effective sermon, which has appeared in "The San Francisco Call." Rarely do we ever see an analysis of character so complete and so searching. Yet it is not studied out. It comes in flashes of intuition, that strike to the core of this monied man's nature, and show him as he is, in the light of the highest moral evidence. There is no strong censure, no faint praise, but a clear-cut picture of him as he stood before the California money mart, painted with that terse and rich power of language which Dr. Stebbins uses so well. The sermon is not for the multitude. They could not understand it. It is too finely molded. It is for that class of men who perhaps make up Dr. Stebbins' congregation, — New England men, brought up to love simplicity of living, sterling uprightness, moderate gains, and regularity of life; yet who cannot help being dazzled by the genius of a man who moves quicker than they, makes their monied interest a power in the land, lives magnificently, and treats all the world generously. They do not see at once that this power may be a superficial, not a lasting one; that the man's best nature is sacrificed to mere worldly success; and, when his failure and sad death come, their moral sense is perhaps confused, and they do not feel able to judge between right and wrong. Dr. Stebbins solves this problem for them, by laying bare the man's nature as in the sight of God, and letting them see how, in spite of his many attractive qualities, he failed to fulfill the highest purpose of his being. We quote the termination of this eloquent discourse: —

"Such was the man of our time and our commercial society. He was the product of the time and of his own will. In what proportion those forces blended to make him what he was, none but God, the Judge of all, can tell. In respect of the scope of his abilities, his character and responsibility, he is to be judged by no mere village moralist or pedagogic rule. His great powers were only equalled by their great limitations, and his immense influence in the affairs of a young and rising state can be accounted for only on the ground of real ability to organize and control. His career is one more epoch in the financial history of California, and his name will take its true place in the memory of men, by irresistible force of moral gravity. He was surely more a Californian than a denizen of the eternal city. What culture and discipline might have done for him, it is difficult to tell. There were elements in him that resisted culture. What he needed as a man and as a business man was some firm restraint and persuasion on his tempestuous nature. As the master of an institution to cherish and conserve the commercial interests of society, he can be accounted for only in the quality of commercial public sentiment.

"After the sorrowful events that have passed, let our minds be chastened to sobriety of thinking. Let us have no foolish conceit that wisdom dwells especially with us business men, but let us cultivate all breadth of honor and truth. Let us not in moping sentimentalism run into any foolish tirade against money, or the pursuit of money, nor be drawling out, "the vanity of riches." But let us use our money, with justice, carefulness, and charity. Let us acquire more by honorable industry and frugality, and look with undazzled eye upon the awful splendors of moral law, of which our money is an earthly token.

"Concerning our fellow-citizen, I deplore his loss with truly human tenderness, and I am unwilling that he should go down into any depth without this word of humane truth and sympathizing pity. His end was fit conclusion of his career, — impetuous, daring, tragic. I commit him to that Almighty Being whose judgments are a great deep, whose chastisements rebuke the pride of man and turn his beauty to ashes, and whose loving kindness and tender mercies are from everlasting to everlasting."

The following poem, by Edward W. Gosse, we find in "The Commonwealth." We do not know in which of our papers it first appeared. It well expresses the feeling we all have towards that Northern genius who has passed away. That man and child in one, so spontaneous, so natural, so playful, so tender and impassioned, so religious, — Andersen, the product of those old Norse races, who seem in their national character to be the children of light born without guile: —

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

"A being cleaves the moonlit air
With eyes of dew and plumes of fire,
New-born, immortal, strong and fair;
Glance ere he goes!
His feet are shrouded like the dead,
But in his face a wild desire
Breaks like the dawn that flushes red,
And like a rose.

"The stars shine out above his path,
And music wakes through all the skies;
What mortal such a triumph hath,
By death set free?
What earthly hands and hearts are pure
As this man's, whose unshrinking eyes
Gaze onward through the deep obscure,
Nor quail to see?

"For poor dumb lips had songs for him,
And children's dreamings ran in tune,
And strange old heroes, weird and dim,
Walked by his side.
The very shadows loved him well,
And danced and flickered in the moon,
And left him wondrous tales to tell
Men far and wide.

"And now no more he smiling walks
Through greenwood alleys full of sun,
And, as he wanders, turns and talks,
Though none be there;
The children watch in vain the place
Where they were wont, when day was done,
To see their poet's sweet, worn face
And faded hair.

"Yet dream not such a spirit dies;
Though all its earthly shrine decay,
Transfigured under clearer skies,
He sings anew;
The frail soul-covering, racked with pain
And scored with vigil, fades away;
The soul, set free and young again,
Glides upward through.

"Weep not; but watch the moonlit air.
Perchance a glory like a star
May leave what hangs about him there,
And flash on us! . . .
Behold! the void is full of light,
The beams pierce heaven from bar to bar,
And all the hollows of the night
Grow luminous!"

OF THINGS ABROAD.

We have received a copy of a valuable little pamphlet, called "The Journeys and Epistles of the Apostle Paul," from our esteemed friend Dr. Samuel Sharpe, of England, not a minister, but well known as a distinguished Egyptologist and critical student of the New and Old Testaments. He differs somewhat from his German friends in his views of Paul's journeys and epistles; but his opinions are always slowly matured and worthy of consideration. He also encloses a little pamphlet on the Lord's Supper. He thinks, if we understand him right, that, as a formal ceremony, it should be left to those sects which have an order of priests, being out of place in our simple Congregational worship. He says truly that it has had a sacramental mystery thrown around it foreign to Jesus' idea, that Paul himself gave it too much the nature of a vow, or a profession to holy life, and that there has always been a danger of its being a substitute for goodness, rather than a help towards it. He adds that a congregation ought to be a body made up of various ranks in society. A social meal among persons united by a religious tie, is very desirable, but he maintains that the Lord's Supper is no such meal, and that "those who have been regular in their attendance at the Lord's Supper have been known to scoff at the vulgarity of the Congregational tea-party." This is all painfully true, and we should, every one of us I trust, rejoice, if we could make the service just what it ought to be for minister and people, as near as possible to what Jesus had in his mind. But we cannot for our own part see the wisdom of abolishing it, as our friend suggests, and making the tea-party take its place. It would undoubtedly be the Lord's Supper to him, and many who "eat and drink always to the glory of God;" but we fear that with the masses of men the supper would

lose its peculiar significance, that is, of being a social remembrance of Jesus, and the revered and venerable usage would in time be completely lost to our churches. We are aware, however, that there is considerable difference of opinion among our own ministers and people on this question, but we see no reason why it should separate us in sympathies, as it is the keeping Jesus veritably alive in our hearts, and not the way we do it, that is our bond of union.

We have received also, from Miss Emily Sharpe, two interesting publications, being the lives of Dr. Priestly and of Rev. Theophilus Lindsey, which she has prepared from reliable sources, and which have been published in tract form for general distribution.

In regard to the movements of our Unitarian friends, especially the ministers, we cannot do better than to quote from a letter of our English friend, from whom we have before received tidings: —

"As for matters in which we are now taking an interest. One which is nothing to tell of is very important in its effects. In several of our Unitarian chapels, our ministers are taking up the old and disused custom of explaining the Scriptures as they read them from the pulpit, and this bids fair to work a very great change. The last thirty years or so has been to an attendant in many of our chapels a time of very great poverty and dearth in the public reading of the Bible. I can speak from experience of myself and others during these years, that the pulpit Bible-reading in our Sunday services were, in many chapels, limited to the more devotional psalms, a part of Isaiah, the Book of Job, and perhaps occasionally Proverbs and Ecclesiastes, for the Old Testament, while from the New Testament the Epistles, John's Gospel, and the Sermon on the Mount, were chosen. The reason may be easily guessed. During these years a very great but silent change has been going on among Unitarians. When I was a child, very, very few ventured to doubt, and hardly any one to express their doubts, on the historical accuracy of the miracles and of many other narratives. Now I will venture to say that there is no one left among us Unitarians (except those who, from a conservative mind, will not have anything stirred, or who have lazily let their minds sleep on the subject, which all around them have been discussing and thinking), — no one left, I may say, whose mind has been at all active on the subject who does not admit that there is a great deal unhistoric in the volume. Now during the interval, while there have been half a dozen different opinions in every congregation, and while the minister's own mind has been also on the change, it is not wonderful that he should have avoided reading all doubtful passages. If he were a thoughtful and conscientious man he would shrink from read-

ing out solemnly and publicly, as gospel truth, what he could not think to be such. I cannot blame this during the time when his speaking out his newly acquired opinions would have raised dissentions in his flock. But I cannot tell you my joy at the altering state of affairs. At one of our London Unitarian Chapels, the minister began with this opening year, at the beginning of Genesis, and leaving out the chapters of genealogies, &c., is going methodically through the early part of the Bible, stopping as he reads to give an occasional word of explanation, and thereby giving himself an opportunity of saying, on many occasions, that this or that narrative is not historical. Another of our London ministers, a more adventurous spirit, is, we are told, picking out the difficult passages to read from the pulpit; and, while leaving to his congregation to read in their own homes the favorite one hundred and third psalm and other devotional passages that need no explanation, he is taking up the harder task of grappling with controverted accounts. I should be much interested in hearing how your Unitarian ministers act in this matter, and whether you have any parallel movement going on.

"There have been some letters in our Unitarian papers about raising ministers' salaries, which are lamentably small in small country places. But while this has ended in little more than talk, our Unitarian Association has begun to remedy the want in a very practical way. For, taking it for granted that in those towns and villages where the Unitarian minister's salary is small his congregation also is small, and his work does not fill his whole time, they have let it be known that, when any minister will do any Unitarian work of lecturing on our doctrines outside his own chapel in the neighboring places, they will not only pay for the hire of the room and cost of advertising the lectures, but will give him a grant of money to repay him for his trouble. Some of our ministers have begun to do so, and are now working as a sort of missionaries close to their own homes upon week nights, by which means they may in proportion to their zeal and industry increase the slender salary they receive for their Sunday work.

"We are trying all we can to encourage the efforts of lay-preachers. When I say we, I mean those of us who have our hearts in missionary work, for we have a class who talk much about 'cultured preachers,' and declare that they would rather the Unitarian doctrines were not spread abroad unless it can be done by men who will 'do us credit.' We let them alone. There will always be some worldly ones, and there is no use arguing against them: we rejoice to believe that earnestness is spreading, and that there are men, some humble, some better educated, who have zeal to preach their convictions without hire. Mr. Fretwell, who has been visiting you, is one of those who do us splended work abroad; while at home in London we have three or four men who are very successfully preaching out of doors. Please to say whether anything like out-door Unitarian preaching goes on among you, and whether

you have any unpaid lay-preachers. It is the want of prosperity of our Unitarian chapels that gives us the very great advantage of a pretty fair mixing of ranks. We have in London two chapels, Portland Street, where Mr. Martineau used to preach, and Dr. Sadler's at Hampstead, in which the congregations are nearly all ladies and gentlemen. Perhaps there may be only two or three humble people that attend there. But in nearly all our chapels all over England there is a very large proportion of working people, and in this I rejoice greatly. It is good for the preacher to feel that he is addressing himself to those who are doing the rough work of life and bearing its rubs; it is good for us all to feel that once a week we try to lay aside some of the distinctions of rank, and worship one Father of rich and poor alike. Please to tell me, dear friend, how are your chapels in Boston? Have you anything like a friendly shaking of hands at the chapel door, between people whose ranks are too far apart for them to think of visiting each other's houses? and do you once a year drink tea together, either in the chapel or in the adjoining school-room? not a tea-drinking of charity, but where all try to be on equal terms, and where all pay for their tickets, except in the case of some of the better off buying several tickets and giving them to their less prosperous friends. I tire you with these details, but I endeavor to draw from you some few words of information about the state of affairs among our Boston Unitarians by telling you of ours."

We remember hearing Dr. Bonar, of Scotland, read the Scriptures in this way, explaining as he went along; and from a man like him, full of years and reputation, the effect was very wholesome and edifying. But we must not in our Protestant love of the preached word, and our desire for edification, forget that one of the prime objects of the church service is worship; and that these emotional, prophetic, poetic parts of the Bible, to which our correspondent refers, are the ones which, from their very nature, are undisputed, and feed best the flames of devotion, so that the instinct of the church from all ages has chosen them for public aspiration. The explanatory reading of the Bible, we believe, with her, to be very important, as the general listener has not the time or will to study it critically himself; but this kind of familiar exegesis has its own place, which seems to be more especially the afternoon service, the Sunday evening meeting, and the Bible class. We agree with her, that a minister ought not to pass by vexed or uncertain passages in his public reading, especially where they are something more than mere doubts of historic data, and involve moral questions which may be misapprehended by his audience. If a minister reads the historical or mythical parts,

he should treat them as such. How easily he can, without detracting from the dignity of the service, throw in a few words, as he reads the story of the old patriarchs, to show that he is conscious of the frailties of these Hebrews, while he reveres the records that have made them marked men in the past. How tenderly he can put aside the assertion that the actual finger of God wrote on the tables of stone, and make his people feel the awe-inspiring presence of that great Spirit which lifted Moses up into clouds of thunder, and flashed the law of rectitude in upon his soul!

In regard to missionary work, we have always felt that the Association could not do better than to seek out every able-bodied minister living on a small salary, with time to spare and good will, and pay him for preaching the gospel in the small communities near by his parish.

We have looked into the movements of our English friends, and our readers will perhaps like to have a glimpse of what is going on in Italy. We give this informal letter of our friend, Prof. Bracciforti, of Milan: —

My Dear Madam, — MILAN, Sept. 16, 1875.

Your last favor of July 21, and the pamphlet of the semi-centennial of the American Unitarian Association, came duly to hand, and I most heartily thank you for both.

It is now about five months since we lost our eldest son, Vincent. He was a very strong, promising youth, not yet eighteen years old, when he was suddenly attacked by a terrible disease (our physicians call it *difterite*, and consider it contagious) which carried him off in three days. His last words were, "Papa, don't stay, leave me." Brave boy! He thought more of us than of himself. My chief comfort is that he was not afraid to rise nearer to the Father even through death.

Just at the time of our dear son's death I was expected to begin a course of Italian lectures on English Literature, at our Royal Scientific and Literary Academy, which lectures had been advertised by the Board. You can well imagine how uncongenial and painful the task must have been at such a time. But God has strengthened me; and my lectures have met with a sufficient measure of public favor to let me entertain the hope that I shall soon be appointed extraordinary professor of English language and literature at the Royal Academy.

My religious conferences and Sunday school have not been discontinued, though in the Sunday school I was sometimes left to address no more than one or two children, beside those of my own family. There is, however, a promising feature in the circumstance that the service for children is always attended by some adults. Besides, I have reason to

hope that some parents, who are now in the country with their families, when coming back to town will send again their children. The religious services for adults continue to be attended on Sunday evening much as they were before; which in this season is far from discouraging.

You will perhaps be glad to hear that I have commenced a free or gratuitous course of English lessons in our Unitarian hall. The course among others is followed by the directress of an infant school. I cannot help hoping that, in time, more and more of the young men engaged in commerce may join, and that in that way I may get some hold over them for good.

I have also set apart a certain number of my books, which I mean to have, together with our Unitarian tracts, carried into our Unitarian school and place of worship, to form the beginning of a library, which is to be freely open to the public in certain hours. As English can be freely learned in the same place, and some of my pupils are already beginning to understand it, any books that your friends might think fit to bestow upon the Unitarian Library in Milan would be most thankfully accepted, and especially with pictures would be a great attraction to workmen and children.

I have not yet had the pleasure of seeing the American lady you mentioned in your last letter, to whom you so kindly spoke about the sewing-machine for our young women.

On Michaelmas, the 29th inst., we remove to new lodgings in Via del Fieno, No. 3. Our Unitarian school and church remains in Via Durini, No. 28. Very sincerely yours,

FERDINANDO BRACCIFORTI.

P.S. — My allusion to Filopanti implied simply his having left off preaching for the present. I learned subsequently that he is now very busy about Garibaldi's benevolent scheme for draining the Pontine marshes and ridding the Roman territory and people of the malaria.

Perhaps another glance at European life will be interesting. We give a graphic picture, drawn for us, in the letter of an American friend, who lives in a beautiful country house near Lisbon, Portugal. The letter does not touch upon the work in which we are specially interested, but to those of us who are dreading the approach of winter, or looking with longing eyes to the lands of the sun, it may speak powerfully to remind us how superior the wants of the soul are to the body, and how great are the opportunities of our favored country.

LISBON, August 22.

How beautiful is this spot! The Tagus, which comes to lick the foundation stones of the house, spreads out before me a great lake of salt water, freshened and renewed by every tide from the sea, which comes pouring through a narrow channel between mountains five miles round to my

right, and extends and widens to my front and left, till the opposite shore becomes invisible in the distance. To the southeast I see a water horizon, as it were the open sea. In front, the Highlands; and on the slopes, villages and vineyards and mansions, and the great castle of Palmello, which overhangs the sea ten miles away. On my own side, the lake coast stretches up to the north and east, gracefully curving to show mansions and groves, olives and vineyards, and white towers, up to the purple mountains of Villafranca, where Wellington established the famous lines of Torres Vedas across from this great lake to the sea, and foiled the armies of Napoleon. To the right the towers of Lisbon, between me and the outlet to the sea. Behind, an undulating country, with some sharp rocky brakes and deep green valleys, which I see from the high ground at the back of my country house. The view is bounded by the mountains of Cintra and the Royal Castle of the Pena, throwing its towers into the north-western sky behind which the sun sinks to his rest, leaving us to evening and the moon hanging over Palmello. I could not tell you half the beauty and the glory of this spot. Do you know what it is to hear the singing of the palm-trees away up in the sky as the light fades and the distant shore grows dim, and the glancing sails drop out of view, as the stars appear, till at last you see them only as black phantoms, stalking across the path of the moon? These palm-trees stand with their feet among apple-trees and pears. There is the orange grove, and the pomegranate alongside, with the peaches and the apricots. The great five-pound clusters of grapes hang by the side of the bananas, and the cherries and the Indian corn, and the lemons, while strawberries grow luscious and sweet. This climate of Lisbon is almost perfect. In summer it is not so warm as Boston, and in winter it is not so cold as Savannah. All the fruits of the whole temperate zone come to perfection here, and the flowers are marvellous in beauty and perfume. The geraniums are flowering all winter and summer, and reach to overtop walls ten or twelve feet high. Our garden, planted by the old patriarch of Portugal, grows what we at home call the "exotics," in the open air of January; and marble fountains, vases of Carrara marble, lions, boars, dogs, and human figures, glistening out from among the luxuriant foliage, make of this an Eden, the like of which on the whole earth I have not seen or felt before.

But here there is no dignity in man. Lying and cheating and stealing, filthiness and low vice, everywhere. Nothing respectable, nothing clean. One longs for civilization, longs for thrift and work, and a healthy tone, longs for cleanliness, longs for the honest and straightforward men and women of his race and of his home. This place is very beautiful; nature has made it a paradise, and man has made it unbearable. Disgust, long, deep, continuous disgust! can you imagine that in paradise? If you can, you know what it is, a palace in Portugal.

M. P. L.

REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

Recent Theological Publications in Germany.

1. Who shall interpret wisely the myth of Hermes, that puzzle of the demonstrators of the gods? That the verdict of Herr Christian Mehlis (die Grundidee des Hermes von Standpunkte der vergleichenden Mythologie) will be accepted as final, one can hardly believe. He affirms that Hermes is the god "of the rising and setting sun," and seems so to deprive Apollo of some of his peculiar honor. No god of the Greeks has had more attributes and offices than this "tricksy spirit;" no god has stolen more of the rights of the rest of the hierarchy. He appears, now as the god of fruits; now of cattle; now of trades and crafts; now of streets and doors; now of communication between earth and heaven; and now of messages to hell; now of theft and now of lying; sometimes of graceful speech; and sometimes of graceful motion,—he is the real Proteus of the gods. It has even been suggested that his name Hermes, from "Herma," a support, a steadying, may refute the fancy that he was the peculiar patron of flightiness, and fickleness. At any rate, whether the comparative mythologists admit or not the conclusion of Herr Mehlis, they can add it to the elements involved in solving the problem. The fables of all nations have such a character, and some say that he was the Satan of the book of Job.

2. Much ingenuity is spent by our biblical interpreters, Christian as well as Jewish, to prove that Jesus took his doctrine from one or another of the Jewish sects. Graetz and Ginsburg exhibit the Son of Mary as an Essene, learned in the mysteries, if not disciplined in the practice, of this eccentric people. Geiger, on the other hand, will have it that Jesus was a Pharisee, and denounced his own brethren in his sharp rebukes. Franz Delitsch, in a small treatise (Jesus and Hillel), seeks to defend the originality of Jesus, and to show him greater than any Jewish rabbin. He was not a disciple of Hillel, though he could meet the masters of Israel on their own ground and answer their arguments. These comparisons between the expounders of the Law and the great Teacher may be pressed too far. We hardly know enough of the real teaching and spirit of the rabbins to compare them, in words even, with the fragmentary words of Jesus

in the Gospels. It is impossible, however, for an earnest Christian believer to examine the question between the divine Teacher and the human teachers impartially. A Jew may complain that the Christian professor is cold towards Hillel, while he is warm towards the man whom he loves as his Redeemer; that one is judged by the reason, while the other is judged by the faith, of the critic.

3. A remarkable book for clearness, gloss, and finish of style, as well as for breadth of view and just discrimination, is the essay of E. F. Langhans, "Das Christenthum und seine Mission im Lichte der Weltgeschichte." He is not blinded by the resemblances between the sayings of heathen moralists and the sayings of Christ and his apostles into any confusion of Pagan religions and the Christian religion. Admitting that the Chinese and the Buddhists, and the Talmud, and even Greek and Roman writers, utter sentences very like the golden rule, he will not on that account disregard the difference between the general type of Pagan and Christian morality. The character of the *love* which Christianity commends is much broader than any Jewish or Oriental or Stoic type. The Gentile doctrine of "love," and the Jewish doctrine too, was hindered and limited by many reservations, and the Jewish "neighbor" was really only another Jew. Some will doubtless say of this eloquent plea that the writer is misled by his prejudice, and writes as an enthusiast more than a philosopher, but he will have the facts of civilization on his side. That the Pagan religions contain some of the ideas of the Christian Gospel does not prove that the Gospel is a reproduction or a plagiarism from them.

4. What so learned a writer as K. F. A. Kahnis writes is always worthy of respectful heed. But those who look to find in his discourse (die Auferstehung Christi als geschichtliche Thatsache), any new proof of the reality of the resurrection of Jesus as a physical phenomenon will be disappointed. His argument is the old argument, that the existence of a Church founded upon belief in this fact proves its reality, and that the consent of so many New Testament witnesses cannot be overlooked. Kahnis insists that the literal resurrection of Christ is the only basis of his work as Redeemer, and that he does not deliver men from sin, unless he bodily rose from the dead. Besides, as he is the "first fruit," his rising is the proof of the rising of his followers, and of other men, and if he did not come back from the dead, we shall not. But as the new life of the spirit is another thing from the old life of the flesh, it is hard to see any necessary connection between physical rising and immortal life. The theory that the Christ seen by his disciples after his death was a

vision in their souls, answers the needs of saving faith as well as the theory of physical resurrection, if their conviction that they saw the vision was sincere. The belief, and not the objective fact, was the basis of their zeal and their preaching.

5. The question of the first Epistle of Peter, — when it was written, where, and by whom, — is still a lively question for the German students. The Tübingen School have not decided it. Within the present year, *two* new treatises have appeared, which go over the ground. One of them is the thesis of a young Dutch scholar of Utrecht in taking his doctor's degree (de jongste bezwaren tegen te schtheid van der eersten brief van Petrus getoetst; van Cornelis Hernicus van Rhijn). It examines the arguments of Baur, Weiss, Seufert, Pfleiderer, Hilgenfeld, and others, defending against these opponents the genuineness of the Epistle, accepting it as the word of Peter, written from the Chaldean Babylon for the comfort and encouragement of the persecuted Christians. He rejects the hypothesis that the letter was written only for the Jewish Christians. The other book is part of a larger commentary on the New Testament by the well-known scholar, G. C. K. von Hoffmann, of which the larger portion has already been published. It is an octavo of 235 pages, critical, exegetical, and theological, and it leaves little to be said. The writer, however, is timid, and he evades difficulties, not always adroitly. He rejects the singular notion that Peter was the special apostle of *hope* in the Church.

6. In these days, when Pantheism is coming again into fashion, when Spinoza is the chief among apostles, and Brahma almost a Christian God, a new edition of the works of the Pantheist of the third century will be acceptable, and students will be glad to look into the dark sayings of Plotinus. His treatise, *περὶ θεωρίας*, may be taken as a fair introduction to the metaphysical speculations of the Platonist, though it only makes a part of the third of the fifty-four books of the Enneads. Herr Hermann Friedrich Mueller, in a small volume of fifty pages, translates into idiomatic German, criticises and explains this important tract, throwing as much light as a German pedant could be expected to throw on the work of a Greek mystic. Some dozen years ago, Bouillet rendered the works of Plotinus into excellent French, and probably most English readers will find the French translator more agreeable than the German. Herr Mueller is more interested in the restoration of a pure text than in the difficult work of expounding the connection of the ideal with the actual world. It is doubtful, nevertheless, if the best translation could

make Plotinus intelligible even to the elect of the transcendentalists. Will not the Speculative Philosophy Journal try the experiment in English?

7. Another discourse of K. F. A. Kahnis he calls "The Night and Light of the Present Time" (die Nacht und das Licht der Gegenwart). He sets forth in too dark colors the ominous signs of the present time, though his reasons for heaviness of soul are quite other than those of Schopenhauer and Hartmann. He mourns the decline of orthodoxy, that the sound words of the seventeenth century are despised in the nineteenth. He bewails the lack of faith in a personal God, which has sunk into a dull recognition of only the laws of Nature. He is frightened by the growth of socialism, which is upsetting all the good morals and good order of family life and public law, and reproaches liberalism in religion with this disastrous result. Especially lamentable is this separation of religion from life, of Christianity from Humanity, this substitution of natural for gospel religion. Unfortunately, the *light* which he exhibits is not a match for the shade. It is not an encouragement that so many Christians trust now in the simple doctrine of the Atonement without definition, and hold to it as a safety plank in the wide weltering ocean. The hospitals and philanthropic societies are more satisfactory. But Kahnis might have found, in the growth of knowledge, and the improvement of human condition, some compensation for the miseries which he sees.

8. Rudolf Koehler, in his "Wunde Stellen," tries to give a "diagnosis of some of the signs of disease in the Evangelical Church of Prussia." He is especially alarmed at the insolence and presumption of the Protestantenvorein, the insidious foes of sound doctrine, who are trying, by their new version of the Bible, to supplant the dear old Bible of Martin Luther. If he had looked into the new "Protestanten-bibel," he would have seen that it uses Luther's text literally. He is too narrow in his orthodoxy to understand the large purpose of the scholars who would harmonize the Lutheran creed with the light of this nineteenth age. His notion of *spiritual* things is the formal notion that they are things technically religious, — the notion of the Catholic Church, which calls nuns and monks "religious." The office, and not the character and temper, shows that men are spiritual. There are sore places enough in the Protestant German Church; but the sorest of all is the obstinate unwillingness of such defenders of the faith as Herr Koehler to acknowledge any progress in the thought or wisdom of the Church, — the hostility to the Prot-

estant principle of the right of private judgment. He will not be a good physician who aggravates the divisions, instead of trying to heal them.

Sept Siècles de L'Histoire Judaïque. Depuis la Prise de Jérusalem par Nabuchodonozer jusque la Prise de Bettir par les Romains. Par F. DeSaulcy. Paris: A Lévy.

In this narrative of DeSaulcy there is almost nothing new. The peculiarities of the book are that it makes much use of the dies and inscriptions on the Jewish coins, and that it is all in one piece, not broken by sections or chapters. But it is not at all tiresome. Though the story is almost wholly of wars, and of political intrigues, it is told with force and freshness of style, and the attention of the reader is kept to the end. The chief authority is Josephus and the Old Testament Apocrypha; very slight use is made of the Talmud. Tacitus is mentioned only to be condemned as a liar; and the story of Dion Cassius, that Judaism crept into the Imperial household of Rome, is mentioned as doubtful. The appearance of Jesus and his gospel comes in only as an episode, with small weight in the history, though the name of Jesus appears frequently as the name of other persons, than the son of Mary. Too hastily, as it seems to us, DeSaulcy assumes the genuineness of the passage in the writing of Josephus, which speaks of Jesus of Nazareth. He does not follow here the best critics. He is quite ready, too, to see "absurdity" in many of the statements of the conceited Jewish historian, especially in his numerical estimates, and is not willing to admit that more than a million dead bodies were thrown over the walls at the siege of Jerusalem.

We should take issue, moreover, with DeSaulcy's statement of the opinions of the Pharisees, that they believed in the immortality of the soul and the eternal woe of the wicked. Their doctrine was the resurrection of a glorified body, and they sent the wicked to destruction. His account of the Essenes is much fuller; but here he has too much confidence in the assertions of Josephus. He greatly underrates (following Jeremy) the number of Jewish exiles at the Babylonish captivity: thinks that only a few thousands were carried to Chaldea, only the "aristocracy," a very small proportion of the Jewish people. Of the rise of the Samaritans very little is said, and the hatred of the Jews for those renegades and upstarts is rather justified. The story of Josephus, that Athenæus had orders to set up statues of Jupiter in the Temple on Gerizim, as well as in the Tem-

ple on Moriah, is accepted as true, though the date is fixed for one year earlier. Of the three interpretations of the name "Macchabeus," applied to the valiant Judas, DeSaulcy prefers the "Hammer" rendering, from the Hebrew "Magab." Herein he differs from the Talmudists, who take the name from the final letters of the names of the three patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. He hates the Herod race, and sets their crimes in very bold relief. The siege of Jerusalem by Titus, as DeSaulcy tells it, is extremely graphic, yet only the facts are given: there are no comments of horror, and no attempts at fine writing. Indeed, we hardly know any work in which more picturesque effects are produced by bare narrative. A very valuable appendix gives a complete list of the High Priests in Jerusalem, for nearly seven hundred years, from Sareas to Matthias, with the dates of their death so far as these can be ascertained, and their Hebrew names, and their Greek names as given by Josephus, with the surnames added. DeSaulcy might have given, in another appendix, the account of extant Hebrew coins, of which his collection is large, and which he is expert in interpreting.

On the whole, we can commend his book, in spite of its one long chapter, and its lack of index and of any table of contents, as an excellent summary, in readable phrase, of the authentic facts of the post-biblical Hebrew history. It has no preface, and we cannot learn what the writer intended to do, or whether he has fulfilled his purpose.

The Keys of the Creeds. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.

This anonymous book is a curiosity. The author is apparently a compound of Anglican clergyman, Catholic priest, and rationalist. The book is such a production as one might thence expect. It is stimulating in its earnestness, bright with intelligence and the inspirations of rationalism; but equally marked with limitations of an earlier education and the restraints of ecclesiasticism, — curious as showing how free a thinker may be, and how far he may go, in certain directions, and how tethered, while unconscious of his tether, in others. These contrasts strike the reader in nearly every chapter.

With no aid from "revelation," which is constantly ruled out, but only on rational grounds, and from consciousness, the author seeks to establish all the positions of religious faith, and thence the pretensions of his church. "God made man in his own image." But the necessary methods of human study reverse this order; and so, "Man makes God in his own image." This is the controlling

thought of the book. God is the ideal man, divested of his limitations and personified. As human life improves with culture, theology advances; and it is curious to trace the "advance" that gradually gives us gods many and lords many, dualities and trinities, — trinities bearing evidence of the activity of the imagination, but bearing little correspondence to the trinities given in the creeds. The keys of the creeds are found, first, in that solar-worship which either was the source of much of our Christian symbolism, or presents a wonderful parallel; and, secondly, in that theory of a duality in nature which is perhaps naturally inviting to the mind of a celibate. The union of two is the condition of the production of a third; and so we have a trinity, of which the Son is the product of the Father and the Holy Spirit. And out of regard for the importance of the feminine element, this first trinity is matched by a feminine trinity in the person of the Blessed Virgin Mary, as Mother, Spouse, and Daughter of God. "The divine sonship of the ideal man has its complement and counterpart in the divine daughterhood of the ideal woman, — an impersonation which bids fair, in future developments of Catholic doctrine, . . . to invert the positions hitherto assigned to these two constituents of the Godhead." Then follow some of those rapturous and amorous addresses with which the church salutes the Blessed Virgin Mary, and the very cheering assurance that "there are country parishes in which, as bright oases in the desert of unbelief, the parish church witnesses not only the invocation of the saints and prayers for the dead, but the recognition of the Blessed Virgin as the effectual Mediator with the Father and Son, and even as herself a hearer and answerer of prayer." There is something more than pathetic in the appeal to Anglicans to be gathered once more as chickens under the wing of Catholicism, and be made partakers of her divine secret and method!

In contrast to this, there are, in the chapters on "The Church Actual" and "The Church Possible," some strong and true things which the world will respond to, and it were well if the church would hear. "The chief cause of the failure of Catholicism to gather the world into its fold is its assumption of temporal power, and its affectation of universal infallibility, from which has come the substitution of the principle of authority for the voice of the individual conscience." "Church and state both rest on the same basis, — the collective conscience of the citizen. . . . The duty of each citizen to his own conscience is superior to the obligation imposed on him by his fellows under the name of either. In all issues, his conscience must be

supreme; and it is not as controller, but as developer, of that conscience that the church should ever regard itself." With the appreciativeness that comes from an experience within the church, and with a boldness which a Protestant would scarcely assume, this author calls the Holy Eucharist "one of the grossest of fetiches, and a banquet for carnivora!"

In the chapter on "Man's God and Nature's God," this author reiterates that offensive slander against nature which is becoming so common with both religionists and rationalists. He takes up that distorted line of argument by which John Stuart Mill, in his essay on Nature, so much maligns the Creator. Why will not some one utter the answer that is in so many hearts? The power of this argument lies in its arbitary definitions, — in its limitation, both of the terms and of the survey to which it applies them. He that shall sum up the moral analogies and suggestions of which the material world is full, — trace the evidences of considerate love, patience, mercy, and forgiveness with which nature abounds, — will do no small service to many whose religious sentiment and sense of truth are wounded by these groundless flings.

Schiller's Die Piccolomini. By James Morgan Hart. Pp. lxxi. 170. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1875.

The handy little volumes of the series of "German Classics for American Students," of which this is the second, are a luxury and delight to all tyros in the German language and literature; and this one at least, with its correct text from a most carefully collated German edition, its full historical introduction, its index of persons and places, and clear map of Germany at the beginning of the Thirty Years' War, and its commentary, which is especially good in regard to colloquialisms and technical terms and phrases, will be of great service even to the thorough scholar, as it brings together in compact form a multitude of obscure facts, which the reader of this drama would else have to search for far and wide.

The Wonderful Life. By Hesba Stretton. New York: Dodd & Mead.

This is an attempt to make a continuous story of the life of Jesus, from materials found in the gospels and elsewhere. The absence of any suggestion of doubt that these events occurred in just this order, and for these causes, is most noticeable in this book; and we have the unhesitating answer given to many problems that have pressed us

long. Where so much is confidently known, we can but wish that yet a little more were told, — that the author would open her mouth yet once more, and unfold certain other things kept secret from the foundation of our religion.

In no study, perhaps, is the aid of imagination more imperative than in that of the gospels; in none can an unsympathetic or irrational imagination work more havoc. We cannot say that this power is generally employed successfully in this book, though it is sometimes. These popular lives of Jesus are often among the best text books for Sunday schools, and we can recommend this for such purpose. Perhaps it is not less adapted for this service because it so frequently provokes dissent, and thus leads to better views in those parts that must be supplied by the imagination.

Queen Mary. A Drama. By Alfred Tennyson. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

Since Shakespeare, no one has entered the field of the historical drama as a master. Mr. Tennyson selects for his certainly very courageous venture upon it a period which must have attracted him mainly, we should judge, as bridging the way from Henry VIII. to the more brilliant reign of Elizabeth, and the stirring times of the Rebellion and the Commonwealth. His partial, though very considerable, success in this portrayal of the often repulsive scenes and actors in the dark and disastrous days of Mary, raises hopes of much more satisfactory results if he shall go on, as we trust he will, to use the better materials for the dramatic poet which these later periods afford.

An Idyl of Work. By Lucy Larcom. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

This book is altogether enjoyable, not only as a poem, but also and especially in its moral purpose and influence. Its theme is American factory life, in that earlier period when the operatives were American girls, who, for a purpose, accepted this opportunity of self-support. It contributes something to the history, yet to be appreciatively written, of that most interesting phase of our social and industrial life, when the employes were mostly intelligent and responsible, and held relations of mutual interest with their employers, — an era of "plain living and high thinking." Women put their hands to this toil, and, from being dependants, became efficient aids to others; kept their womanliness, kept their social positions and relations; and, though they did sometimes smell of their toil, there was yet a flavor of

womanly refinement and culture about them that told with elevating influences both on themselves and on their surroundings.

But there is something besides the "mill" in this book, as there was much besides in the characters it describes. The homes out of which they came, the purposes which led them, the sentiments that sustained them, the principles that controlled them, and, as well, the philosophy of the relations of labor and capital, — all are presented with truthfulness and poetic power. The book depicts in its characters the successful combination of a high ideal in life with fidality in lowly toil, and a high-thoughted womanliness which it is delightful to contemplate. There are also, scattered through the book, many gems, in descriptive pieces, love poems, hymns, meditations, such as fix themselves in the memory.

Harry Blount. Passages in a Boy's Life on Land and Sea. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1875. Price, $1.50.

The author of the "Intellectual Life," "A Painter's Camp," "Chapters on Animals," &c., has essayed to command still another variety of literary success in this book for boys. Able and versatile as he is, it must be questioned whether he has quite succeeded. The book often suggests comparison with "School Days at Rugby," but lacks something of the indescribable charm which made that irresistible. Still there are fresh and vigorously written chapters on swimming, hunting, yachting, and the various experiences and mishaps of an English boy's school and vacation life; and we need not say that the book is conscientiously written, and full of information on various topics that will make it of interest and value to every thinking boy.

The Sexes Throughout Nature. By Antoinette Brown Blackwell, author of "Studies in General Science," &c. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This is a very able book, from the pen of a woman. The modesty of its preface, at the outset, ought to disarm of his prejudices any reader who can see only superficiality and pretense in the efforts of women after the higher sciences. The clear style and power of close reasoning leads one to feel at once that the writer has no need to make any apology for her argument, however much he may disagree with her conclusions. Mrs. Blackwell pays all due respect to Mr. Darwin and Mr. Spencer in her first statement in regard to sex and evolution, but maintains a virtual equivalence of the sexes. She also pays all due respect to Dr. Clark's "physical and psychical main

premises, and yet may differ from him at every turn in a practical direction." She quotes Dr. Brown Sequard's admirable rules in regard to the use of the nervous system, and assumes that, as he prescribes them for human beings, he makes no distinction between man or woman. In speaking of invalidism, she says, "Let every woman comprehend that inactivity is death." She fitly concludes one of her last chapters, on the importance of a right use of all our powers, with the Master's words, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Autobiography of Thomas Guthrie, D.D., and Memoir by his sons, Rev. David R. Guthrie and Charles J. Guthrie, M.A. In two volumes. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 1875. [To be reviewed.]

Practical Ethics, for Schools and Families. Illustrated by Chart. By Matilda Fletcher. Pp. 154. A. S. Barnes & Co. 1875.

Daily Thoughts. By Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D. Edited by Rev. J. V. D. Shurts. New York: Dodd & Mead. 1875.

Toward the Strait Gate; or, Parish Christianity for the Unconverted. By Rev. E. F. Burr, D.D., author of "Ecce Cœlum," "Pater Mundi," "Ad Fidem," &c. Pp. 535. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks, & Co. 1875.

The Life of Christopher Columbus. By John S. C. Abbott. New York: Dodd & Mead. 1875.

A Reply to the Liberal Tract Society; and also to All who Interpret the Scriptures from Self-derived Intelligence. Pp. 83. Boston: Carter & Pettee. 1875.

Correspondences of the Bible. The Animals. By John Worcester. Pp. 276. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks, & Co. 1875.

Swedenborg Studies. By Richard M'Cully. Pp. 342. James Speirs, No. 26 Bloomsbury Street, London. 1875.

Madame Récamier, and her Friends. From the French of Madame Lenormant, by the translator of Madame Récamier's Memoirs. Price $1.50. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1875.

Hymns by Frederic William Faber, D.D. With a Sketch of his Life. 16mo, gilt. Price $2.00. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1875.

Eight Cousins; or, the Aunthill. By Louisa M. Alcott. With illustrations. Price $1.50. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1875.

The Masque of Pandora, and Other Poems. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

From Jest to Earnest. By Rev. E. P. Roe. New York: Dodd & Mead. 1875.

Jolly Good Times; or, Child-life on a Farm. By P. Thorne. Price $1.50. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1875.

Elsie's Womanhood. By Martha Farquason. New York: Dodd & Mead. 1875.

Reviews and Magazines for October: North American, Baptist Quarterly, New Englander, Bibliotheca Sacra, Congregational Quarterly, Theological Review; Atlantic, Scribner's, St. Nicholas, Wide Awake, Eclectic, Sanitarian, Penn, — Monthlies. La Libre Recherche, for September.

UNITARIAN REVIEW

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INCARNATION AND TRANSUBSTANTIATION.

HAD we no other record than that which the first three Gospels present of the sayings and doings of Jesus, the Christian religion would never have taken the form which it did in the teaching and creed of the church. Whoever compares the Fourth Gospel with the other three, perceives a wide difference, not to say conflict, between the Jesus depicted by Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and the Christ portrayed by John. The difference appears in the acts recorded, and is still more conspicuous in the sayings ascribed to him. In their view of the Messiah, the first three evangelists — the so-called "synoptics" — are substantially one. Their record may be termed the Jews' Gospel, that of John the Greek.

The vexed question of authorship I shall not discuss. Whether written by John, the son of Zebedee, or by whomsoever written, it is very un-Jewish, and even anti-Jewish, in its spirit and aim. I cannot agree with Dr. Sears in thinking that it gives us the heart of Christ. On the contrary, it seems to me to present, instead of the historical Jesus, or interfused with the historical Jesus, an idol

fashioned in the mind of the writer. Certainly, a very different Jesus from that of the Jews' Gospel.

The Jews' Gospel sees in Jesus simply the Jewish Messiah, the destined king of the Jewish people, having an hereditary claim to the national throne, — a claim which it seeks to establish by genealogies tracing his descent from David and Abraham. The Greek Gospel, on the contrary, cares nothing for the royal lineage and nothing for the Jewish throne. It has nothing to say of the human ancestry of Jesus, but leaps at once to his spiritual pedigree, in virtue of which he overtops Moses and out-dates Abraham. Its Christ is the Word made flesh. The Jews' Gospel presents its subject on the natural, national, human side; the Greek Gospel propounds a Christ who is superhuman and divine.

Here is a difference, which is very profound, between the first three Gospels and that of John; and one which involves a fundamental difference of race,— a difference which reaches down to the very roots of the human world. It takes us back to Shem and Japhet, the ancestors respectively, according to biblical tradition, of two races whose mental characteristics and religious proclivities are widely distinct. "Semitic" and "Japhetic" represent two types of mind which differ generally in their intellectual manifestations, and more especially in their theology. They have given birth respectively to two distinct classes or lines of religions, whose beginnings are as old as history, and some of whose progeny remain to this day.

Judaism and Mohammedanism are the offspring of Shem; the Greek mythology, long since extinct, and Brahmanism and Buddhism, which still survive, are the progeny of Japhet.

Now, the chief characteristic of Semitic theology, as it seems to me, is not monotheism, as Renan and others have stated it; for some of the Semitic nations, the Phœnicians, for example, have been polytheists, — not the belief in one God, but the wide separation between God and man, the absence of any doctrine of incarnation. The Jewish mind, for example, knew no mediation between God and man but that of the prophet's word or the priest's atoning sacrifice. In the Jewish religion, — and the same is true of the Mohammedan, its offspring, — there is a gulf between God

and man, not a consequence of sin, but inherent in the nature of Godhead, and which no atonement can do away. Jehovah is a being apart, uncommunicating, incommunicable. He sends his messengers abroad to make known and execute his will, but he himself inhabits the high and holy place, and never quits his local throne. His word goes forth, it comes to this or that individual, but never becomes man, never incarnates itself in a human person. The greatest of prophets is still but a prophet, nothing more. The Jewish church never dreamed of deifying Moses, Islam never dreamed of deifying Mohammed, as the Christian church has deified Christ. The fundamental principles of both religions forbid such deification. But when we turn to the religions of that other great division of the human race, the Japhetic, we encounter an entirely different conception of Godhead. Here deification and incarnation are familiar and ruling ideas. In the elder of the Hindoo religions, we encounter a series of successive incarnations, of which the tenth and last is yet to come. In the younger faith of Buddhism, we encounter a succession of deifications: the Buddhist knowing no God but one who was first man, and, having become God, has again and again descended into humanity for the salvation of men. In the religion of the Greeks, the most cultivated nation of antiquity, we find gods and men conversing on easy and familiar terms, — Deity taking often a human form, mortals often raised to the rank of gods.

This fundamental difference of religious tendency in the two races, — the tendency, on the one hand, to separate God from man by an infinite distance, not only of degree, but of kind, and the tendency, on the other, to view them as distinguished only by degree, and as being in possible, close communion with each other, — this fundamental difference is reflected in the New Testament. The Jews' Gospel, comprising Matthew, Mark, and Luke, represents the former tendency; the Fourth Gospel, bearing the name of John, represents the latter. And thus the difference, which even the superficial reader must notice between these two portions of the New Testament, has its origin in the deepest roots of human history. The fact to me is one of intense significance, proof, and illustration of the universality of adaptation, the reconciling spirit, the world-embracing scope, of the Gospel of Christ. When Paul

said that in Christ there is neither Jew nor Greek, he spoke with reference to the disregard of nationality and the equal acceptance with God, in the Christian view, of all the kindreds and tribes of men. But the saying is true in another and wider sense. In Christ, that is, in Christianity, there is neither Jew nor Greek, because both are merged in a third and new creation.* In other words, Christianity is a reconciliation and compromise between the Jewish and the Greek religion, between polytheism and monotheism, correcting the looseness of the one and moderating the stiffness of the other.

In accordance with this view, we have in the first three Gospels the Jewish conception of Christ as the national Messiah; no suggestion, no hint, of any doctrine of incarnation, no hint of what may be called the divine humanity, the union of God and man in Christ. The Fourth Gospel, which, if written by a Jew, was written under Greek influences and for Greeks, abounds in hints to that effect. Of these, the most noticeable are the statement at the start, that the Word which was in the beginning, and which was God, was made flesh in Jesus Christ; and the statement in the sixth chapter, that the flesh of Christ is the life of the world which, unless his disciples eat, they have no life in them. From these two statements the Christian church in past ages developed two doctrines which are closely related the one with the other, and which constitute the two focal points in the Roman Catholic system of faith: first, the identity in substance of Christ with God, in other words, the incarnation of God in Christ; second, the doctrine of the "real presence" of Christ in the bread of the Lord's Supper when consecrated by the priest, commonly known as the doctrine of Transubstantiation. These are not doctrines of the New Testament, but the passages I have cited from the Gospel of John furnished the suggestions on which they are founded. It took three centuries to bring out the one, and seven centuries more to fix and complete the other. Most Protestant Christians, with some inconsistency, reject the latter while retaining the former: reject transubstantiation while retaining the doctrine of incarnation, that is, of the deity of Christ. With some incon-

* "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature."

sistency, I say, because they are closely related. The theological motive, the underlying principle, in both, is the same. In both, the interior sense is the union of the human and divine, the principle that God is in real contact with human nature, and that only through that contact is man redeemed from the power of sin and death and made partaker of eternal life. Let us look at both doctrines in the light of this idea.

I. Incarnation. God taking a human form in Christ. There is no trace of this doctrine in the first century. The Christians of the first century were strict monotheists, — Unitarians. They speculated very little, if at all, about the person of Christ. The facts of his history were too near to allow of such speculation. No mystic theory that might arise could compete with the recent impression which those facts had left in the mind. Here was the story of a man who had lived and died like other men, distinguished only by his moral elevation, his wonder-working power, and his martyr-death. Jewish converts still looked upon him, through the medium of their Messianic idea, as the national Messiah who would re-appear as earthly potentate and establish his throne in Jerusalem. Gentile Christians were content to see in him a teacher of saving truths, a deliverer from the errors of polytheism, from the bondage of superstition and sin, — the authoritative witness of the doctrine of one God and that of the resurrection.

But when the historical Christ had receded into the distance of a by-gone age, when his image, as an actual person, had grown dim, and the tendencies of the Gentile mind, especially the tendency to deify illustrious and extraordinary men, had begun to react on the simplicity of the Gospel, Christian faith, no longer satisfied with bare historic fact, idealized the person of Christ, exalted him above earthly limitations into something superhuman and divine, and here and there went so far as to make him pure spirit, assuming the likeness of man but divested of all natural belongings, without flesh and blood, a divine apparition. Then came the doctrine of the Word, the personfied Wisdom, in Jewish phrase "the first begotten Son of God," whom a portion of the church, in accordance with the Gospel of John, supposed to have been united to the man Jesus, and to have constituted the true Christ.

To these two influences, the deifying tendency and the doctrine of the Word, must be added a third. That third and most influential factor in the doctrine of the incarnation, as finally shaped by the church, was the view entertained of man's redemption. The mission of the Gospel was understood to be the redemption of human nature, and the reconciliation or reunion of man with God, in whose image he was formed. This redemption, it was maintained, could be accomplished only by actual communication and contact of God with man. This contact, it was therefore urged, must be supposed to have taken place in the person of Christ, — the divine and the human uniting in him. Accordingly, the Word incarnated in Jesus must be regarded as partaking of the nature or substance of Deity: not, as the Arians taught, a created being, however remote and antecedent to all other finite existence that creation might be conceived, but uncreated, without beginning of existence, born of God from eternity, and therefore one with God in substance, — "consubstantial." The Son consubstantial with the Father, this was the doctrine of Athanasius, and the Council of Nicæa, where this point was decided.

The superficial mind is apt to regard these questions, which then agitated the church and the world, as empty abstractions, senseless quibbles; but the union of God with man is no quibble; it is a truth of profound significance, and the Council of Nicæa which declared it is one of the most important assemblies that ever convened on this earth: it dates a new era in the history of human thought. God in actual contact with man — God in man and man in God — is the underlying idea of the Athanasian dogma which asserts that the Son is consubstantial with the Father. Probably, Athanasius did not perceive the real drift and scope of his doctrine. It was only of the person of Christ that he affirmed substantial community with God. Christ united in his person two natures, the human and the divine; and, by this union of God with man in the person of Christ, human nature is redeemed and restored to health and God. This was the substance of his theology. He did not show, nor does it appear, how humanity in general is benefited by this exceptional participation of the divine nature. Of what avail to mankind at large that a single individ-

ual, of the countless millions who in all the ages of human history have walked the earth, was substantially united to God, if all the rest are substantially separated from him? Athanasius maintained, against some of his contemporaries, the real humanity of Christ. But if Christ was really man, he differed from other men only in degree. What he by nature possessed without measure, all men in a measure must also possess. This, Athanasius, from want of thoroughness, failed to perceive, or, from want of consistency, failed to admit. This was his doctrinal limitation and defect. The fault of the Trinitarian doctrine, so far as this point is concerned, is not what it teaches, but what it omits to teach. It is not the assertion of divinity in Christ, but the limitation of divine humanity to him, the implied exclusion of the rest of mankind from any part or lot in this matter. In the view of the Trinitarian doctrine, mankind at large are separated from Christ, not only in degree, but in kind; they have not that oneness with him which he himself accorded to them in his prayer, "That they all may be one; as Thou, Father, art in me and I in Thee, that they may be one in us." They have not that part in God which one of the New Testament writers affirms of Christians at least, — "Called to be partakers of the divine nature."

II. To remedy this defect, to assure to believers that participation of the Godhead, without which, it was maintained, there is no salvation, was the meaning and purpose of the doctrine of Transubstantiation. According to this doctrine, the bread of the Christian ordinance of the Supper, when consecrated by the priest, is converted into the body of Christ, whereby they who partake of it are substantially, and, as it were, bodily, united to Christ and to God. Transubstantiation, as I said, is closely connected with, and a logical supplement to, incarnation.

Both of these doctrines, in the form in which they are held and maintained by the larger portions of the church, are repudiated by Unitarian Christians, as opposed to reason and common sense. But in both of them there is an element of truth which, stripped of its doctrinal embodiment, is worth considering, and which most of us, I think, will heartily accept. To say that God incarnated himself in a single individual, of all the multitude of

the human family; that once, and once only, in all the ages of time he manifested himself in a human person,— is a proposition which cannot satisfy, if it does not shock, the unprejudiced mind. But expand the proposition: say that God is manifest (and that is the only logical sense in which we can speak of incarnation), that God is manifest in every inspired teacher and prophet of truth and righteousness, in every holy, self-sacrificing life, in every martyr who, living or dying, devotes himself to any great and worthy cause, manifest in all in whom love of truth or love of God and man is the ruling motive and principle of action; say, with Paul, that all "who are led by the Spirit of God are sons of God" in precisely the sense, if not in the degree, in which Jesus was the Son of God; that the real distinction and peculiarity of Christ was not an exceptional, but a sublimely typical nature and life, not that he was the only God-man, but the type of the God-man, in all generations, — say this, and you assert what no unprejudiced thinker and no philosophic student of religion will deny. And this I believe to be the real interior truth of the Athanasian doctrine, albeit Athanasius himself may not have seized it in its fullness, as certainly he did not unfold it in his teaching. God incarnates himself in human society just so far as the kingdom of God is established in the world. Every triumph of truth and right which the spirit of Christ achieves over selfish passion and unrighteous custom, like the abolition of slavery and the emancipation of woman; every principle of justice which gains ascendancy in human legislation, which incorporates itself in civil society; every institution which labors in the spirit of Christ for the relief of human misery and the furtherance of human well-being, — is a step in that progressive incarnation of divine attributes in human kind which illustrates and fulfills the prophetic prayer of Christ, "That they all may be one in us."

So, likewise, the doctrine of Transubstantiation, in its gross and literal sense the most monstrous that was ever propounded by any religion, has yet its true side. Strip it of the technicalities and sensuous imagery with which it has been associated by the Church of Rome, and it means that the consecrating action of faith transmutes the material into the spiritual; discerns a spiritual presence and finds spiritual nourishment in material things. It means the participation and assimilation of the spirit of Christ, symbolized by the eat-

ing of the bread which he called his body. Christ told his people, "Except ye eat of the flesh of the Son of Man ye have no life abiding in you." It was a daring figure which the church understood in a coarse and literal way, and of which the doctrine in question was the practical interpretation. Let us understand by it the application of Christian truth to the present earthly life. Christianity requires the flesh of the Son of Man, that is, a visible world, in which the spirit of the Son of Man, a divine spirit, shall embody itself. And this idea, amid all the superstitions and monstrous perversions which gathered around it, is dimly shadowed forth in the Roman Church dogma of transubstantiation. Bread, which forms so important a part of this "flesh" or visible world, may be regarded as symbolizing the whole. The consecrated wafer, which Romish superstition conceives to be bread converted into Deity by the word of a priest, may be taken to represent the looked-for universal transformation of this human world by the communication of a higher and divine life.

Such meaning I discern in the doctrines discussed, and accept them in this sense. I believe in the ever-proceeding incarnation of the spirit of God in human life. I believe in the ever-proceeding transubstantiation of the world into the similitude of the divine idea. The Trinitarian doctrine was a crude attempt to formulate these truths, but instead of their exponent became their grave. Trinitarian theology has lost its hold of advancing Christian thought; but the thing it embodied, divine humanity, across all the mists of theology is struggling into light, is struggling into practical self-demonstration across all the atrocities and woes of time. Side by side with the horrors of carnage and the desolations of war, it bids the eternal charities bloom. It accompanies the march of devastating hosts with the sacred band of self-elected comforters, whose service no softness shuns and no danger dismays. It summons the civilized world to minister to the wants and woes of countries laid waste by famine or fire. It challenges science to show how ancient wrongs may be abated, and the life of man in society be made more beautiful and safe.

Thus, practical Christianity fulfills the truth that was hidden in the obsolete dogmas of the church; and thus, where "the letter killeth, the spirit maketh alive."

F. H. Hedge.

SCIENCE AND IMMORTALITY.*

On its own merits, the book entitled "The Unseen Universe, or, Physical Speculations on a Future State," would not have attracted the attention it has received; for it is a book devoid of grace of style and skill in presentation, never waxing eloquent, except when reciting the death-warrant of the visible universe, with no poetry beyond the felicitous quotations at the beginning of each chapter, as unlike as possible the flowing drapery in which Huxley and Tyndall always clothe their thought. But the book is said to have been written by two of the most eminent scientists in England, Profs. Tait and Balfour Stewart. The charge has never been denied, and has much internal evidence to support it; notably the painful likeness of the style to that of Balfour Stewart's other writings. Certainly when two men of this sort, men of first-rate scientific ability, put their heads together to enlighten us about the unseen universe, it behooves us to give them our most careful and reverent attention.

A preliminary statement of the present aspect of belief in immortality asserts very truthfully, no doubt, that the minority of disbelievers has, of late years, greatly increased, until at the present moment it numbers in its ranks not a few of the most intelligent, the most earnest and virtuous of men. Many of these are unwilling disbelievers. To these our authors wish to be considered as mainly addressing themselves. Next follows some account of the various beliefs that have prevailed from time to time in regard to a future state of existence, — tolerably fair and good, but not without some evidence lurking here and there of a disposition to make out the desire and craving for such a life more universal and more positive than they have been in reality. To account for the almost total lack of any such desire or craving on the part of the ancient Hebrews, recourse is had to the extremely fanciful explanation of Dean Stanley: "The future life was not

* The Unseen Universe; or, Physical Speculations on a Future State. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1875.

denied or contradicted, but it was overlooked, set aside, overshadowed by the consciousness of the living, actual presence of God himself. That truth, at least in the limited conceptions of the youthful nation, was too vast to admit of any rival truth, however precious." This is a clever piece of special pleading; but the fact is, that the time when there was least concern about the future corresponds to the time when the worship of one God was not yet firmly developed, when Jehovah and the Elohim divided the honors of the worshipers, while the worship of Jehovah, without any rival, was the signal for the development of a doctrine of a future life and bodily resurrection. In treating of the various forms which the doctrine of immortality has assumed among Christian believers, considerable space is given to Swedenborg, and the suspicious circumstance is noted, that he only visited those planets which were known to exist when he wrote; also, that he describes the inhabitants of Jupiter, Saturn, and the moon, three heavenly bodies considered uninhabitable by modern astronomers, the two former being still incandescent, the latter having no life-supporting atmosphere. The Spiritualists are summarily dismissed; but it is interesting to remember that Messrs. Wallace and Crook, as able scientists as Profs. Tait and Stewart, are both ardent Spiritualists, and the former certainly arrives at his results by much more rigid scientific methods than characterize the work which we are now considering.

After these preliminaries, the discussion fairly begins with assuming, "as absolutely self-evident, the existence of a Deity who is the Creator of all things;" and that the laws of the universe are "those laws according to which the beings in the universe are conditioned by the Governor thereof." The essential requisites of existence are declared to be an organ of memory as a means of retaining some sort of hold upon the past, and the possibility of action in the present. "A living being must have in his frame the capacity for varied movement. . . . We cannot imagine life to be associated with a motionless mass, or with a mass which moves in any invariable manner." Are these essential requisties of life capable of being indefinitely fulfilled within the boundaries of the visible universe? Our authors answer, They are not. If, then, man is to be immortal, it must be somewhere outside the

limits of the visible universe. "The things which are seen are temporal." Only two other methods of immortal life are possible. It may be conceived of as a transference from the present visible universe to another order of things entirely unconnected with it; or it may be regarded as a transference from the visible universe to some other order of things intimately connected with it. The second of these two conceptions is the one which our authors endeavor to maintain. The first is set aside at once because of its implying a breach of the law of continuity. This law of continuity is the law in virtue of which every event is definitely related to some antecedent. There is no break anywhere in the great chain of causation. "We are met with difficulties of many kinds, — the rock, the tangled growth, the swamp, the thick darkness, — but never the abyss." The transference of any living being from the present visible universe to another wholly unconnected with it, would be a manifest breach of such a law. So too would be the miracle of the theologian, so long as he supposes it to be an absolute interference of the Divine Governor with his usual physical procedure. Hence, so interpreted, the resurrection of Jesus from the dead is no sufficient argument for immortality.. The principle of continuity is also hostile to "the extreme school of science," as our authors choose to call those, who, so far as the visible universe is concerned, agree with them entirely. It is the teaching of the extreme school of science that the entire universe is a great fire which must ultimately burn itself out. But for the entire universe to either come to an end, or come to a beginning, is a manifest breach of continuity. The entire visible universe, the whole of matter and its environing luminiferous ether, is destined to decay and ultimate extinction; but the law of continuity demands, that, before this visible universe existed, there should have been an invisible universe for it to proceed from, and that there should be such a universe to inherit its effects when it exists no longer.

The proposition that the present visible universe does not answer to the requirements of an immortal life, is sustained by an elaborate exposition of the laws which govern the production and distribution of heat throughout the visible universe. "This universe may in truth be compared to a vast heat-engine. . . . The

sun is the furnace or source of high-temperature heat of our system, just as the stars are for other systems; and the energy which is essential to our existence is derived from the heat which the sun radiates, and represents only a very small portion of that heat. But while the sun thus supplies us with energy he is himself getting colder, and must ultimately, by means of radiation into space, part with the life-sustaining power which he at present possesses. Besides the cooling of the sun, we must also suppose that, owing to something analogous to ethereal friction, the earth and other planets of our system will be drawn spirally nearer and nearer the sun, and will at length be engulfed in his mass. In each case there will be, as the result of this collision, the conversion of visible energy into heat, and a partial and temporary restoration of the power of the sun. At length, however, this process will have come to an end; and he will be extinguished, until after long, but not unmeasurable, ages, by means of the same ethereal friction, his black mass is brought into contact with his nearest neighbor." . . . "So that it is certain that, if the present physical laws remain in operation long enough, there will be (at immense intervals of time) mighty catastrophes due to the crashing-together of defunct suns, the smashing of the greater part of each into nebulous dust surrounding the remainder, which will form an intensely heated nucleus, then possibly the formation of a new and larger set of planets, with a proportionately larger and hotter sun, a solar system on a far grander scale than the present. And so on, growing in grandeur, but diminishing in number, till the exhaustion of energy is complete, and after that eternal rest, so far as visible motion is concerned." If these contingencies are not cheerful or inspiring to imagine, we may console ourselves with the reflection that the least remote of them is probably some billions of years remote from our centennial era. Profs. Tait and Stewart insist that they preclude the idea of an immortal life within the limits of the present visible universe. But, not content with showing that this universe is coming to an end some day so far as its transformable energy is concerned, they proceed to show, "at least as a possibility," that the separate existence of the visible universe will share the same fate as its available energy, "so that we shall have no huge, useless, inert heap existing in after ages to remind the

passer-by of a form of energy and a species of matter that are long since out of date and functionally effete."

> "The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve,
> And like an unsubstantial pageant faded
> Leave not a rack behind."

The line of argument by which the transformation of the substance of the material and ethereal universe into the invisible is, or is attempted to be, proved, is very interesting if not entirely satisfactory. It is based upon the idea of Sir William Thomson, that what we call matter may consist of the rotating portions of a perfect fluid which continuously fills space. But the object of Sir William Thomson's investigations into the ultimate structure of atoms was to explain the attraction of gravity. To call an atom a vortex-ring was not sufficient to do this, and so he supplemented this idea with the idea that the luminiferous ether also is composed of vortex-rings, but smaller and more densely packed than those of ordinary matter. So that the difference between matter and ether is reduced to a mere difference in the size and arrangement of the component vortex-rings. Science relieves itself, by this hypothesis, of the wholly unscientific assumption that gravity acts upon distant objects without any intervening medium. Profs. Tait and Stewart object to this hypothesis, however, that it assumes an act of creation to account for the ethereal vortices, and is therefore chargeable with making a breach in the principle of continuity. To avoid this breach let us suppose, they say, an extra-mundane ether made up of still finer vortices than the luminiferous ether. The absorption of energy by the latter medium supports this theory. The energy thus absorbed is not lost, but economized by the unseen universe. This absorption is continually going on, and must be finally complete. So, too, the substance of the material and ethereal universe, being made of vortex-rings, must be ephemeral, like the vortex-rings a smoker puffs into the air, the only difference being that the smoke-ring lasts only a few seconds, while the material universe seems likely to last some billions of years.

In such a universe, immortality is, of course, impossible in the sense of never-ending life. The organism would end with the environment. Immortality demands a frame or organ, a spiritual body, connecting us with the invisible world, and which may survive the dissolution of the mundane universe. It is necessary to assume such a body in order to account for the apparent waste of radiant energy in the visible universe. If this were intended to last forever, and to afford an eternal existence to intelligent beings, the apparent waste would be accounted for, as it would enable these beings to keep up their communication with the past (pp. 145–6). But we know that the present universe, although a glorious garment, is not an immortal one. We also know that there is an invisible universe, from which the visible order once proceeded, and into which it will be finally resolved. "Now, is it not natural to imagine that a universe of this nature, which we have reason to think exists, and is connected by bonds of energy with the visible universe, is also capable of receiving energy from it? May we not regard ether, or the medium, as not merely a bridge between one portion of the visible universe and another, but also as a bridge between one order of things and another, forming, as it were, a species of cement in virtue of which the various orders of the universe are welded together and made into one?" "If now we turn to thought, we find that, inasmuch as it affects the present visible universe, it produces a material organ of memory. But the motions which accompany thought will also affect the invisible order of things; and thus it follows that "*thought, conceived to affect the matter of another universe simultaneously with this, may explain a future state.*" Accompanying every thought, there are certain molecular motions and displacements of the brain which are in part stored up in that organ and constitute a material or physical memory. Other parts, however, are communicated to the invisible or spiritual body, and are there stored up, forming a memory which may be made use of when that body is free to exercise its functions. Here, then, we have realized one essential condition of immortality, — an organ of memory independent of the present visible universe. Another essential condition is realized by the transference of energy from the present universe into the invisible, wherefore the spiritual body will have eminently

the power of action. The power of action, an organic memory, — these are the two essential conditions of immortal life.

And now, granting that our would-be instructors have done successfully what they have attempted, what have they actually shown? Only, by their own confession, that immortality is possible, and that the scientific objection to it, that the visible universe will ultimately burn itself out, is not a valid one. For positive evidence of immortality they tell us we must go elsewhere than to their learned, incoherent pages. We must go to "the intense longing for immortality which civilized man has invariably possessed," and to certain statements made concerning Jesus in the Christian Scriptures. But, say our professors, there is the same scientific objection to the resurrection of Jesus, as ordinarily conceived, as against the extreme views of science concerning the origin and destiny of the physical universe. It is a breach of continuity. But it is no longer such if we regard it as a transference of energy from the invisible to the visible universe. "For the invisible was able to produce the present visible universe with all its energy, and, of course, *a fortiori*, could very easily produce such transmutations of energy as would account for" the resurrection of Jesus. Further speculations follow. "Pushing back the first cause as far in time as possible," this being always, we are assured, a proper vent for scientific energy, a sort of Gnostic *demiourgos* indwelling in the world, and controlling its molecular development, is identified with the second person of the Trinity, and the third person is ingeniously assigned some useful and appropriate function. A hell, in which the Devil is "chief stoker," is repudiated with some indignation; but there "will most probably be some enduring process of combustion and torture." As to the joys of heaven, we are mainly referred to Christian hymnology; but it is suggested that, "by some relay battery of the universe," the universal memory (for the universe we are informed has a memory as well as the individual) may become individual, so that we shall be enabled to realize scenes that happened in the far-distant past. Another pastime will be running to and fro in the universe, as no one in this world has ever done (Swedenborg excepted), and arranging the action of gravity "with reference to the real welfare of individuals." The remark is almost superfluous, that

"the ability to do so now would be a very dangerous gift, and would go far to upset the present economy." Many of these positions are fortified by passages from Scripture, but the resemblance is for the most part very fanciful. Such, then, in brief, is the contribution of modern science, impersonated by two of its most able representatives, to our faith in immortality. I, who would fain hold to this faith clearly and firmly, ought, perhaps, to be very grateful to these eminent professors for stepping aside from their purely scientific studies to thread for me these vast abysses; but I must confess that I am not. Theologians sometimes make dreadful work of it, in endeavoring to mediate between religion and science; but I cannot now recall the work of any theologian that is more lame and impotent than this. Did not the preface inform us that "the ideas here developed are not the result of hasty guessing, but have been pressed on us by the reflections and discussions of several years," I should suppose that the whole subject was of recent, and by no means vital, interest. As the Roman augurs could not meet in private without laughing in each other's faces at the thought of their public performances, so it would seem that these eminent scientists could not meet without laughing in each other's faces at the thought of their "Physical Speculations on a Future State." Their argument is one that will very likely impress many persons who are entirely ignorant of the order of conceptions with which it deals; but the discussion to which it has already given rise proves that the joints of their armor are far from being impervious to the thrusts of men who equal them in scientific attainments. One of these has thus remorselessly, but very justly, summarized their argument: "The unseen universe is something which is to the luminiferous ether what the luminiferous ether is to ordinary matter. It is of finer structure, and receives the energy which the ether loses by friction. We know that the ether loses energy by friction, because Struve found fewer tenth-magnitude stars than there ought to be if all the light gets to us undimmed; and, consequently, some of it must be absorbed, and so the ether loses energy. We are driven to this conclusion because there are only four other equally good ways of accounting for the fact proved by Struve, and subsequently disproved by Argelander. If the ether loses energy it

must be because this energy is dissipated into a second ether. This we are really obliged to believe, because there are positively only two other equally probable accounts to be given of the fact of ethereal friction just established. If, then, there is a second ether, why not a third and fourth and so on?

> 'Great fleas have little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em:
> Little fleas have lesser fleas, and so *ad infinitum*.'

But if all these ethers, successive universes, as they may be called, exist, what may not be their structure and properties? Consequently the Christian religion is true."

A scientific argument for immortality ought to be scientific. The argument here offered for the confirmation of our faith is not. It is partly scientific, partly metaphysical, partly theological. Even the scientific part has the same relation to legitimate science that James Fisk, Jr.'s operations had to legitimate business. There is such a thing as speculation in wild-cat theories as well as in "wild-cat stocks." The barest possibility of conceiving something by the most violent effort of the scientific imagination is not to be regarded as a proof. Much as we may desire to fortify our natural or historic faith in immortality from the resources of scientific knowledge, if we would not be self-deluded we should fight very shy of scientific hypotheses which are by no means well established. Such are the hypotheses in regard to the ultimate structure of matter, and the formation of the ether, and the dissipation of radiant heat. No two scientific men think alike about these things. The luminiferous ether is itself purely hypothetical. There may not be any such ether; in which case, not only the four tortoises, but also the elephant on which "the unseen universe" reposes, is a nonentity. It is an unverified hypothesis that the hypothetical ether loses energy. Even if it does, the energy may not be transferred to the invisible universe. It may prove that the doctrine of the conservation of energy is only a very near approximation to the truth.

So much for the scientific part of the argument. It is manifestly thin as gauze; not science, but the —

> "Blank misgivings of a creature
> Moving about in worlds not realized."

Moreover, even such wildly speculative science as we have here is constantly eked out with purely metaphysical and theological data. Again and again no other reason is offered for accepting some far-reaching proposition than its apparent subjective consistency. Science deals only with the how of things, but here the why plays no subordinate part. The argument is largely teleological, the fitness of this or that arrangement for our human comfort or advantage being made a crucial test of such an arrangement's actuality. The argument opens with assuming as absolutely self-evident the existence of a Deity, who is the Creator of all things; and, strangely enough, a passage is quoted from Herbert Spencer, as if to justify this assumption. But it does not justify it. On the contrary, Mr. Spencer believes in no such Deity. His Unknown God is not the Creator of all things, nor of anything. Evolution, not creation, he argues, is the method of divine activity. But the contrary assumption fetters every step which our professors take. They spend much of their time and strength "in pushing back the first great cause as far as possible," and in trying to get rid of a burden which they have voluntarily assumed. Their conception of Deity is thoroughly anthropomorphic, and their conception of law is of conditions arbitrarily imposed, not a relation of invariable sequences, with which alone science has anything to do.

From such ambitious premises, it must be confessed that the conclusion drawn is dreadfully meagre. Assuming the existence of a spiritual body closely united to the physical, and assuming the resurrection of Jesus from the dead, what has been proved (if it has been) is that the principle of scientific continuity is not outraged by either of these assumptions. Many will doubt whether even so much as this has really been proved. But, granting so much, the existence of a spiritual body, and the resurrection of Jesus from the dead, as facts, are still just where the argument found them at its beginning. Their antecedent possibility may have been increased, but as facts they are still unproved. As for the existence of a spiritual body, the many affirm it and the few deny it. For neither affirmation nor denial is there any purely scientific basis. The resurrection of Jesus also is affirmed by the many, denied by the few. But among those who affirm it

there is every variety of opinion as to what really happened, and an even greater variety as to what it proves. It is assumed that the resurrection of Jesus would establish the probability of universal immortality. But there are not a few who could not draw this inference, however fully they might be persuaded of the simple fact. What man has done man may do. But it was in virtue of his being not-man that Jesus rose from the dead, say the majority.

Let those who can, accept the ancient faith upon the ancient grounds, and at the same time let them respectfully give heed to science, as from time to time she challenges their faith or seeks still further to establish it. But those who are not of this happy company will wait till science can bring her proofs from some less dizzy heights of speculation ere they place much reliance on her arguments. Better than these, and more convincing, the mighty, inextinguishable hope which grows with all the growth and strengthens with all the strength of our intellectual and emotional and moral life, —

"That we may lift from out the dust
A voice as unto him that hears,
A cry above the conquered years
To one that with us works, and trust,

"With *faith that comes of self-control*,
The truth that never can be proved
Until we close with all we loved,
And all we flow from, soul in soul."

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

SOCIAL REFORM.

WHILE looking recently at some watches that were offered for sale, I read upon the inner casing of one the words, "Compensation Balance." I inquired of the dealer, "Is that true?" "No," he replied, with frankness prophetic of the millennium, "that is a fraud." The compensation balance of that watch was in a phrase outside the works. In the watch, as an organic fact, it would have increased the watch's value: on the watch, as a superficial profession, it was simply the impress of a lie.

A movement is in progress to "put the name of God into the Constitution," that is to say, into the superficial description of the interior political organism. I shall endeavor to show that the well-meaning persons who are trying to put the name of God *on* the people might with juster reasons devote themselves to the fostering of godliness *in* the people.

It will occur at once to the undistempered mind that, if the nation is already Christian in fact, that fact will proclaim itself without adventitious blasts from paper trumpets. If the fact is already consummated, there is small occasion for concern about names and labels: a Christian nation is not likely to be misunderstood by the sister nations of the world.

"The grand encourager," says Carlyle, "of Delphic and other noises is the Echo. Left to themselves, they will soon dissipate and die away in space." It is altogether most probable that this Constitution-amendment commotion is one of those noises, which, if unechoed by opposition, will soon die away in space. There is, therefore, some reason for reluctance in bestowing upon it any attention. It may reasonably be believed that in this country, where, since the day of Abraham Lincoln, it is not accounted blasphemy to hold that government is "of the people, by the people, and for the people," no place will be afforded for the reproduction, even in miniature, of that gigantic and most cruel blunder, usurpation by human government of God's empire over human thought.

If the advocates of a Christian amendment are moved by a

desire to promote the growth of godliness in the nation, there is another way in which they may work; not so short as by constitutional amendment, not so simple; but it has this signal advantage, that it lies towards the result desired. The way which they propose does not lie in that direction. The accepted American maxim, that government is of the people, is an index finger pointing out the one only road to governmental righteousness. The stream cannot rise higher than its source: to make a Christian nation it is necessary, first of all and only, to have a Christian people.

A glance at some of the existing evils which need to be remedied, before this nation shall be in very fact a Christian nation, will show not only the inadequacy, but even the total irrelevancy, of the proposed amendment. A few years ago it was a customary platform-remark, that the country was afflicted by two curses, slavery and rum. One of these curses, slavery, is now abolished. Happily one social crime is extirpated from the national soil. But it may prove a suggestive speculation whether slavery would have been sooner destroyed if the name of God had been put into the Constitution. Let us even push the speculative conjecture, and consider whether, perchance, slavery would have been sooner abolished if belief in the Bible as the supreme rule of conduct had been put into the Constitution.

Such conjectural inquiries lead to one conclusion: they exhibit in strong light the powerlessness of constitutional amendments in the realm of public morals. What, then, could the proposed amendment do towards abating that other curse of the nation, which has survived the destruction of slavery, — what could it do with intemperance?

Look at it a moment. In the year 1870, the amount of money expended in this country for alcoholic liquors was, in round numbers, fifteen hundred million dollars; in Maine alone, eight and a quarter million. In that year there were four hundred thousand more persons engaged in the liquor-business in the United States than in preaching and teaching. From the effects of intoxicating drinks one hundred thousand persons are annually sent to prison, one hundred and fifty thousand to drunkards' graves, and two hundred thousand children are reduced to want. These are ap-

palling facts: and yet these statistics present the merest outline of the actual evil; they make no account of the hearts and homes destroyed or of the manifold other collateral ravages wrought by this consuming blight.

If putting the name of God into the Constitution will abate the curse of intemperance, in God's name let that be done, and speedily. But if that manifestly will not touch intemperance or any other one of the evils which afflict the country, if it is manifest that all these evils will still show the head and front of their offending even when the popular creed shall have been put into the Constitution, nay, even when Sunday-laws and Bible-reading in the public schools shall be enforced under constitutional sanction, may it not be said, in temperate frankness, that they who are pushing the amendment are adding to the national evils yet one more, — a waste of moral energy, a perversion and confusion of those redeeming forces of the nation, which, applied to other methods, would lead to salutary results?

It is obvious that the proposed amendment would not even approach this curse of intemperance. Nor could it do anything to arrest the various streams of ruin which flow into that awful gulf. The greatest feeder of intemperance is remediless poverty, with its fatal paralysis of energy, its death of hope, its headlong despair. But, in touching the subject of poverty, we touch the great problem of property, and have to deal with the fundamental perplexity of modern social life.

Undoubtedly as civilization advances destitution increases. In a barbarous community property is quite equally distributed: but, as men emerge from the savage state, individual superiority of strength or skill establishes wide distinctions among the outward conditions of individual lives; and these distinctions various agencies contribute to enlarge and perpetuate, until the "moneyed class" and the "pauper class" — a few with much money, and a multitude with none at all — constitute by far the larger portion of society.

Since what has been called the "mechanical era" commenced, fifty years ago or more, the wealth of civilized communities has shown an increasing tendency to become capitalized in larger masses. It was, after all, no delusive apprehension which urged

the laboring classes of England to resist by mob-power the introduction of machinery upon the industrial arena. Not in the way anticipated by them, but in a way more subtle and deadly, it proved itself the enemy of the common people the world over. It did not rob them of their labor; no, it gave them more to do: but it widened the gap between emplorer and employed; it has proved a mighty instrumentality, in aid of already existing forces, to make the rich very rich and the poor very poor.

Now, here is a problem of the most serious and momentous character. It is deeper than may be sounded by any plummet of theology: it is a question which reaches the foundations of government, and concerns, not the wording, but the permanence, of the national Constitution. Wealth is centralized in the control of a few individuals and corporations. The money of the country is fast becoming the governing power in the country; it subsidizes legislators; it invades the lobbies of Congress; it employs political agents in local contests at primary elections; in short, it multiplies all over the land that type of politician described by Canning as "a thing, buoyant by putrefaction, that rises as it rots." These tendencies being given, it is but to speak a truism to say that they must be arrested or must result in national convulsion.

Büchner goes so far as to predict that the inordinate aggrandizement of the money-power must eventually result in rendering any regular government impossible. And Mr. Beecher, referring to the empire of money in this country says, "I tell you, fellow-citizens, that our institutions are endangered more to day from incorporated capital than from all other influences. Talk about intemperance. It is a monstrous evil. Talk about great vices. The pulpit speaks of infidelity and unfaith, and the growing tendencies of men to wild works of philosophies and opinions. These are great dangers, but the most immediately pending, after all, is the money-power. . . . I look out with a hopeful eye, and I believe that some remedy will be found; but I feel sure, as I feel sure of the existence of an avenging Providence, that, if things go on for another twenty years as they have for the last ten, not only will corruption go out among the common people widely, but there will be either reformation or revolution; for there are influences at work that will just as surely breed revolution by-and-by as clouds in summer breed storm."

So the property problem has two branches, — how to rescue the laboring class from present tendencies towards want; and how to rescue the state from the impending tyranny of centralized capital. And, while both these problems are pressing urgently for solution, it is proposed to reform the country by adding a religious amendment to the constitution!

I need go no further in exhibiting the futility of the proposed measure as a movement of reform. Its incompetency to affect existing evils, its irrelevancy to the actual condition of affairs among us, could not more plainly appear were I still further to compare its offered remedy with the evils demanding attention. If it is unrelated to the two leading problems of American society, it is equally unrelated to what may hardly be called the secondary questions.

It could not deal with the threatening dangers arising from society's neglect of children, who are permitted, under the burdensome conditions of factory life, to dwarf soul and body in exacting toil, or are abandoned to such education as city streets may give, to fit them for the duties of citizenship.

It could not deal with popular ignorance, — that arch-enemy of republican institutions, — which provides material for the work of demagogues, offers temptation and triumph to the treasonable malignant, swells the records of crime and pauperism, and furnishes to every disorderly movement in society a potent stimulant. It could afford no remedy, or indirect promise of remedy, against the ignorance of the six million persons in the country who can neither read nor write, and who constitute a threatening element of disorder.

It could not deal with that subtle menace of political disturbance which Bismarck sees and confronts with the whole power of the German state, and to which Gladstone summons the attention of the nations, — the divided allegiance of Roman Catholic citizenship.

It could not deal with the conspicuous moral evils arising from an unsound currency, or in any degree counteract the public demoralization which still manifests itself in a faltering and equivocal financial policy. Even the name of God in the Constitution would not convert the inflationists or convince them that the best

national policy is honesty. Nor could the proposed enforcement of Sunday-laws and Bible-reading retain the rising generation from catching in their turn the gambling mania, and singing in good faith the song of the great English satirist, —

> "Blest paper-credit! Last and best supply!
> That lends corruption lighter wings to fly."

Nor would the proposed amendment prove effective in its own department of theological belief. One of its more prominent advocates, Rev. Dr. Cummings, would have the atheist or infidel "treated as a criminal, and restrained as a scourge and a curse." Let that be done; let the Constitution be made to authorize a council of inquisition to determine who are atheists or infidels, and punish them accordingly. It is hardily necessary to state that there would then be ten infidels where now there is one; and where now a hundred are quietly skeptical, unmolested and unmolesting, there would be a thousand to cry out, "If this is the legitimate outcome of Christianity, away with Christianity!" Such extreme supposititious uses of the amendment, with their inevitable consequence, illustrate the inherent character and tendency of the amendment itself: it would have no salutary effect even in its own nearest field of operation.

This mention of the more prominent social ills existing in our country may suffice to exhibit clearly, first, that there is here a large field for philanthropic labor; and, second, that it is a waste of philanthropic labor to urge the proposed constitutional amendment: and the inference is direct, that philanthropic labor must be directed to other more promising channels. And now the question comes, What are those channels? What are the methods by which the philanthropy among the people may be best applied towards the regeneration of the people?

It is too early, at this date of the world, to attempt to prescribe dogmatically the final course of reform; too early because, at this date, the science of man's relations to his fellow-men is comparatively a new science. Very much is known concerning the social economy of the ancient Jews, its reason and intention, and there are those who can speak confidently concerning the *rationale* of the social order in the world to come: acquaintance with the world

past and the world unknown has been reckoned among the chief objects of study on the part of the professional instructor and reformer of the people. It was a misfortune, but a misfortune resignedly if not cheerfully contemplated, that, in this sedulous cultivation of foresight and "hind-sight," *sight* must be neglected. There are libraries on libraries of instructive works on Hebrew customs and Hebrew particles, and setting forth in plain terms the hidden counsels of the Almighty; thousands of lives have been painfully surrendered by slow degrees on the rack of linguistic and patristic problems; and only here and there a few practical minds have concerned themselves with an endeavor to amend the conditions of social life in the present, — encountering in that pursuit indifference or scorn or persecution on the part of the clergy.

At this date, therefore, social science is comparatively a new science, and the social reformer is not a favorite with those who govern public opinion. Innovator, bringer of something new, is still a term of reproach; as if our social paradise were so complete that anything new must be something bad.

And not the less there is a profound restlessness at the foundation of society demanding something new. The condition of very large masses of mankind, even in this favored land of equality, is so bad that their highest desires and most ambitious dreams point only to amelioration of physical wretchedness, to the attainment of food and raiment adequate to the support of life, to security of existence for themselves and their children against the rapacity of strength and cunning. Women in this bright land of prosperity are pressed down by the remorseless weight of society above them to the depths of want, and to the pit below.

But if any one is humane enough to behold with sympathy this hard condition of his fellow-beings, and to intimate that the order of society needs readjustment to the necessities of the people, or that there are social problems which still await their true solution, society whistles him down the wind as an amiable theorist, or a visionary doctrinaire, or even rises up against him as a terrible turbulent communist laying wanton hands on the pillars of state.

And, therefore, so little serious attention has been given to this subject, it is not yet time for any one to propose confidently

fundamental measures of social reform. I venture only to name a few practical measures, of obvious validity.

I. And, first, it is obvious that a more general interest should be inculcated in this neglected study of social science; for by this alone can the normal and true relations of society be rationally determined. The science of society must discover the laws of society.

Lord Melbourne is reported to have said that "the only thing that thoroughly alarmed him was to hear people say, 'Something must be done.'" He expressed in that the conservative indifference of public opinion. But in a rank below the framers of public opinion there is a very numerous body of men and women, a very mighty body, and at least half-conscious of its strength, who are thinking that "something must be done;" who are even trying to make out what it should be, who even sometimes make a guess, and act accordingly, as Carbonari, or as Internationals, or in other combinations. It is wrong to regard them as wanton disturbers of the public order, they are sufferers seeking relief. They are asking what shall be done. Social science alone can answer finally their questioning. The study of social science, therefore, should be made more conspicuous in the educational schemes: it should occupy a prominent place in the college curriculum, and a leading place among the studies of the theological school.

Indeed, something must be done, for example, to arrest the rapid increase of those inequalities of advantage by which wealth becomes richer, and poverty poorer. Something must be done to appease the well-grounded discontent of immense numbers of men who ignorantly, but not unjustly, rebel against that social order which drives them to the wall, and who, in labor-strikes, in theft, in incendiarism, in communistic revolution, try to wound the power that has crushed them. Something must be done to check the increase of class hatreds, and of that most fatal form of unbelief, engendered by despair, unbelief in human virtue. Something must be done to alleviate the crushing burden of necessity under which men struggle for daily subsistence; which compels them to unremitting drudgery, stifles their generous aspirations, degrades them to the intellectual level of machines, blots from their lives

the encouragement of hope, and impels their steps, thus darkened, to the haunts of vice. Disagreeable as the truth may be, it is still a truth that "something must be done." Let colleges and schools take up the alphabet of social science, and prepare the way for those who yet shall answer what remedy the laws of nature give for diseases such as these.

II. Another obvious and more immediate source of relief might be found in a more general use of the Christian principle and method of action; I mean the principle of humaneness and the method of the golden rule; the general substitution of these for the common "plan, that they should take who have the power, and they should keep who can." When people stir their fires on a cold night, while the wind howls wildly around their comfortable homes, and mercury shrinks to nothing in the bulb of the thermometer, very commonly they give a pitying thought to the shelterless, and say with involuntary sympathy, "If only the poor could all be warm to-night." It requires very little humaneness to prompt that wish; but a long step in social regeneration will have been taken when those who are beyond menace of want shall habitually wish, "If only all the needy were decently clad and fed. If only all men could eat the bread of to-day unembittered by anxiety for that of to-morrow." To extend the helpful sentiment through society lies within the power of the churches; and to some extent they are now contributing to the growth of humaneness. And yet, if religious thought could concentrate still more upon this point, it would gain in religious quality; if religious thought could be in some measure withdrawn from the grisly errors of the past, and the miserable terrors of the future, from tradition behind and perdition before, to contemplate the pressing urgencies of the everlasting *now*, the gain would be great both to religion and to society. The Christian principle announced in the two commandments, and the Christian method announced in the golden rule, if inculcated by the church more diligently would be adopted in society more generally, and would manifestly abate the hardships by which men suffer. If this rehabilitation of Christianity should be accomplished within the next fifty years, the record of that period will be even grander than that of the last half-century.

III. Social reform would also be furthered by the united action of the disinterested class. I refer to those persons, to be found in every community, who are interested in the common weal, whose natures show a liberal and sympathetic side, who amid the hurrying competitions and Babel-clamor of the world's life are steadily intent on benefiting their fellow-beings; those whose faces are set towards the dawn, who watch for the increasing signs, and welcome gladly every harbinger of day. Comparatively few though they are, in the aggregate they are numerous enough to wield great power. Divided from one another by ecclesiastical partitions or by distance in space, unacquainted with one another, isolated, they are silenced by the strong voice of local majorities, and are powerless to affect materially the course of events. But when they do unite, as in some rare emergencies they do, they are powerful. There is an institution now in this country awaiting destruction at their hands; an institution quite exactly described as "the political machine." It is large, it is powerful, it runs by its own inherent force, it fulfills the ancient dream of perpetual motion. No man can run well for any office unless he runs with that machine. If he runs against it he is crushed. But a machine, whose movements one man cannot even check, the combined force of many men may utterly destroy. "When bad men combine," says Edmund Burke," the good must associate; else they will fall one by one, an unpitied sacrifice in a contemptible struggle." Such a combination would in this country effect important results. For example, it could speed the enforcement of compulsory education, and otherwise assist in the diffusion of intelligence; it could stay immediately the destructive course of intemperance; it could provide that night schools should be opened in all our cities and large manufacturing villages for the instruction of the laboring classes; it could change the penitentiary to a house of reformation and give the discharged convict a fair foothold on which to wage his struggle for existence. It could hasten the time when woman shall accept her proper half of the task of governing the country; in short, it could make itself felt in all avenues of social activity, redeeming and regenerating the nation. And so it may be truly said, that all influences which tend to separate and antagonize these moral

forces of the country are mischievous; and, though it may seem an excess of utopianism to expect that ever on these shores of time the prohibitory and anti-prohibitory temperance men, the orthodox and the heterodox, the Roman Catholic priest and the radical come-outer, the constitution-mender and the secularist shall yoke themselves together to draw with joint effort the car of reform, it is not the less a deplorable evil that the great force which they collectively represent is still and apparently must long continue to be fragmentary, incoherent, and ineffective.

Besides these general methods of reform already named, there are near at hand to every one special methods to which he may give his support. It is among the grand and hopeful laws of progress that as all social evils are linked together so all redemptive measures are co-operative.

> "Amendment and reform in one point brings amendment and progress in all others. You cannot improve dwellings without, *pro tanto*, lessening intemperance and vice; you cannot diminish drunkenness without diminishing pauperism and brutality, disease and death. . . . Every valuable influence put in operation is a potent ally of every other."
>
> — *W. R. Greg.*

Under the stimulating encouragement of this great fact one may give his energies to the nearest instrumentality of benevolence, knowing that through the coherence of social states his service is given to the whole body of society. Benevolent service rendered in a given direction is multiplied and is distributed in very many directions; so that abundant facilities are afforded for embodying good-will in action that shall perpetuate itself while time shall last.

These special methods constitute, together with such general methods as have been described, two series of salutary influences, which are the true redemptive agencies of society. The saviors of the world are, on the one hand, men like John Pounds, cobbler and cripple, with his bribe of a roasted potato beguiling to his school the "street blackguards," as he tenderly called them, or sitting on his bench mending shoes, and at the same time imparting mental, moral, and industrial training to a crowd of ragged children, becoming in that small way the illustrious founder of what are known in England as "the ragged schools;" or like Mr.

Comstock, member of a New York Young Men's Christian Association, putting his life in hazard so that he may check at its source the stream of corrupt and corrupting literature which is distributing moral pestilence through the land; or like Mr. Bergh, with his enthusiasm of mercy, arousing and cultivating the dormant humanity of brutal men; or like the founders of the Boston Children's Mission, or the New York Children's Aid Society, with its thirty thousand children rescued from misery and crime to become men and women in Western homes. The list of those who have thus devoted themselves to the direct work of salvation is very long, and the work achieved by them outreaches in grand effect the farthest stretch of imagination. With these in view, it is easy to think that they only are the true reformers of society.

But, on the other hand, the saviors of the world are also those who labor by thought and study, by speech and pen, to foster and direct the regenerative tendencies of nature; to apply the laws of being to the regulation of society; to enlarge the scope of knowledge, so that not only may active charity be wisely directed, but the arena of charity — the arena of social suffering — may be diminished; and who stimulate in the minds of men that divine pity which inspires the mighty works of good-will. The poet, the scholar, the scientist, the journalist, the preacher, are at this day co-operating in their several ways to provide free course for the natural progressive tendencies of mankind. They are gradually but perceptibly breaking down those artificial distinctions by which good men and women, separated now in loyalty to diverse beliefs, are prevented from working cordially together for the promotion of human welfare.

There are these two classes of social regenerators. They should stand together in mutual sympathy and support, as they do stand together in the conspiring tendencies of their respective labors. They should stand together; for it is a vast and inert mass which they are drawing upward to a higher plane. Nor can their united labors move the world too fast.

I passed on the sidewalk the other day two girls meeting on their way to school. "What time is it?" said one. "It's quarter past nine by my clock," the other replied. "It's quarter of nine by mine." At that moment it was in fact twenty minutes

past nine. Even so those who are most forward in their reformatory reckoning are likely to be a little behind the true time. But how much nearer are these in their estimate of time than are those others who keep their clocks half a century too slow, lest, forsooth, they should be too fast!

Even these, however, do move, at last; and the inert mass of those who wait upon their instruction they move, at last; late, to be sure, but, thank God, they are not immovable.

It is stated that when the bridge at Colebrook Dale — the first iron bridge in the world — was building, a fiddler came that way, and said to the workmen that he could fiddle down their bridge. The builders told him to fiddle away. He struck one note after another, until he struck the note with which the bridge was in sympathy. The bridge vibrated responsive to his fiddle, imperceptibly at first, but with continuous increments of force. When at last it began to shake violently the derisive workmen were alarmed, and ordered the fiddler to stop. There is one note with which the human mind is radically in sympathy: it is the note of progress. The solitary reformer sounds the note and dies. Another catches it falling from his lips, pours his own life into it, and still there is no perceptible response; but years go by, another and another and another sound that note of reform, and at last there is a perceptible vibration in the minds of the inert multitude. They may still fear to move; they may still scornfully refuse to move; they may strive to obey the powers which forbid them to move: but nature is strong, and nature must respond at length to the note of human progress.

And they who speak and die unanswered; they even who speak and are unheard, save by a few, — let them but sound a true note: other voices shall by repetition give it force, and humanity shall respond at last.

"I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

C. W. Buck.

REV. THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.

ALTHOUGH it is two years since the sons of Dr. Guthrie laid the reading public of Great Britain under heavy obligations, for having published the autobiography and memoir of their illustrious father, it is only this year that we have the two precious volumes in an American dress.

A few years before his death, and when he was in his sixty-fifth year, Dr. Guthrie commenced what he calls a "Sketch" of his life. On this sketch he intended to thread some of those important events and great changes which he had lived to see, and in some of which he had taken a not inconspicuous part. It was begun in 1868, and at intervals he worked on it till death removed him, in 1878. This sketch deals with events down to the stirring times of 1843, when the "Disruption" took place. This autobiographical part forms the first half of the first of the two volumes. And while this part of the book is, perhaps, the most breezy and chatty, the whole is interesting, even to fascination. It is instructive, it is inspiring.

The subject of the book, Dr. Guthrie, was a man of wondrous powers in the directions in which he sought to exert his influence; the most popular preacher in Scotland during the period of his ministry, and in some respects never excelled. A brief sketch of him may not be unwelcome to the readers of the "The Unitarian Review."

Thomas Guthrie was born in 1803, in the ancient burgh of Brechin, in Forfarshire, Scotland. Brechin at this time was a town of about five thousand inhabitants: it now contains nearly twice that number. It was a town of note as early as the end of the tenth century, was once walled, and contained an abbey of the Culdees. It has seen stirring and bloody times. But at the time of "wild Tam's" birth it was quiet and uninteresting enough. He was the youngest but one of a family of thirteen. His father was a merchant, in somewhat easy, though not affluent, circumstances, able to give his children a good education. Successful merchant though he was, it yet formed part of his daily

life to hold morning and evening devotional exercises in his family, — a practice which left its wholesome influence on his boys.

At the age of four, Tom was sent with his elder brother, Charlie, to school, probably, as he suggests, "to be out of the way," as his mother had much to do in looking after the affairs of so large a family. He thus describes his first school and teacher: "Jamie Stewart, our pedagogue, was by trade a weaver; a very little man, dressed in the old fashion, his broad blue bonnet covering a head of great size and full of brains. Stewart was then an elder in the Seceding church. Though then a thoughtless boy, I remember how impressed I was with the prayers of this old man, offered up in the meetings of the congregation to which he belonged. I have never heard anything like them since. Remarkable for his piety, he was no ascetic, no sour or unhealthy Christian; but enjoyed, and encouraged others to enjoy, innocent recreations. He was very fond of fishing, and was off to the waterside with rod and reel whenever he could escape from his loom. The single room of this good old man, where he lived with his wife and daughter, — the loom standing in one corner and their box-beds in another, — was our school. There were some half-dozen of us who sat on stools, conning over our lessons to the clink of his shuttle, while he sat weaving, gently reminding us from time to time of our task, by the use of a leather thong at the end of a stick, with which he reached us without having to leave his throne." The book of Proverbs was the text-book, — "a book," he tells us, "without a rival for beginners, because of its pure Saxon 'English undefiled.'"

He passed through the other schools of the village, some of which were taught by university men who subsequently became of considerable repute.

In 1815, when only twelve years of age, he set out for Edinburgh to enter the university, where he spent the next ten years of his life. The first four years were spent in the academic course and the next four in the divinity or theological course.

Speaking of his college life, he says, "The habits of students then were formed on a much less expensive scale than they are now. Our one apartment was bedroom, parlor, and study. With the exception of some 'swells,' few students had ampler accom-

modations than ours, and our living was on a par with our lodgings, — the usual bill of fare being tea once and oatmeal porridge twice a day, and for dinner fresh herring and potatoes. I don't think we indulged in butcher's meat more than twice during the whole first session at college. Sidney Smith might joke about Scotchmen cultivating the arts and sciences on oatmeal, but the struggle which many an ambitious lad makes to fight his way on through college, is a feather in the cap of our country." He tells us, with an honest frankness, that "beyond the departments of fun and fighting" he was no way distinguished at college. "The first year, I was twice in the hands of the college porter and policeman, under a threat of being reported to the *senatus academicus*. On one of these occasions I got into trouble in the following circumstances. Some of the students, lads belonging to Edinburgh, who had come to college from its high school, despising my youth and ridiculing my Brechin accent (as if theirs were a whit better), thought they might make game of me. After days of patient endurance I selected the chief offender, as soon as we got out of the Greek class into the college yard; and, though I had not then a friend or acquaintance among them, my class-fellows acted very fairly. So soon as my opponent and I had buttoned our coats, turned up the end of our sleeves, and stood face to face in the middle of the ring, he came up to me squaring in the most scientific fashion. I met him with the Brechin tactics, pouring in a shower of blows all directed to his face, and, so soon as blood came streaming from nose or mouth, and he held down his head to protect his face, hitting and giving him no time to breathe. The victory only cost me a blue eye and the gentlest of all rebukes from my tutor, who, being a native of Brechin, was secretly proud of the boy who had stood up for the honor of the north country and its tongue."

This was but the act of a thoughtless boy, the natural outburst of a righteous indignation which was on a later occasion to do signal service in the cause of humanity. He was in no sense a fighting or bullying student. Though never distinguished as a mathematician, and abhorring metaphysics, he was yet a faithful student in the branches which were congenial to him, — the natural sciences and the classics. After graduation from the classical

and theological departments, and being yet young, he returned to spend two more years in general reading and study.

The next *five years* he waited for a church. Nor did he "candidate" much; for there was no opening that he could hope to fill, as the pulpits were in the gift of the "landed gentry," and each "laird" had his own favorites. Guthrie was even then known to be an Evangelical, and opposed to patronage; and, the gentry with few exceptions being fond of patronage, this reduced his chances. Five guineas, he tells us, was all the compensation he received for preaching during these five years.

During this time he was not idle, however. He visited London and made some acquaintances whose friendship lasted through life. He spent a winter in Paris, and enrolled himself as a student at the Sorbonne, and availed himself, with earnestness, of this opportunity to further prepare himself for his chosen profession. For two years he acted in the capacity of manager of a branch bank in his native town, a brother who held the situation having suddenly died.

At length, a vacancy having occurred in the parish of Arbirlot, very near to Brechin, by the death of the Rev. Mr. Watson, and the "sole heritor" being a friend of Mr. Guthrie, he lost no time in presenting Guthrie's name to the crown. George IV. was sick, and it was needful that he sign the document with his own hand; and it was not till after five long months of weary waiting and suspense that Guthrie received official notification of his appointment.

Arbirlot is a "seaboard" parish, and contained no persons of higher social standing than well-to-do farmers and their families. It was manageable in point of numbers, and he soon knew every man, woman, and child in his flock. He was devoted to their spiritual wellbeing, and loved them too truly not to tell them the truth; and that, before long, as always, brought opposition from some who would not abide the truth.

The church was an old one, the floor earthen, and no ceiling, but bare to the roof; and often did the snow lie in drifts upon the rafters as it blew in through the broken slates. But he soon had the church enlarged and repaired, though not without hot opposition from some of the farmers. He established a parish library, act-

ing as librarian himself. Also a savings-bank he established, which had a good influence on those in moderate circumstances. His popularity increased from year to year; still he had his crooked sticks to contend with, as all faithful men have, but he always came off with flying colors.

While faithful to the duties of his own parish, he did not fail to take a living and intelligent interest in the affairs of the church at large. His fame reached the metropolis of Scotland, in consequence of a public set-to he had with Dr. Ritchie, a Seceding clergyman of that city, on the question of Voluntaryism *versus* Establishments. Guthrie took the side of the establishment, contending that religion needed the fostering care of the state. He had copious American statistics to aid him demonstrate the weakness and hoplessness of voluntaryism. He was regarded as having vanquished Dr. Ritchie. Strange that, so soon after, Dr. Guthrie should be one of the leaders against the establishment, a movement which resulted in throwing the best half of the Church of Scotland on the voluntary principle. He had always belonged to the *evangelical* party, then so called, distinguished for its zeal and fervor in every cause of reform, as contradistinguished from the "moderate party," eminent for its subserviency to the crown. He did valiant service in the cause which resulted in emancipating the best part of the church from the deadening thraldom of governmental patronage and pay. He was one of the noble and heroic five hundred ministers who, in 1843, rather than submit to the state courts over things spiritual in the church, turned their backs on church, manse, glebe, and living, to accept as a compensation for devoted, consecrated service whatsoever the Lord might put it into the hearts of the people to give.

But previous to this, and in 1837, a vacancy occurred in Old Greyfriars Church, Edinburgh, by the death of one of the ministers, Dr. Anderson. The power to appoint a successor was lodged in the magistrates and town council. They agreed to appoint to the charge one out of any eleven whose names the congregation might send. Without his knowledge or consent, Guthrie was one of the eleven named. All were asked to preach a "trial" sermon before the congregation: they all did, with the exception of the pastor of Arbirlot. He returned for an answer

to their invitation, that, being very happy and, as he believed, useful at Arbirlot, he had no wish to leave it. Writing of this affair and his feeling about going to Edinburgh, he relates what his friend and neighbor, Dr. McCosh, now of Princeton, N.J., but then of Arbroath, next parish to Arbirlot, said. "A rumor had reached Arbirlot that a deputation of the town council were coming down to hear me; so I wrote Dr. McCosh, asking him to exchange on that day, that I might cheat the deputation. He wrote back saying he would do nothing of the kind, but would look on my leaving Arbirlot that Sabbath, to escape a call from Edinburgh, to be as bad as Jonah's flight, when ordered to go to that great city Nineveh!"

He was heard, and the congregation of Greyfriars settled down to three names out of the eleven, and Guthrie's was one of them. He was strongly opposed by two parties in the town council, and was only elected by a small majority. It was not a "unanimous call." But, in this case, those voting might all belong to another parish, and many doubtless did. Still he was the minister elect, and his brother urged his acceptance; and to Edinburgh he went.

One chief end in his being brought to the city was to attempt to stem the tide of practical heathenism which was fast overrunning the city, reaching up to the very eaves of the churches. The population was too large to be accommodated in the existing church buildings. The "crown" cared little about church extension, and the majority of those who had snug sittings in the churches cared not much whether the poor wretches in the next street were outside of all hearing of the word or not.

Dr. Guthrie, when he went to Edinburgh, besides taking his share of the services at Old Greyfriars Church, went down among the heathen and outcast in the not very salubrious Cowgate, and endeavored to gather the low and degraded wretches into a church and under helpful and saving influences. He used, for a place of meeting, the old Roman Catholic religious house, called the "Magdalene Chapel." It would take too much space to give anything like a full account of the amount or the nature of the work which Dr. Guthrie here went through. Few men of his generation, of his ability to command the ear of a cultivated audience,—

few men have given themselves so literally to the poor, the lowly, and the vicious. There are preachers, popular and powerful, both in Britain and America, who insist that the poor ought to be fed and have the gospel preached to them, but there the matter is too frequently left, or at best the care of them is turned over to some third-rate man, who will prove but a feebly forcible power to redeem and save. Dr. Guthrie, himself, fed and clothed and preached to the poor and degraded, and made a church, out of them, and for them.

He soon saw that there was little hope of curing the shameful state of affairs, so long as the children were so utterly neglected; and he bent his untiring energy and used his marvellous eloquence to awaken public sympathy in behalf of the very lowest beggars of the street, — the Arabs. The history of his Ragged Schools, as he called them, into which he gathered the poor wretches, the children of the destitute and the vile, and fed and clothed and taught them, is the noblest monument a man could have.

It was not long before the contagion of his spirit spread to other cities, and it was the beginning of the discussion which has brought about the establishment of the national school system.

To afford a glimpse of the kind of work he did, and the kind of people among whom and for whom he did it, let me quote from the autobiography: —

"Those only who have been city missionaries can understand what I had to suffer daily in the course of my parochial visitations. Typhus fever was raging like a plague; and as, taking due precautions against infection, I visited every case I was called to, nor fled from any I happened to meet, I had often to face that terrible disease, and, with one, two, or three lying ill of it in one room, to breathe a pestilential atmosphere."

Scenes of riot and bloodshed were not unfrequent under the same roof where and when he was engaged in sacred offices of consolation and prayer at the beds of the dead and dying. Out of such places and from such scenes he went into the pulpit of Greyfrairs, and poured forth such floods of emotional rhetoric, yea, melting eloquence, that he soon commanded the rapt attention of scholars, statesmen, dukes, and nobles, as well as humble artisans and unlettered toilers, till his name and fame as a

preacher became as widely known as the language in which he uttered his impassioned message.

However much sympathy he may have felt with the poor, and however strongly he felt the call to labor *for* them and *among* them, he still felt that his vocation was that of a preacher, — and a wonderfully telling preacher he was. And a sketch of how he prepared for the pulpit, and preached, may be of interest.

During his studying days of the week, he used to retire to the vestry of his church, after breakfast, to secure freedom from interruption. He writes himself, "At St. John's vestry I have often had an unbroken *spell* of nine hours' work." But sometimes he composed at home; and then, says his son, "all the while we could hear his voice resounding from within his study." The explanation of this he gives himself in a letter to a brother minister. "Don't commit by repeating your discourse aloud. I *write aloud;* but I *commit* in silence. If you do otherwise, the matter will become too familiar to your own ear, and it won't rouse you during the delivery; and, if it don't rouse you, it won't rouse the people. The advantage of writing aloud is that it teaches to write a spoken style — a great point that."

It will at once be inferred, from what has been quoted, that Dr. Guthrie wrote his sermons and committed them. Such was his invariable practice. His colleague, the Rev. Dr. Hanna, writes, "No readier speaker ever stepped upon a platform; but such was his deep sense of the sacredness of the pulpit, and the importance of weighing well every word which should proceed from it, that he never trusted to a passing impulse to mould even a single phrase. Yet, in the manuscript, there were often phrases, sentences, illustrations, that one on hearing them could scarcely believe to have been other than the suggestion of the moment, linking themselves, as apparently they did, with something that was then before the speaker's eye. The explanation of this lay in the power (possessed in any considerable degree but by few, possessed by him in perfect measure) of writing as if a large audience was around him; writing as speaking, realizing the sense of a crowd before him, and having that presence as a continual stimulus to thought and constant moulder of expression. The difference, in fact, that there almost invariably is between a written and spoken address

was by his vivid imagination and quick sympathies reduced to a minimum, if not wholly obliterated. Herein lay one secret of his great power as a preacher." His son says he was not long in Edinburgh till he heard, in a curious way, how much the character and variety of his illustrations served to gain the attention and awaken the interest of all sorts of hearers. Dr. Guthrie writes to a friend in 1838, "I was preaching in St. Andrew's Church on Sunday night, and have been greatly amused at two observations which were told me to-day, — the one by Catherine Burns, who was in the back seat of the gallery, and heard a man (in allusion to my nautical figures) say to his neighbor before her, 'He is an old sailor; at least, he was a while at sea!' and Miss Gilfillan heard one say to another as he came down the stair; 'If he *stick* the minister trade, yon man would mak' his bread as a surgeon.'"

He had never been more than a day or two at sea; but he attended lectures on surgery at the Sorbonne, in Paris, before his settlement.

Once on visiting the studio of an artist, on whose easel lay an unfinished historical picture, he suggested some change, and ventured somewhat freely to criticise some object or attitude on the canvas; when the artist, with just a little warmth, interposed, — "Dr. Guthrie, remember you are a preacher, not a painter." "Beg your pardon, my good friend, I *am* a painter; only I paint in words, while you use a brush and colors."

Writing to a brother minister on sermon writing and preaching, he says, "Observe either to draw your pen entirely through, or to alter, any passage which you find it difficult to commit. A thing is easily remembered which is striking, and retained which is sticking; and what does not impress your own mind in these ways, and, therefore, is committed with difficulty, you may be sure won't tell on the minds of your hearers. An illustration or an example drawn from nature, a Bible story or any history, will, like a nail, often hang up a thing which would otherwise fall to the ground. Put such into your passage and you will certainly mend it. Deal in pure, pithy Saxon. Never use a word with Greek, or Latin, or French root, not if you can find one with the same meaning in your mother tongue. Use as few adjectives as possible:

they load and cumber the truth. Mind the three p's! In every discourse the preacher should aim at *proving*, *painting*, and *persuading;* in other words, addressing the reason, the fancy, and the heart. The more easy your manner, without losing the character of seriousness and solemnity, so much the better. Vigor and *birr*" (*Anglice*, vehemence, earnestness), "without roaring and bellowing, are ever to be aimed at."

Writing to a young minister who had preached for him the day before, he insisted he must get rid of his "chain," meaning his manuscript. Among other things he writes, "One other advantage of not 'reading,' is that you are more free to avail yourself of those thoughts and varieties (improvements of expressing even what is prepared), which the animation and heat of the pulpit naturally give. When the soul is excited, thoughts and even language acquire a fire and brilliancy which they have not in the calmness of the study. The difficulties are quite surmountable. I don't say in a day; but no great thing is done in a day. With such a help as I use, there is no difficulty, — a piece of paper with the heads and such words written as mark the progress of the discourse and its prominent points."

Popular as a preacher though he was, he never affected secular themes as do some, but dealt with simple gospel truths. Nor was he what might be called a political or a controversial preacher, although he did not fail to throw the gospel light on national evils and denominational errors.

Few would suspect Dr. Guthrie of being a humorist, for his sense of the dignity of the pulpit forbade him from being humorous there; yet he was full of humor. We find a paragraph in a Scotch paper concerning him in which the writer says, "In the pulpit one half of his rich nature was restrained. He could be pathetic there, but not humorous; though we did once hear him begin a sermon by saying that God, on one occasion, used an ass to preach to a sinner, but that he was not in the way of using asses when he could get better instruments."

Lord Cockburn, himself a most persuasive speaker, thus describes Dr. Guthrie: —

"Practical and natural, passionate without vehemence, with perfect self-possession, and always generous and devoted, he is a very powerful

preacher. His language and accent are very Scotch, but nothing can be less vulgar; and his gesture (which seems as unthought about as a child's) is the most graceful I have ever seen in any public speaker. He deals in the broad expository Ovidian page, and is comprehended and felt by the poor women on the steps of the pulpit as thoroughly as by the strangers who are attracted solely by his eloquence. Everything he does glows with a frank warm-heartedness, rendered more delightful by a boyish simplicity of air and style."

For two years, during 1852–3, while I was a resident of Edinburgh, and when he was in the height of his glory, I regret that what men would call my bigotry, but what I call devotion to my training, prevented me from hearing him preach. But I knew him well by sight, — a man over six feet two inches, with genial face, the favorite of the working-men, and much more catholic in his sympathies than the men who were associated with him in the ministry. I remember well a meeting held for the purpose of creating public sentiment in favor of a half-holiday every Saturday for the working classes. Dr. Guthrie was present, along with some four or five other clergymen of the city. The doctor made a speech, urging the importance of unity among the workmen in their efforts to attain their object; and every heart was touched and mind convinced by the speech he made. When he finished, one of his co-laborers took the floor, and endorsed the sentiments of Dr. Guthrie concerning the importance of unity. And, said he, "above all, unite yourselves in little neighborhood clubs against the influence of the Papists." As soon as he uttered this, a faithful son of the Church, with fully as good sense as the bigoted creed-bound D.D., roared out, "Shut up, you bigot." At this a dozen voices cried, "Put him out, put him out," meaning the Catholic who had interrupted the minister; and the man was literally pitched over the heads of hundreds of sturdy and excited Presbyterian Calvinists, for whose rowdyism the D.D. was more to blame than they were. But Dr. Guthrie, though no lover of Popery, was yet too broad to be guilty of any such bigoted stupidity.

Numerous were the stories then prevalent about Dr. Guthrie, his ragged schools, and his powerful preaching. Of course it would be natural that some of the stories should be exaggerations, but here is one for the genuineness of which his sons vouch.

"A friend, who when a medical student in Edinburgh used often with some others of his class to attend Free St. John's" (Dr. Guthrie's church, built after the Disruption in 1843), "remembers how, one Sunday afternoon, he was borne irresistibly onwards along the passage until within a few yards of the foot of the pulpit. There stood immediately in front of him a rough short-set man, past middle life, who, if one might judge by the plaid odorous of peat-smoke which crossed his broad back, and his whole appearance, seemed a Highland cattle-drover — a stranger manifestly, both to the metropolis and to Dr. Guthrie. From the very first the drover was riveted — a pinch of snuff every now and again evincing his inward satisfaction. Towards the end of the sermon, and just as the preacher was commencing a prolonged illustration, the stranger applied to his horn-mull. Arrested, however, he stood motionless, his hand raised with the snuff between his thumb and finger, his head thrown back, his eyes and mouth both wide open. The instant that the passage was completed, and ere the audience had time to gather their breath for a space, the drover applied the snuff with gusto to his nostrils, and, forgetting in his excitement alike the place and the occasion, turned his head to the crowd behind, exclaiming quite audibly, 'Na, sirs, but I *never* heard the like o' that!'"

J. B. Green.

THE ESSENCE OF CHRISTIANITY.*

THE first question which the children of New England were required to answer, a hundred years ago, when they said their catechism to their minister, was this, "What is the chief end of man?" And the answer, as given in the same catechism was, "To glorify God, and to enjoy him forever."

It was a very noble answer, and it is more than doubtful whether we have improved upon it since. To begin life with this idea, that they were to make it their aim and purpose to rise into communion with the infinite beauty, the unseen and eternal joy, of the universe, to add something, though but an atom, to that divine glory, and to be bathed in the bliss of that majestic communion, this, I think, was a good thing for the boys and girls of New England to take with them into the world.

We have ceased to teach our children that the chief end of their lives is to glorify God, and enjoy him forever. If they were to answer, to-day, this old catechism question sincerely, I think the great majority would honestly say that the chief end of man is to amass property, and to enjoy himself and be happy in this world; to get on, to get up, to be smart and successful, to become distinguished and famous in some way. Even the better-minded, who do not aim at the low pleasures or the poor triumphs of vanity, would avow that the chief end of their lives is to do some good thing in the earthly order merely, in the advancement of science, in the study of nature, in the discovery of new facts and laws, in the improvement of human comforts here below. This seems to them all the end there is in the world, a purely earthly glory, with no heavenly glory around it and beyond it.

In fact, it was recently suggested by a writer in a religious newspaper, that, instead of teaching children in the Sunday schools about God, duty, and immortality, it would be far better to give them lessons in conchology; that is, it was more important for them to be taught about the external covering of one of the

* An Essay read before the Ministerial Union, Nov. 8, 1875.

lowest orders of animals, than the internal animating ideas of the highest. This is a happy illustration of the Horatian saying, that when fools try to shun one extreme they run into the other. The Catholics care so much for religion that they want it taught everywhere, even in the common schools: the writer represents a class who care for it so little that they do not want it taught anywhere, not even in the Sunday school.

But this was not the idea on which this nation was founded by the Puritans. So far as the American nation had a conviction at its heart, it was that of its Puritan founders, here in New England, and its Quaker founders in Pennsylvania. These were the organizers, all the rest was drift and chaos. The Puritans had their idea of glorifying God by a Christian commonwealth, the Quakers had their idea of glorifying God by a human brotherhood and friendship; and these were the germinal principles, destined to vitalize and inform all the rest. For men with ideas *inform* society, that is, give it a form proceeding from within, while the masses without ideas *conform* themselves, and are taken up into this organization.

"Living to glorify God," what dignity this gives to life! To be a medium through which the glory of God shall shine down into the minds of men, through which the wonder, majesty, and awe of the universe shall reveal itself to other souls, a channel through which the heavenly tenderness of the Universal Father shall pour itself into human hearts! This was the idea of the Puritans: they saw it, if only as in a glass darkly. "Whether you eat or drink or whatever you do, do all to the glory of God," this was their maxim. In planting new institutions on the shores of an unknown continent, in living and teaching the truths of nature, in improving arts, in the accumulation and use of property, — in doing all this, they looked beyond what they were doing to "the glory of God;" and this was the secretof that invincible strength, that iron purpose, before which all resistance ultimately went down.

But the law of life requires ideas to embody themselves in forms. The Divine Word must take flesh, and become incarnate in body; and, sooner or later, this corruptible body weighs down the soul, and the imprisoned idea can only escape from slavery by

the death of the body. The Puritan idea embodied itself in its church, and then to glorify God came to mean public and private worship. It was supposed that God could only be glorified by praise and prayer and long sermons. "He who offers praise glorifies me," says the Old Testament; "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit," says the New Testament; and the Puritans came to prefer the old method to the new. Their life stiffened in forms, and froze in creeds; and so the idea has come to need another body. What shall it be? How are we to glorify God to-day? What ought to be the aim of life now?

The religious world, almost universally, regards it as the aim of this life to save the soul in the next. We are here on probation and trial, and preparing for a judgment hereafter. We are to live here so as to save our soul hereafter. Churches differ as to *how* the soul is to be saved, but most of them think that the object for all to struggle for is future personal salvation. The Roman Catholics teach that the soul will be saved from a future hell, and ultimately from a future purgatory, by being in the true church, partaking of its sacraments, believing its teaching, and obeying its commands. Orthodox Protestantism says that the soul will be saved hereafter by a correct faith, and defines that faith as belief in Christ's person as divine, in his atoning work, and in his sacrifice for sin. Others declare that the soul will be saved hereafter by being converted here, by passing through a Christian experience, and becoming regenerate. Others, who consider themselves more rational, say that we are saved hereafter by good works here, by leading good lives, by loving God and man. The methods are different, but the end the same, — to save our souls hereafter from hell into heaven. This is the essence of Christianity.

But it is a singular and remarkable fact, that, when we consult the original records of Christianity, we find little or nothing about the salvation of the soul hereafter. The essential part of the gospel is the coming of God's kingdom here, in the present world. This appears, first, from the expectation of the Jews, who were looking for a Messiah to found the kingdom of heaven among their nation, to which all other nations and kingdoms should come. Then, at the beginning of the Sermon on the Mount, Jesus tells who shall belong to the kingdom, — the poor in spirit, the meek,

the forgiving, those who are persecuted for righteousness' sake. Whenever he speaks of heaven he intends either the spiritual presence of God above us *now*, or else that presence coming down *now* into this world to make heaven here. The word "heaven" is used nearly three hundred times in the New Testament, but I doubt whether it is used a single time in the sense of *future* happiness after this life. It is a *present* divine life, above us, within us, around us.

Again, the central petition of the Lord's prayer is not that we may go to heaven when we die, but that God's kingdom may come here, and his will be done *now*, as it is done *now* in the heavenly world. All the parables of Jesus about the kingdom describe a divine community to be established in the world now, which shall indeed contain in its embrace the tares and the wheat, the good and the bad, but which shall belong to the pure in heart, the faithful and the true. And so, after Christ's death, the great hope taught by the apostles was not that men might save their souls hereafter, but that Christ was to come soon here, to establish his kingdom below. Thoughts of the future world were always secondary to this, a heaven hereafter was always the result and continuation of the heaven here.

Christianity was essentially a revelation, but a revelation of what? Not of a new doctrine to be believed by the intellect, not of new forms and ceremonies or methods of worship, not of a new morality or code of ethics. But it was an unveiling or revelation of heaven. Christ was way and truth because he was *life*. By unveiling the redeeming and saving love of God, he became a new channel, by which the divine life might flow down into the lower worlds from the upper worlds. He established the kingdom of heaven here, and became the king, or Christ, by being the mediator or channel of this new covenant.

This is, in fact, the difference between religion and philosophy, universally. Through philosophy, truth enters the intellect, and becomes a part of human knowledge; through religion, truth enters into human experience, and becomes a part of the life of an individual, a community, or a race. All the great religious teachers, Moses, Zoroaster, Buddha, Paul, Martin Luther, John Wesley, George Fox the Quaker, have all been men of a pro-

found religious experience, who have struggled and battled in the depths of their conscience to know the right and to do it. Having been filled with some form of religious life themselves, they have been mediators of that life to others. This religious life was propagated not merely by teaching, but by a certain divine contagion. Their own depth of conviction produced conviction in others. It did not come in the form of knowledge to produce life, but rather in the form of life to produce knowledge. So the apostle says of the *logos*, or universal revelation, "In it was life, and the life was the light of men." Knowledge only communicates itself as knowledge, while faith generates faith. Every seed after its own kind.

It is always so. Our deepest convictions come to us in that way. Most of the working principles of religion and morality, which guide our conduct unconsciously, making us love good and hate evil, making us trust in God and feel his presence, have grown up in our souls through the inspiration of other souls around us, filled with the same spirit. Most of the evil principles within us, disbelief in good, doubt of spiritual realities, wilful indifference to the will of God and the happiness of man, have been infused into our souls by contact with other souls whose life proceeds from beneath out of those dark fountains.

The life of Jesus, as a matter of historic fact, has moved the world more deeply, widely, and permanently than that of any other human being. Therefore, there must have been a deeper spiritual life in his soul than was in that of any other human being. We very imperfectly understand the power which proceeded from him if we simply say that he taught men to believe in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. It was not *instruction*, it was *conviction*, that followed the teaching of Christ. "I have come," said he, "that they may have life, and that they may have it more abundantly." But this life was not an irrational, vague emotion, but the *sight* of that divine truth as a substantial fact, which had taken flesh and blood in Jesus. It was a new insight into the heavenly world, a profound conviction of spiritual realities, the reality to bear witness to which Jesus was born and for the sake of which he came into the world.

Truth thought and believed belongs to one part of the soul of

man: truth seen and experienced, to another. The first makes scholars and theologians, the other makes seers and prophets. The fundamental truth which Moses imported into human experience was that of the divine holiness, that God loves the good man and is displeased with the wicked man; that his very nature, not his will only, compels him to reward the one, and punish the other. But the truth which Jesus introduced into the consciousness of mankind is that of the redeeming grace of God, by which the infinite reaches down to the lowest forms of the finite to seek and save everything that is lost. While we are deeply convinced as Moses teaches, and as conscience and life also assure us, that an irresistible law of reaction, founded in the very nature of things, lifts up the man who does right and drives down the man who does wrong, there is added to this the deeper truth that in the divine mind, allied to the creative principle which is always pouring itself forth in nature, and the principle of law which steadily and inflexibly rewards obedience and punishes disobedience, there is also the principle of redeeming love, which is drawn out to the remotest regions of the universe to renew evermore that which all finite forces, including human freedom, tend to disintegrate and to destroy.

When we have caught sight of this redeeming love of God, I think we have learned the essential secret of Christianity. To other prophets and seers other truths had been shown; to Jesus this, which we may call the deepest of all, since this alone explains the mystery of creation and the existence of evil. He became the mediator of this truth, the basis of the new covenant, and was therefore able truly to say to his Father, "I have glorified thee on the earth, I have finished the work thou gavest me to do."

The Jewish law had made the Jewish conscience not only sensitive, but also irritable. Perpetual appeals to the conscience produce one of two opposite morbid conditions, they make the conscience either irritable or morbidly sensitive, or else they harden it, and it becomes morbidly lethargic. Christianity, in its origins, addressed itself to the Jewish mind, and met both of these conditions by its manifestation of the redeeming love of God. And, ever since, under one or another form, the doctrine of reconcilia-

tion has been at the heart of all Christian teaching. The stoical side of human thought, ignorant of sin, has been unable to receive it, but this has always been the central working principle of Christianity. For the sense of sin is one of the profoundest elements in the constitution of man, an element which no philosophy can eliminate. It is also one of the noblest elements. For when a man can sit in judgment on himself, and condemn himself, he rises above himself, and attaches himself to an infinite ideal, and becomes capable of an infinite progress. If you could succeed in convincing men that they are not sinners, you would doom them to a perpetual mediocrity, and relegate them to the domain of a merely animal existence.

Two problems, insoluble by thought, have oppressed the human mind from the beginning. The European intellect has been tormented by the problem of evil. How can a perfect God have allowed evil to exist in his universe? Perfect love must have wished to prevent it, perfect wisdom must have known how to prevent it, and perfect power must have been able to prevent it. All western theology and philosophy has busied itself about this problem, and all solutions have consisted in denying one or the other terms of the equation. One solution is optimism, which denies the reality of evil, and makes it merely a negation, a lower form, of good. The other solution denies one or the other of the divine perfections. Calvinism denies the divine sovereignty, and establishes evil as a permanent blot in the universe, as an eternal hell of suffering. It makes God the ruler of only half his universe, and the devil the ruler of the other half. Another form of philosophy and theology declares God unable to prevent evil, though desiring to do so, since to prevent moral evil would be to destroy human freedom. This difficulty, absolutely insoluble in thought, is practically resolved in all Christian experience, which recognizes sin as really evil, deadly, hateful, and yet finds in it the dark material out of which the highest good is perpetually created. Two of the parables of Jesus indicate this solution. The parable of the prodigal son shows the redeeming love of God, which has more joy over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine that need no repentance. The parable of the two debtors, one of whom owed fifty pence and the other five hundred, shows

that sin when forgiven produces the highest degree of grateful, adoring love. To whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little. Where sin abounds, grace yet more abounds. The practical solution of the problem of evil seems complete. Untransformed evil is real, deadly, and hatefully positive. Cruelty, falsehood, lust, hate, are no negations. A will fatally set against good, is not a merely lower form of goodness, but its exact antagonism. Yet all this, in the providence of God, is to be transformed by the forgiving love of God into a tenderer piety and more ample, self-denying devotion to good, than Plato ever dreamed of in the groves of Academe, or Zeno in his Athenian porch.

Yet one difficulty remains which must not be evaded even in this necessarily brief discussion. If a higher and tenderer love is created by forgiven sin than by the practice of virtue, then Jesus himself was fatally deficient in goodness, since no one has convinced him of sin, and he, according to the Christian theory, stands as the type of a possible sinlessness. The only answer to this difficulty is as follows. The divine love is essentially a polar force, an image of which we have in ourselves. We love a good man with the love of sympathy, a bad man with the love of pity. I am attracted most to the good man by admiration, to the bad man most by benevolence. So God draws us up to himself by his sympathy when we do right; goes after us by his pity when we do wrong. The good man is with his Father always, and all that God has is his. The bad man become penitent, though forever lower down and further off, recognizes himself as being inwardly in the nearest, tenderest relation of adoring gratitude and love.

This is the way in which Christianity solves the problem of the West, that of the existence of evil. The problem of the East is deeper still. It does not ask why evil exists, but it asks why anything exists. It is the problem of creation, or, "How can a finite world proceed from an infinite God?" To this, only two philosophic answers can be returned, that of emanation, and that of evolution. Each of these denies, or omits, one of the terms of the problem. The doctrine of emanation, as taught by the philosophies of India and by gnosticism, assumes the reality of the infinite, and leaves the finite unexplained and unreal. The philosophy of evolution, as taught by the theology of Greece and the

theories of modern positivism, assumes the reality of the finite, and leaves the infinite unreal and unexplained. The doctrine of creation, as held by the Jews, solves the Gordian knot by cutting it. It answers the question, "How can finite existence proceed from an infinite essence?" by saying "Essence created existence."

Probably no simplistic theory can answer this question. But when we regard the Deity from the Christian point of view, we find also a practical solution of this difficulty. There is, we assume, in the divine mind, a creative love, which can only be satisfied by a perpetual pouring of itself forth out of essence into existence. The universe exists by this force of creative love. God creates the universe outside of himself as an object of love. So far the Jewish doctrine of creation is true. God creates the world out of nothing, that is, out of chaos, emptiness, void. But it would remain forever chaos, did not his own life pass into it forever, to redeem it, and bring it back, upward, into himself. Thus creation, emanation, and evolution are all combined in this explanation of the origin of things.

I resume these views in the following propositions.

(a) The creation of the finite is a necessary act on the part of Deity, who differentiates himself forever by passing from essence to existence.

(b) The finite thus created, regarded only as a finite creation, is necessarily undivine, demoniac, and evil. This is the origin of evil.

(c) But when it is created in order to be redeemed, as it always is, it is a circular flow from God as essence to God as existence, and back from existence to essence. God differentiates himself as creator, and integrates himself as redeemer.

(d) The historic coming of Christ was simply the entrance into human experience of the divine idea of redemption. All philosophy ignoring this is pagan and futile; advancing backward, not forward.

(e) Wherever this idea of redemption is realized in thought and life, Christianity does its work, not by creeds, professions, rituals, bibles, or any external works. This idea must be laid hold of by faith, and it is so laid hold of in all genuine Christian experience.

The universe perpetually arises by means of the creative love of God; it continues by the perpetual emanation of God's essence passing into existence; it passes upward, rising higher and higher by perpetual evolution, through the redeeming love of God bringing back the finite into union with the infinite, or, as the apostle Paul briefly sums it up, "From whom, and through whom, and to whom, are all things." Omit any one of these three steps, creation, emanation, and evolution, and the problem of finite existence would remain unsolved. The doctrine of redeeming love, therefore, as revealed historically by the coming of Christ is not an isolated fact, but a part of the order of the universe, and of the original plan of creation.

But we must return, from this excursion into the region of speculative philosophy, to the Christian doctrine of redemption.

All such living truths seek immediately to embody themselves and to take form. The form which the Christian conviction took was the Jewish form, that of the kingdom of heaven here below, or of Christian communion or the brotherhood of man. As soon as we understand that the Lord "will have all men to be saved," and that no one can go so far away as to escape from his redeeming love, as soon as we understand that the great work of Jesus is to seek the lost, we also are moved to join him in his work. Redeeming love, descending into the world through Christ, comes from him into the community of believers, making this community the real kingdom of heaven. Wherever two or three meet together in this conviction of the infinite loving power of divine love, Christ is present with them, and the kingdom of heaven is in their midst. "By one spirit they are all baptized into one body, and all drink of that one spirit."

This "grace of God which brings salvation" created the church at first, and so brought down the kingdom of heaven into the world. While Jesus lived, he was not yet the Christ, the king, for he had no kingdom. He had only come as a prophet, not as the Christ. But, as soon as the sense of redeeming love had made a common life, he came as the Christ. When we read in the book of Acts that "the multitude of those who believed were of one heart and one soul, neither said any that aught that he possessed was his own, but they had all things common," that

was "the coming" of Jesus as the Christ. They did not know it. They were still saying "Lo! here," and "Lo! there," looking outward for a Christ who had already begun to come. The second covenant had already begun to replace the first. The spirit of communion, born of the sense of divine grace, proved that the Christ had begun to reign.

Jesus does not simply command us to love one another, but gives a spirit of communion, a sense of brotherhood, a conviction of common relations to God, which enables us to love one another. Wherever this sense of brotherhood exists, there is the essence of Christianity. Where this does not exist, wherever there is a spirit of bigotry, of sectarianism, individualism, or cynical contempt of our fellow-men, there Christianity has ceased to exist.

This common life is the medium through which Christ is communicated to the world. This is the baptismal sacrament which regenerates the souls of men. "By one spirit we are all baptized into one body, and are made to drink of one spirit." Individual salvation is not possible on the Christian theory. Out of the true church there is no salvation; that is to say, the spirit of communion and Christian brotherhood is the perpetual necessary fountain of religious life. The power of the Roman Catholic Church, amid all its errors and abuses, is that it retains the idea of a common life from which all individual life must grow. As long as the individual lives from the common life, and not from his own private personal life, so long he has content and peace, and the kingdom of heaven is within him. The true church, or brotherhood of all saints, mediates the love of God, and makes God lovable instead of dreadful. The sense of sin in the soul makes God dreadful, the sense of pardoned sin makes him lovable.

The power of the Roman Church is that it has preserved faith in this common life of Christian brotherhood, its weakness has been that it has idolized its organization. The corruptible body has weighed down the soul.

The power of the Protestant Church has been in its development of the personal religious consciousness. Its weakness has been that it has tended to an individualism which destroys the common life.

But the time approaches for a broader brotherhood, a catholic church in which there shall be no Roman Catholic and no Protestant, no orthodoxy and no heresy, but Christ be all in all. Then it will be seen that Christianity is not a ritual or an organization, not a belief or creed, not an emotion of piety or a sentiment of worship, but a spirit and a life. Then it will be seen how through Jesus the sense of God's redeeming love has entered into human experience, and that our work is to be mediators of the life to our fellow-men.

So we are brought back to our original question, "What is the chief end of man?" And we accept the old answer. It is "to glorify God, and enjoy him forever." But we have learned that God is glorified, not by worship, or forms or ceremonies, but by every effort made to seek and save the lost, by every act, word, prayer, which extends the kingdom of heaven among men, which reveals God as Father and Universal Friend, and so advances the true brotherhood of the human race.

The doctrine of the grace of God which brings salvation runs through the whole of the New Testament, from the beatitudes of the Sermon on the Mount, through the epistles of Paul, to the book of Revelation. It has been the one truth held in common by every Christian church and sect. They have differed as to creeds and ceremonies, but all have received Christianity as a manifestation of divine love transcending the retributions of law, full of grace and truth. Held under different names, as sacramental grace, or the doctrine of the cross, or fatherly love, it has been the one central experience in every sect of Christian believers, so making the fellowship of saints, and constituting the invisible church, one and indivisible. This, therefore, I conceive to be the essence of Christianity, and the one perennial fountain of living water vitalizing and renewing the Christian church in all time.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

DEATH A REVEALER OF LIFE.

A SERMON.* BY REV. G. W. BRIGGS, D. D.

"It is expedient for you that I go away." JOHN xvi. 7.
"Turneth the shadow of death into the morning." AMOS v. 8.

"IT is expedient for you that I go away," said Jesus to the bewildered disciples. Remember when these words were spoken. It was not in an hour of security and peace. They were wrung out of his heart just before he went to Gethsemane, when his ear might have caught the sound of the traitor's footsteps coming back to betray him, and he knew that he had already entered into the shadow of death. Look into the upper chamber, study the scene as painters have drawn it, as Christian imagination pictures it, when the disciples listened to those last counsels from their Master's lips, and you feel that no declaration could have seemed more mysterious or incredible. "Expedient that he should go away?" "His death better for them than his life?" Not then when they were gazing upon his face, shining with an intensity of affection that made his own oft-repeated words of love seem to himself a new commandment, not then, when their own love unveiled all its depth, and they must have been conscious as never before of the charm and inspiration of his presence, not then, could they admit such a statement. Yet how true it was in its application to Jesus! What was mystery to the disciples, is made clear to us. They gained much, indeed, by the simple departure of Jesus. Instantly that event placed them in a new position which was in itself an inspiration. They had been his unquestioning followers before, leaning like children at every step upon his guidance. A reverence so deep, a trust so absolute, must have made them passive beneath his overshadowing influence. When Jesus was gone they were compelled to act for themselves; placed amidst difficulties that demanded all the wisdom of the serpent, as well as the harmlessness of the dove, and called out every hid-

* Preached in Dorchester on the Sunday after the funeral of Rev. Nathaniel Hall.

den element of heroism and of strength. There is no truer angel than the necessity that tasks us. To be cast upon ourselves, though so hard at first, when we feel that the guiding hand is never to lead us again, and the counselling tongue is forever silent, is the dawn of a higher life. Through that sorrow is manhood born. True, the disciples clung to Jesus after he had gone, closely as the branches to the vine. Still, thenceforth their own minds were compelled to search out the application of his teaching to the new and unknown exigencies of their lives. Instead of being an outward monitor, the truth then became an inward presence and life — the realization of the promise of the Comforter, suggesting to their own living thought, hour by hour, what to do and to say. Through that stern education the unlearned disciples not only became faithful witnesses to their Master's words, but were ennobled as men, made rulers in the realm of spiritual thought, lifted up as upon thrones. Was it not expedient for them that Jesus should go away?

The mystery of the words becomes clear in their application to Jesus. Expedient it was for the disciples that he should go away for another reason; because his death made him better known to them even than his life. It was inevitable that they should see him more clearly after he had gone. His character might be said, perhaps, not to have been complete, until the last sacrifice had been made. The cross could embody no new principle. Still it was at once the divinest and the most touching manifestation of his spirit. It gave a sublime exposition of his whole history, a complete revelation of the fulness of his love; and thenceforth every little act partook of the glory of Calvary. But, independently of this, every act then presented itself in a more impressive way, and made a mightier appeal to the soul, becoming indelibly stamped upon the mind, gaining new sanctity with the heart. The history says that Jesus was wondrously transfigured once in outward appearance. We know not what that scene may have been. But its witnesses are said to have fallen on their faces in amazement and fear. When he went from the upper chamber to the cross he received his spiritual transfiguration, not by the manifestation of any new attribute of spiritual beauty, but by the perfect revelation of his love; not merely before a few amazed disciples, but be-

fore a loving world. If his death would make him better known than his life, offering an irresistible appeal of love, embalming him in the world's memory with benedictions and with tears, was it not expedient that he should go away? The early disciples found it so, as their new insight and love caused his spirit to descend upon them as a perpetual baptism. Talking with him in the upper chamber, gazing upon his face, he was not spiritually so near as after he had gone. When he went away, then first he came, as the living Comforter, to remain in their hearts forever.

We must leave the almost unopened theme in its reference to Jesus, to glance at its wider application. Every grand word respecting his life or death illustrates a universal principle. Can we use these words when we think of those who go away from us? Can human love repeat them when it looks upon the empty cradle, the vacant chair, or listens for the now silent voice? Expedient that those on whom our hearts rested, who were our daily sunshine, should go away? The statement is as great a mystery to us as it was to the sorrowing disciples. Instead of accepting it, we recoil from it at first, as if it questioned, or profaned, our love. The shadow of death, instead of being turned into the morning, only seems to bring the night.

We will not say that the death of those we love is better for us than their life. Faith tries to think so, feels that it may be so, believes that when the veil is rent, and we no longer look through a glass darkly, we shall see it to have been so. But we do not see it now, and we will not say what is not yet true to us. Still, in some respects, we can see how death may be a mightier teacher than life. What proofs we find in our experience that it makes character more distinct, more commanding to us, as it made the character of Jesus to the first disciples! The profoundest influence of a parent's life is seldom exerted till life is ended. When its excellence comes up in memory, and its features of beauty are pictured by the loving heart, it is more fully appreciated than when the living form was in our sight, and exerts a power unknown before. What a keen self-reproach it often is that we only fully honor the lost when they are gone, and we can no longer tell them of our affection and reverence! We long to call them back, if only for a moment, to let us pour out our penitence because we

did not love them more. How frequently a familiar maxim comes to us in later years with a meaning we did not appreciate when it dropped from venerated, now silent, lips! The wisdom, to which we were blind in the inconsiderateness of youth, vindicates itself in our maturer thonght. The remembered or fancied wish of a parent dead, may have greater sacredness than a request, or possibly a command, once possessed. However powerful the influence of the life, death makes its teaching mightier. Thrown back upon loving memories, whatever was fair and beautiful is recalled, and comes up for admiration, with a distinctness like that with which the events of our own lives may hereafter come up for judgment. Death destroys nothing, effaces nothing, which is real and true. Only the dust can return to dust. Death canonizes every trait of spiritual beauty for the individual heart, the household, for communities, nations, ages. It is very hard for yearning love to think so, for it seems one of life's darker mysteries, yet it may be expedient that the child should go away. The touch of its tiny hand stirred depths in the soul that had never been reached before, unsealed affections that became living wells; but its departure connects the heart forever with the heavens. While here it was a sacred trust committed to our loving care. Now that it has gone to the guardianship of the angels that watch over the little ones, its memory is as a star to guide our way. It may be expedient for those in the meridian of life to go, those whose character was fast maturing into beauty, those who, "being made perfect in a short time, fulfilled a long time" in the sight of man and God. It is expedient for the older to go, whose lives are symbolized by the ripened grain upon the bier, those who lay down the burden of infirmity and years, and ascend into undecaying youth. Death is not death, but transfiguration, causing the inner glory to shine out in all its loveliness and beauty.

Shall I glance at a second way in which death may be a mightier teacher than life? Death is the truest teacher of immortality. I am not speaking in paradox, but expressing a profound conviction. What significance there is in the time, and the way, in which Jesus made his grandest affirmation of immortality. It was not in the Sermon on the Mount, the truest summary of his teaching. It was in the home from which Lazarus had just gone

away, in the presence and the shadow of death, when human love declared it also. When Jesus said, "Thy brother shall rise again," instantly Martha replied, "I know that he shall rise again, in the resurrection, at the last day." That affirmation of Jesus was not *his* word. He gave a voice to the inborn sentiment wrought into our being, brought into sight by the coming of death. The shadow of death is turned into the morning. Love never believes that the soul to which it clings perishes. It compels even the unbelieving to express immortal hopes. It says, I know that this soul shall live again. Why do we ever look for outward proofs of immortality, making that uncertain by our argument, which God made certain by writing it upon the heart? The wonder, the beauty, of Christ's teaching is, that when he spoke he spoke what the heart echoed, word for word, amid the circumstances of that hour, unveiled the inmost convictions of this marvellous spiritual nature, taught us to trust in them as certainties of our being. Let us trust in what the spiritual nature tells us amidst all mysteries. Let us trust it not only in its affirmations of immortality, but farther still. If the children of our love go out of our home, across the sea, we keep a place for them, all their own, till they come back. Finite love involves, ensures, that. Trust the irresistible inference in respect to what an infinite love must do, keeping a place for its every child sent out for a little time amidst these human experiences,—a place even for the wayward child, with the forgiving kiss always waiting for his return,—a place, how beautiful, in which the spirit that only hungered after righteousness and love shall be forever filled.

Yes, it is expedient for the most honored and the most loved to go away, for their departure imperatively awakens such thoughts as these. You can bear witness how they come in connection with him whose memory fills all our hearts, your minister, more and nearer than minister,—brother, father; my classmate, friend, so honored, revered, beloved. I shall not attempt fully to delineate his character, which has been already pictured by such skilful and loving hands. I do not know how, worthily, to speak of him. All that any of us can say will seem imperfect, inadequate, both to ourselves and you. Still as one of his classmates, in behalf of them all, let me offer a simple expression of our love. What a

singularly true and beautiful life has just vanished from our sight! There are lives that tell us the meaning of the words, "the beauty of holiness," souls beautiful in their nature, beautiful in their development, living in the atmosphere of purity and love as their native air. Here was one of that saintly company. We met first in early manhood, when he was just beginning his preparation for his future work. What unquestioning confidence he instantly inspired! His character, so unconsciously disclosing itself, revealed what he was, told what his youth must have been, foretold what his subsequent life must surely be. His life was the outgrowth of an intelligent, a loving, reverent New England home. When I recall that home, all whose members are reunited now, when I think of it as its doors opened to welcome me, a stranger, on my first Thanksgiving-day away from earlier friends, and as I knew it in later years, I cannot wonder that he attained such excellence. He was cradled, nurtured, amidst truth and purity. Gifted with a nature so pure, encompassed by such sweet and healthful ministries, he must have grown in wisdom as in stature, in favor with God and man. What noble lives, lives that became trees of righteousness, have grown up in these pure New England homes, these gardens of God!

Varied charms combined to make our friend's life winning and noble. He was intensely serious, living in a realization of the divinest truths, with the cry of the helpless, the perishing, the enslaved, always echoing in his heart. Yet how playful he often was, with a smile so sunny and so sweet, with a wit so quick, so simple and spontaneous, a wit that cheered, but did not wound, brightening the walks with companions in earlier days, making so attractive the familiar conversations of later years.

What apparently opposite qualities adorned his life! It is a great thing to have a single grace of character. But here was a man in whom differing graces were harmoniously blended, each enhancing, never marring, the rest, rendering their beauty still more beautiful. How unassuming and retiring he was,— not as if studying to keep himself from sight, but in the instinctive modesty of his nature; yet when the necessity of duty, or love, was laid upon him, how calm and self-sustained! Seeing him in his retiring humility, you might imagine he could never come to the front.

Seeing him there, borne on by his earnest soul, you might think that his natural place. How gentle he was, and yet how fearless! Three men I have known in whom the lion and the lamb were happily blended, — Charles Lowe, Samuel J. May, Nathaniel Hall. The troubled days of the past attested your minister's heroism. He would have gone to the stake for the cause of truth and liberty. With such a parentage, how natural the courage of the son, falling as a martyr as he led the way in battle, in the war for freedom. Brave words, that your minister's convictions compelled him to speak, at times stirred all the waves of feeling into storm. But the gentleness and meekness, that were as marked and characteristic as his courage, stilled the waves, and calmed them to rest.

And what a true minister this man has made! All the elements of success were combined in him, — simplicity, sincerity, gentleness, heroism, faith, love, piety. He felt the Father's hand at every step. He leaned upon the Master's breast. He had a poetic, as well as saintly, nature, and as he unveiled, in a style brightened, enriched, by his imagination, thoughts born out of his experience, faith, love, his word was with power. He came down from the mount of communion, his face shining with the light of his enkindled soul, to speak the commandments of God. You know what he has been to you, in your joy, your grief, by open graves. What loving words of his come back to you, words that did the work of angels, strengthening, cheering, comforting; making truth and heaven realities forever. How devoted he was! How his tireless fidelity shamed us! If he overtasked his strength in his intense desire to be faithful, it was a failing that leaned to virtue's side; nay, which was rather virtue itself. And what a success was here! No sensationalism, no questionable devices to waken a transient interest, have disgraced this place during these forty years. But here is a pulpit that stands for righteousness. Here is one that represents what a pulpit ought to be, without spot or blemish, consecrated by the feet that have so long stood in it, by the form that last Monday lay before it. Whoever looked in the faces of the throng gathered at that burial, could need no other testimony to this minister's power. His voice is silent now.

No, though dead, he still speaks. And never, in the utmost fervor of his eloquence and the strength of his manhood, did he speak so mightily as when he lay here, his lips forever sealed, in the presence of the multitude drawn together by the power of his character, all hearts made one in sadness, reverence, love.

We must leave the all-unfinished picture. His modest spirit would have forbidden such words as we have spoken. But our lips are unsealed now. After the "Well done, faithful servant," has been uttered in heaven, those who honored and loved him here may try to pour out the feeling that for years could find no adequate expression. And when we desire to picture the pure man, the courageous lover of humanity, the devoted pastor, the model minister, we will repeat the beloved name of Nathaniel Hall.

He is the first that has gone from the class of six who left the Theological School so many years ago. Who more fitted to lead the way? Would that we knew how to follow a life so true! The higher home is revealed to thought as honored, beloved friends depart. As they go away heaven is linked to earth. When the engineer would make a pathway over an apparently impassable chasm, he first throws a single line across it to draw over wire after wire, until by-and-by he joins the opposite sides together by a bridge for thronging multitudes, secure as the solid earth. When the first beloved one ascends, a cord of love is fastened to the heavenly shore; and as another, and another, goes, we become linked more closely there, till at length there will seem to be no separation, and our departure will become only as a change into another mansion, a different apartment of the same Father's house.

That home is building fast as years break these true companionships. To-morrow will be the festival of All-saints. Our little company of disciples has been rich in noble lives, worthy to take their place among the saints. I recall them in loving memory. There is Channing, the seer, whose face was aglow with the spirit's light, whose tones linger like music on the ear, himself an example of that dignity of human nature which it was his joy to proclaim; and Ware, winning all men's love by an apostolic fervor

and devotedness. There are Peabody and Greenwood, so beautiful and saintly; and Gannett, whose conscience and heart forever urged him onward, to whose earnest soul no purity seemed pure, no fidelity faithful; and May, with that wonderful mingling of sweetness and courage, the apostle of liberty and peace, whose character was portrayed at his grave by the words, "He was the truest embodiment of the spirit of Christ;" and Charles Lowe, not only so beloved among ourselves, but whose spirit won the heart of Arabs as he traveled in the far-off East, compelling them to say, "If this man is a Christian, then we should all be Christians." And now another, kindred in character and purity, has gone to join these, yes, and a company of others, less widely known, but equally true. God gave to some of them rare gifts of eloquence. But their character has been far more eloquent than their noblest words, so that men with widely different creeds place their names on the catalogue of saints. With what sweet persuasion the truth speaks to us in these beautiful examples! We knew them here, joining hands with them below. Will our hands be pure enough to grasp theirs above? Let them compass us about as a cloud of assisting witnesses, to keep us loyal like themselves to truth, humanity, and God.

EDITORS' NOTE-BOOK.

RESULTS OF MISSION WORK IN INDIA.

Our friend Rev. Mr. Dall, after a visit of a few months in this country, has just returned to his chosen work in Calcutta. After twenty years of service he is as indefatigable and enthusiastic as ever, profoundly convinced that there is an immense opportunity for Liberal Christianity in India, and urgent that the work shall be sustained and extended by the active interest and co-operation of our churches. It is well known that Mr. Dall's method has been largely educational, and sympathetic towards all he has found to be true and good in native faith or culture, while steadfastly presenting the life and teachings of Jesus Christ; especially that he has been ready to recognize the reformation that is going on in India under the name of the Brahmo Somaj, the new theistic church of India, claiming this, indeed, as the substantial triumph of Christianity over the old superstitions.

During Mr. Dall's stay in this country, he was welcomed by the Ministerial Union in Boston, where he gave an address, setting forth his aims and the results that have attended his work; and, more broadly, the whole work of Christian effort and education in India, and the striking changes that are going on in the institutions and life of the people through the influence of Christian civilization. Portions of this address we present below, only regretting that we have not space for the whole of our brother's cheering exhibit of the grand results of missionary work, despite all mistakes and confessed drawbacks, and his earnest appeal for sympathy and assistance in a work he sees to be so fruitful and so vast.

There is no foreign mission-field on earth so rich in opportunity as India, so ready for our Unitarian sickle; no harvest so ripe for gathering into our Master's garner. Though the harvest be so great and the laborers so few, with God's help we are gathering in some of it, year after year, and day by day. One city, Calcutta, now gives us five hundred daily receivers of the truth that binds man to man and all to God, —

the gospel tie. The tie of human brotherhood, remember, is the essential word and revelation of Jesus Christ No other religion upon earth affirms it. Thy will be done on earth, one will everywhere, as it is in heaven! Buddhism teaches tenderness towards all that live, and would not kill the most venomous reptile: but it declares human life on the earth to be a curse, to be born again a punishment; and would be out of being as soon as possible. Buddha's reform was nature's own protest against certain excesses of Hinduism, five hundred years before Christ. But several of the radical errors of Hinduism it accepted; such as that this life, with all its sacred opportunities, is *Maia*, a cheat, and no sphere or stage of brotherly discipline and spiritual growth. Only the pure theism of Jesus sees the tendency to good of all life that is human, and its earthly bond to one centre of affinity; sees human brotherhood to be the law of life, sure as the gravitation of the solar system.

You would hear something more definitely of "our cause in India." I hope you all regard it as our cause, — a cause to be watched and worked for by more than one laborer, and guarded by home love and home wealth, so that others shall leap to the front when he is cut down, and the blessed work go on from generation to generation. "Our cause" let it be. Some of you, I rejoice to believe, are seriously asking the question whether that can be Christian which is not twice-blessed, whether if we have no cause there, or persistently ignore it, there will be much cause here, for our existence as a church; I mean whether Liberal Christianity, which is illiberal enough not to care for its poor relations on the other side of the estate, can long hold up its head, or have more than a name to live, on this side of the household.

But tell us of the Hindus. Who are the Hindus that we should especially care for them, — we who have so many heathen at home to look after? You know that, by descent and derivation, the best part of the people of India are Caucasian, and so of one race with ourselves. One home in Central Asia, probably Iran, was the single birthplace of both Sanscrit and English, of their language and ours, and consequently of both Hindus and Anglo-Saxons; the northern wing of emigration being ours, the southern theirs. So, if blood is thicker than water, 'tis well to keep that in mind. Again, we know that India, to-day, is under English management. India, from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, two thousand miles north and south, and with a breadth of eighteen hundred miles from east to west, almost another Europe, is crossed in all directions by railways, telegraphs, and post-roads, and increasing facilities of communication. English is largely spoken by educated Hindus in all the cities and along all highways, so that any liberal Christian man, without the mastery of an oriental language, can learn what the people want, and how to help them. And there is no politer or more docile people in the world. The talk about their immobility, and hatred of progress, is all a lie. Of the two, our prejudices are much stronger

than theirs; and they are readier for new ideas and great reforms than we are. I did not think so once, but every year's experience has taught me my mistake. I was misinformed by such as thought they knew the people, and did not. They are neither effete nor paralytic, but alive and well and hungry,—these two hundred millions of people, who now ask if we will let them light their candle by ours. They have suffered long under foreign conquest and fearful tyrannies, but are coming to their feet. They now ask of us, their Aryan co-heirs, to share the good gifts of a common Father, commercially, intellectually, morally, spiritually, for their emancipation and education and salvation.

In no country in the world is education doing more for the people, or initiating grander changes and reforms. Bear in mind that the whole people, not our sixty-seven millions of Bengalis only, but the whole people, whom God has put, politically, into the hands of Christians, are seeking power and place, by a mastery of our language. They can only learn English, and come up with their rulers, through familiarity with the ideas of Milton, Shakespeare, Cowper, Addison, Longfellow, Franklin, Stevenson, and other Christians; and sympathy with these inevitably flings their Hindoo superstitions to the owls and the bats. It fills them with Christian ideas and hopes and plans; and this, not only by their own free choice, but their earnest seeking. All this is done by "secular" education of the whole people. Again, England, in India, teaches no religion, but aids all educators without asking what religion they teach. Unitarians and Trinitarians have like access to her bounty, called "secular," which often gives money equal to our outlay on schools, so that our five hundred dollars may become one thousand dollars. At the close of the great Indian rebellion of 1857, the "empress of India," Queen Victoria, by proclamation, pledged herself and her successors to absolute religious neutrality. Out of her taxation of our province of Bengal (about eighty millions of dollars a year), government gives back to education, annually, a million. And this goes mainly to "aided schools," which are not "government" schools; that is, to our schools, and others which, though regularly examined by government inspectors, are not otherwise under government control. Government builds and sustains normal schools, colleges, universities, all over the country. In these, faithful to her promise "to interfere in no way with the religion of the people," the queen allows nothing to be studied, done, or said, that is clearly and distinctly "religious." The Hindus are the most devout and prayerful people in the world, according to their light, which is darkness,—a darkness we are called of God to remove.

All religious teaching, I repeat, is left to outsiders, or to the missionaries. And to these, of whatever denomination, the queen gives money as "grants-in-aid." As such, we receive, from the British government, four hundred dollars a year. My friend, Babu Keshub Chunder Sen,

draws twelve hundred dollars a year for one of his schools, for girls and women, in Calcutta; and one American lady, Miss Britton, draws, I think, four thousand five hundred dollars annually, for her sixty or more female home schools, in zenanas. These "grants-in-aid" will, no doubt, go on impartially for years, and perhaps for generations. If the unity of knowledge with faith be, pre-eminently, our Unitarian mission, is there not, in this governmental aid to as many schools as we will open and gospelize, a clear call of God to us to help him save our neighbors?

February next will open the twenty-first year of my own connection with the Unitarian Christian Mission to India. Fifty years ago was that mission commenced at Calcutta by the Rajah Rammohun Roy (who poured out for it, in money alone, some ten thousand dollars), — by him and the Rev. William Adam, a Scotch missionary and Unitarian, who seems to have owed his Unitarianism to Rammohun Roy. Again, at Madras, the 19th of December next will bring round the sixty-third anniversary of the dedication of the first church of our name in India. This church, remember, was not built by Americans, nor by Englishmen, nor with any aid from their funds. The Madras Unitarian church, or chapel, was built and paid for by a self-converted Hindu, a landholder, whose own name was Appa Cooti Moodelliar, and his baptismal name William Roberts. "Help us to help ourselves!" Was that the "Macedonian cry" that Paul heard? I believe shrewd men, that have money, like to help those that help themselves; and to plant a good donation or legacy where it is likely to stay, and grow, and bless succeeding generations. May I inform such that a man of the third generation of the Roberts family, Samuel I. Roberts, is to-day in Madras, leading in prayer, and aiding his father, William Roberts, Jr., son of the first church-builder of our faith in India, and whose disciples have also gathered three other Christian churches, at Chittoor, at Salem of twenty years' and at Secunderabad of thirty years' perseverance.

Changes then are taking place, that are likely to be permanent? Yes, indeed. It is not easy to catalogue the changes, social, moral, and religious, that have occurred in my short time there. These, too, go to the depth of social life, and even bring out woman from her life-long imprisonment under lock and key in the harem or the zenana, and from her utter seclusion from opportunities open to the least-favored on this side the world. Not one common school for Hindu girls existed, so far as I know, in 1855. But now nearly every province of India has them. Hindus now open girls' schools for their own daughters. I've heard it said, that there could not be less than five hundred schools for Hindu girls and women, in the single province of Bengal. In some districts they employ female inspectors, Europeans; each in charge of perhaps a hundred schools. Every girls' school in Calcutta has at least one male teacher, or pundit; and gentlemen visitors, both native and foreign, are admitted. This is a long step forward in the emancipation of women,

from heathen slavery toward Christian freedom. Then, as to boys' schools, they are numberless, in which the male youth of India are daily drinking in Christian thought, and, through English studies, feeding on Christian ideas, and breathing a Christian atmosphere of hope and a new life. About three hundred and fifty thousand are baptized Christians. Yet Rammohun Roy, about 1828, opened, as I believe, the very first school in Calcutta (population of a million), where Hindu boys came to study English with the full approval of their parents and guardians. Now, at an interval of less than fifty years, such schools are numbered by tens of thousands in the land. English is so hungered for that often the poorest will contrive to pay for it. And the government, in view of this fact, withdraws all grants-in-aid from city schools that teach English. So it is that our best English school in Calcutta, our "School of Useful Arts," of two hundred and thirty boys and men, that had a grant of five hundred dollars a year for ten years, now with a daily attendance by fees, and without a grant from government, pays its own way, or nearly so.

No country on earth has experienced greater or more beneficent changes, during the last half-century, than British India. Nor will it be denied that our mission, with only one American to work it (happily joined by an English lady colleague, Mary Chamberlain, five or six years ago), has had a hand in these changes. The eminent leader of the God's-church movement, the Progressive Brahmos, if not a pupil of ours, owes something to our sympathy, teaching, and guidance; nor, if questioned, would he be slow to acknowledge it.

A dozen reports of our work have from time to time been published. With its main facts our friends are familiar. I write them songs and prayers, and hundred of letters and articles in the secular press. Our own tracts, written in Calcutta, in several languages, though mostly in English, counting up to more than a hundred, have scattered over India two and one quarter millions of pages in book form, often paid for by Hindus. Three thousand five hundred pupils have been in our personal charge during the last fifteen years; and of these five hundred and seventeen are girls and women, Hindus. Five hundred and twenty were day-scholars in four of our schools, on the day I left Calcutta, in March last. Twenty-five salaried teachers are ours on monthly pay; the work suffering no interruption during my absence here, once in seven years. These are some of the facts; and you can have as many more as you desire.

But, lastly, as to the religious bearing of labors that seem so largely educational. Out of our five hundred daily pupils, I discourse on gospel principles to an audience of about two hundred, for half an hour every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, round the year; besides which a class of a dozen or fifteen young men, out of those preparing for the university, come to me to study the life of Jesus every Saturday, for an hour or

more. Our prayers and hymns are memorized in the regular course of study by all our pupils, and daily hymns and prayers open and close our schools. None are fonder of prayer than the Hindus. Keshub Chunder Sen's school for women usually gives two hours to prayer every morning. Our business is not to teach them to pray, but to know what to worship; and, while they pray with the spirit, to pray with the understanding also. Thus you find among our graduates, a mere fraction of whom are sent up annually to the university, self-gathered prayer-meetings, and self-sustained societies or "debating-clubs," for the free discussion of new-found truth and popular reform. These grow out of us as our natural branches. One young man, five or six years a pupil, and who graduated two or three years ago, is now the minister of a church he has gathered in Calcutta; a "church of God." or Brahmo Somaj, that met, for some months, in one of our school-halls, and has since found better accommodations. A debating-society of our alumni, when I left, was holding its regular Saturday meetings in a lower room of the schoolhouse in which I reside, discussing generally the most needed reforms, and how to bring them about.

The actual religion of the Hindus, ninety-nine hundredths of them, is one of terror and dread of the unseen, the product of ignorance and fear. We have no Buddhists. There is not, if you take the masses, a poorer people in the world. Nearly all they can earn goes to the propitiation and deprecation of demons and the powers of evil; though, even before the sunlight of the gospel touches them, there flashes through the darkness an occasional ray of pure and blessed light. "More light! more light!" is their half-smothered, instinctive cry. Men are rising among themselves from time to time, reformers, whom I believe are sent of God. Born about the time with Martin Luther, rose Choitonyo, who is said to have eight millions of disciples to-day, denying the dogma of Hinduism, that all love is lust, and declaring that God is to be loved, and that divine love makes all men brothers. Rammohun Roy tells his people (he died in 1833), that the life of Jesus Christ is the sole guide to peace and happiness. Keshub Chunder Sen receives to-day the mantle of Rammohun Roy. His one hundred and twenty churches of God, Somajes, — their doors all open to me, — look to the great Rammohun as their founder. And Keshub, denounced by conservatives of his own church as "the great apostle of Christianity in the East," unflinching affirms "the true spirit of Christ shall yet be accepted by India," deny it who will. Mozoomdar, Keshub's ablest colleague, says, "Let us all cry, 'Our Father, who art in heaven,' and you know who it was that first prayed this prayer." We Brahmos (he said in England, lately) have no creed but the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. And our Mr. Singhee writes of his friend Dall to less liberal reformers, "Mr. Dall cannot but stick to Jesus as his guide, Jesus Christ and him crucified. Get better if you can." . . . Oh, my friends, God is not only a bountiful provider, but a

strict and just accountant. Never was there a more patent opportunity for Liberal Christians to save their fellow-men. In deed I have shown you, in word, to-day, I tell you, of our duty to India; and now the responsibility of this duty is not mine, but yours. God help you to heed it as you ought!

REV. NATHANIEL HALL.

The Christian ministry is honored now as ever in the honor and affection accorded to devoted and faithful men. Reverence for the office may be departing; but respect for tested wisdom, and joy in real goodness, and grateful recognition of the helpful service which has brought the divine counsel and comfort to one's deepest need, are not dying out among us. There is a place still left in the life of a community for the word and life that bear witness together for righteousness and the Everlasting Love, — a place whose potency of blessing is most fully realized when left vacant after having been nobly filled with the faithful service of many years. The feet that have been helpful in bringing the good tidings are most beautiful on the mountains as they go up to their rest.

No one of the large number who sat together in the church on Meeting-House Hill, at the funeral of its pastor for forty years, could fail to be impressed with thoughts like these. The work of the religious teacher, the worth of the Christian character, were illustrated as seldom in that scene, in the profound sense of loss, and still more in the sense of grateful rejoicing in the life and work which had been so rich and full.

We are glad to offer to our readers, in another part of this review, the sermon preached in Dorchester on the Sunday after Mr. Hall's funeral, by his classmate, Dr. Briggs; nor can we forbear to copy below, from "The Boston Journal," a few paragraphs of its report of Dr. Peabody's funeral address. We learn that these fit offerings to Mr. Hall's memory, with other tributes of affection and reverence which have been written or spoken, are to be gathered up into a permanent memorial: —

In looking back upon these many years, you will all agree with me in regarding fervent piety as the forming element in his character, the inspiration of his life-work, the prime factor of his usefulness. He walked among men as one who ever walked with God. In his own consciousness he was ever within temple gates and on holy ground. It was im-

possible to be even transiently with him without being impressed with the profound solemnity of spirit, which, in his most cheerful hours and unstudied intercourse, was God's seal upon his brow and mien. Thus his Sabbath and sanctuary robe was his every-day attire, and all felt that in uttering divine truth he was speaking what he knew; and his words had a searching, penetrating power, which only a life like his could have given them. His devotion was pre-eminently an active principle. A keen, quick, unresting conscience made him earnest and fearless in his conflict with every form of wrong and evil. He conferred not with flesh and blood, but only with the word and spirit of God. In behalf of truth and right he was content to stand alone, and to put to hazard personal interest, friendship, human favor. He blended with evangelical unction no little of the deep insight, foresight, and intrepidity of the Hebrew prophet. He stood on the watch-tower, and saw much that was hidden from those below; and what he saw he proclaimed, as one who dared not to keep back any part of the counsel of God. Had all the ministers of Christ possessed his courage, our people might have been spared the bloody baptism through which our great national sin has been washed away. All honor to his memory that he held his post and fulfilled his mission, when the general conscience around him was torpid, when the iniquity that he denounced coursed through the life-blood of the community, when to show the people their transgression was stigmatized as treason.

But with this earnest boldness in the right you have seen blended a meekness, which betokened his close kindred to the Saviour, whom he equally followed in calling sin by its own name, and proclaiming the judgment of God on those who bade defiance to his law.

Our friend's endowments for his office were such as fall to the lot of few. His careful, discriminating, and vigorous thought, his rich imagination, his style at once chaste and vigorous, his commanding, dignified, and graceful presence and utterance, have made him a welcome and favorite preacher in all our congregations, as well as in his own; and while he has won the suffrages even of the coldly critical, on no lips have those who sought in the preacher the ambassad r of Christ hung with a warmer appreciation or with the consciousness of greater spiritual benefit. He has not made preaching his easy work. No crude thoughts, no sudden freaks of fancy, no hasty and ill-digested opinions, have found utterance with him. He has brought hither the beaten oil of the sanctuary. Patient study, deep reflection, settled conviction, have furnished the staple for his discourses. Never satisfied with himself, he has kept his ideal always in advance of his attainment; and, until his capacity for labor was permanently impaired, he was constantly growing. Many of you remember that on his twenty-fifth anniversary he expressed his willingness to live only on condition that his future should excel his past: and you, who thought him then all that you could desire, will bear testimony that the condition has been fulfilled, that there has been not decline, but only

richer maturity, as the years have rolled on; that he was never more precious to his flock than when you began to fear that his strength would not long suffice for his charge.

I have said that fixed opinions, settled convictions, lay at the basis of his preaching as of his life. It could not be otherwise. Opinions are fluctuating, because they have no heart-hold: convictions are fleeting, because they have no place in the character. It is profound feeling that moves them and consolidates them; and he thought nothing that he did not feel, believed nothing that bore not its part in his spiritual life-fabric. His faith in Christ as the Son of God and the Saviour of man, in the gospel as eternal and immutable truth, rested not on mere external evidences that are always open to cavil, but on his own vital union with Christ as the branch with the vine, on his own rich experience of the power, wisdom, and love of God in the redeeming and sanctifying gospel. For like reasons he maintained his simple faith in the divine unity, and in what are termed by way of distinction the more liberal views of Christian truth. These doctrines had, others had not, borne part in the formation and development of his Christian character. But he held his own opinions in respect, love, and charity for all. He was little disposed to theological controversy, and was ready to recognize his Master's image in all who bore it.

Of his fidelity in the more private duties of his office, of his sustaining and cheering sympathy with the sick, the afflicted, the poor, the aged, of his too ready sacrifice of self wherever he could minister relief or comfort, there is no need that I speak to you. The memory of his assiduous kindness is among those records which time cannot obliterate in your homes and your hearts. You have felt his presence with you in the great crises of your lives, as a need second only to that divine support and help to which he always led you.

Nor need I say how sacredly true and kind he has been in all the relations of home and of social life, how loyal and faithful as a citizen, how prompt and serviceable in the many trusts which of necessity devolve on the minister of a large and influential parish. His intimate friendships were, perhaps, few, but they were strong; and to those who knew him best he was unspeakably dear and precious. We feel that it has been among our choicest privileges that we have been associated with one whose intercourse has always made us feel the beauty of holiness, has quickened our highest aims, nourished our truest, noblest life.

PROF. HACKETT.

Horatio Balch Hackett was graduated at Amherst College in 1830, was shortly afterwards a tutor in that college, at a later period was professor of the ancient languages and literature in Brown University, then filled the chair of biblical exegesis at the

Newton Theological Seminary for twenty-seven years, and for the last six or seven years held a similar post in the theological seminary at Rochester, N.Y. As a critical scholar and expositor of the New Testament, he has left few equals, no superior. His commentary on the Acts of the Apostles is almost a unique work this side of Germany, for the breadth and depth of scholarship which it manifests, for its thorough analysis of words, phrases, and idioms, for the concentration upon every passage and point of light from all accessible sources, and for its profound exegetical insight. Similar judgments may be passed on whatever he gave to the press; for it was impossible for him to bestow, on any subject, less than the best work within his power. In other departments than exegesis his independent writings have been few. The chief of them was a volume of modest pretensions, but of sterling value, in which he embodied such illustrations of Scripture as came within his own observation and experience on a tour in the Holy Land. Perhaps the greatest enterprise of his life was one in which he was associated with Prof. Ezra Abbot, a man of equal learning and of kindred spirit, — the American edition of Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible." This has all the merit of a new work, and cost a large portion of the labor that would have been required for the collection of the materials at first hand. The compilers went over the whole ground, tested all the articles in the original work by consulting prime authorities in every case, corrected errors and oversights almost numberless, added very many articles of the highest importance and interest, and have so entirely superseded the English edition that no one would think of purchasing it if the American were within reach, while very many have deemed it worth their while to lay aside the old work for the new.

As a teacher, Prof. Hackett has won abounding honor and gratitude. He has aimed, not to popularize biblical learning by diluting it, but to raise his pupils to his own point of view, and to form them by his own standard. He trained enthusiastic students of the Sacred Word. As a critic, he united to a rare degree faith and science, a profound reverence for the oracles of divine truth and a fearless handling of their contents, receiving their teachings, when ascertained, as the infallible word of God, but subjecting the record to the same processes of interpretation and the same ex-

egetical canons which he would have applied to any other ancient writings, — holding the treasure as ineffably sacred and precious, but never forgetting that "we have this treasure in earthen vessels."

While Prof. Hackett has been admired and revered as a prince among scholars, he has left still dearer memories as eminently "a man of the beatitudes." From a piety never obtrusive or demonstrative, but profound, tender, genuine, unflickering, his life shaped itself in the unstudied beauty of holiness. Modest and unassuming, gentle and kind, mindful of the details of daily duty and the lesser charities and amenities of social life, bold and earnest in the advocacy of the true and right, with intensely strong human sympathies, he seemed to those who knew him best one of the nearest followers of his Saviour. There was much in his spirit and in his social intercourse that might remind one of "the disciple whom Jesus loved." His life was for the most part a retired, except for the world of scholars even a "hidden," life; yet in our recent civil war he emerged into the public arena under the impulse of a patriotism that would not let him rest, and during those eventful years he was among the foremost in stirring speech and vigorous action.

He was educated as a Congregationalist, and studied theology at Andover, becoming a Baptist in the course of scriptural investigation after he had received his license as a preacher. But his new relations interposed no barrier between him and his earlier friends. Always loyal to his own denomination, he yet regarded it as but one branch of the church universal, and he thus lived in fellowship and intimacy with Christians of every name and form. His Master's image was to him a sufficient ground for friendship and affection, and all who knew him felt that he was with them in entire unity of spirit so far as they were with Christ. It was indicative of his catholic sympathies, that, in the offices of reverence and love at his burial, the services were led by a Congregationalist clergyman, while members of several different denominations paid their tribute to his memory in the church where he had long been a worshiper, and bore his body to its last resting-place.

A. P. P.

SOMETHING NEW IN LITERATURE.

American readers, we may hope, will soon have an opportunity of appreciating the Japanese drama, in the specimen play which Mr. M. S. Toyama, the accomplished student in the Michigan University, has faithfully translated. Its title is "The Faithful Kura." Kura is the contraction of Uranoske, the important character of the play, whose fidelity is shown in his steadfast purpose to revenge the death of his lord, the daimio Enya, who had been ordered to commit "harakiri" for an assault on Moronao, another lord of the court, who had insulted him grossly. The drama is full of action, the scene shifts very often: it is sometimes in the palace, sometimes in private houses, sometimes in the street, sometimes in the forest, — in the night-time, and in the day-time. It brings out many of the characteristic manners and customs of the people, and has enough that is grotesque and horrible to satisfy the Bowery boys. There are two murders on the stage, two persons commit harakiri, and other crimes are attempted. But the dignified tone is always kept up, and there is no vileness of language, no slang or vulgar jesting. As a whole, "The Faithful Kura" is much purer and more decent than the favorite plays of French and American theatres. It is longer than our dramas.

There are ten acts in all, though one of these, made up of prologue and name-recitation, has been omitted in the translation, as also portions of the ninth and tenth acts. Nothing has been omitted essential to the progress and development of the plot. The plot, however, seems not completely wrought out, and to need another short act at the close. As read in English, the drama is prose, but in the original it is melodrama. The Japanese plays are operas, and are written for music. The language itself is full of vowels, and is as musical as the language of Italy. The drama is a favorite one of the best audiences, and is often exhibited before admiring crowds. The literary finish of the original gives it a popularity beyond its spirited action. A few proverbial maxims and wise remarks are thrown in, but there is no disquisition and no philosophical reflection. Tender sentiment, nevertheless, is not wanting. Filial and paternal and conjugal

love, gratitude, kindness, loyalty, disinterestedness, on one side, avarice, vindictiveness, anger, hatred, on the other, find their expression. Of the women, Karu, the wife of Kampay, makes us, in her simple truthfulness, almost think of more than one of Shakespeare's heroines, Imogen and Perdita. The names of men and women are so much alike in form and sound that it is not easy to distinguish the sex. The *dramatis personæ* are numerous, and there is a still larger surrounding of attendants, servants, military and civil, boys and girls. Every great lord has his retainers. The Taicoon, the Prince, is one of the characters. There are daimios, and a merchant and a doctor and a peasant, — and even a "fool."

In Japan, the play begins in the morning and continues through the day. The audience are patient. It is doubtful if an American audience would have quite as much patience with the much speaking about an offense so insignificant; for the moving cause of all the wrath and intrigue and violence is only a violation of etiquette.

Mr. Toyama writes excellent English, and has done his work well. His explanatory notes make clear many of the allusions, and his short analysis of the different acts assists the reader to follow the intricacies of the plot. It is to be hoped that his attempt to introduce to American readers this curious piece of Japanese literature may meet with success, and that some enterprising publisher may soon announce the work. C. H. B.

At a recent meeting of the London Anthropological Institute, a very interesting account of the Malanaus of Borneo, a tribe of which heretofore very little has been known, was given by Lieutenant de Crespigny. They are a very ugly and awkward people, but more honest than most of the Indian tribes. Some things in their religion are peculiar. They have one supreme God, whose name is "Ipu." The ceremonies of their religion are mainly in driving away evil spirits from the sick, and caring for the souls of the dead. They have nothing like prayers or worship. They have numerous prescriptions and sorceries to propitiate the demons of the air and sky, of the woods, and rivers and sea. All diseases and plagues, lightning and fever and dropsy, come from one

or more of these demons. When a man dies, his "wake" is held for three days in feasting and cock-fighting. Formerly, if he were a man of substance, a number of slaves were bound and left to starve upon his tomb, that he might have attendance and protection on his way to paradise. A bead was fastened to the right arm of the corpse, to be given to the fierce, double-headed dog, the guardian of the narrow road. The name of the Malanau Cerberus is "Mawiang." The guardian conductor of souls on their way to heaven is a beautiful girl, "Balu Adad." Those who have died a violent death go to a different place, die over again, and come back to earth, to live as worms or caterpillars.

OF THINGS ABROAD.

We have received two packages of papers concerning the educational and reformatory movements of women in England. The first numbers date some weeks back, but their contents are too valuable to be lost. "The Journal of the Women's Educational Union" is always wise and calm in its methods. Mrs. William Grey is very active in this association. There is a report of the meeting of "The Birmingham Higher Association," in the spring. A movement was being made to obtain assistance towards the completion of a hall at Cambridge for the residence of those women attending lectures there. Mrs. Fawcett, in an address on that occasion, says it is a well-known fact that women in the past have contributed largely towards the endowment of almost every college in Cambridge. She did not grudge this. Their money was given at a time when the higher education of men was a great want. They benefited not only men, but women also through men, and the entire country. But she would ask that men should now return their generosity, and help in these projects for their welfare. There is a sensible article in one of these numbers on the subject of sewing in schools. The writer thinks that the fine and fancy needle-work, often taught, is not so desirable, neither the cutting-out of garments, which in this age can often be bought ready-made for use, cheaper than they can be manufactured at home. The main thing, she suggests, is to teach girls to have regular habits of mending their own clothes as they come from the laun-

dry, and keeping themselves tidy. This is the obvious duty of every woman, high or low. Mrs. Kemble, in her charming "gossip" in "The Atlantic Monthly," speaks of the custom at a French school of making the young girls examine their clothes every Saturday, and do the necessary mending required. We can speak from our own experience at the well-known and valuable school of Mrs. Charles Sedgwick, at Lenox, Mass. The Saturday mornings when we all sat together, a friendly little circle, under her eye, with our work-baskets around, are very pleasant to recall.

The importance of lessening rather than multiplying work, is shown in a quotation from John Stuart Mill. He says one of the first things we ought to do is to see how many so-called luxuries we can do without, not beautiful objects, but what he calls the "fopperies of civilization." He would assert, in opposition to the "gospel of work," the "gospel of leisure," — that is, he would have work more equally divided, so that no one's life would be wholly filled with labor. According to the statements of Emanuel Deutsch, in his book on the Talmud, the Jews were very particular to have their young people brought up to learn some handicraft. There was a saying that Jerusalem was destroyed because the education of the young was beginning to be neglected. The learned doctors were many of them masters of a trade, which, it was thought, kept them from the narrowness of intellectual pursuits. "It is well," they said, "to add a trade to your studies: you will then be free from sin." There has been also, in this journal, a series of valuable articles on the study of history in schools. The present custom of having young girls read history in detail, rather than follow the dry skeleton of wars and successions, the writer thinks an improvement. They are led to look into the condition of the people, and contemporaneous literature. But he believes the principal thing is, after all, first to give the pupil a general elementary knowledge of historic facts, before he can begin to take side-views. This need not be a list of dry dates, but simply, as we understand the writer, an outline, a *résumé* of the past life of nations. This is reasonable. How can a young girl estimate the forces of any event in a nation, or the cause,

unless she knows how they stand related? We take occasion to say here that we cannot understand why young girls and boys in many of our public schools are not allowed to study history till they have reached the age of twelve or thirteen. All these years their memories have been whetted in their geography and other lessons. They might be laying up also a store of historic facts, all ready for use when they begin to compare and analyze, and take a wider view of races and civilization. We can speak again from our own experience, when we say that many a time when our memory has been caught napping we have recovered ourselves by a vision of Peter Parley's "Child's First Book of History," which we studied in our childhood, or Worcester's little abridgment, where we got all the old stories about Greece and Rome.

A valuable letter is published, written by Miss Shore, on the subject of a preparation in history and literature for the Cambridge examinations. It was prepared for the students with whom she has for some time been corresponding. The letter contains a great deal of wise counsel, in regard to the study of foreign languages, the importance of fixing the attention in history on the strong leading facts at first, on the true way to take notes, the desirableness of using their own words, the objections to extracts, and the habit of learning by rote, &c. The old town of York seems to lead the van in its efforts for co-operation with Cambridge. The archbishop and dean of York, with many notable men and women, put their names this year to a new circular headed "University Extension," which, as we understand it, means the extension of all the educational privileges of their association to men as well as women, and an enlargement of their facilities for valuable lectures on practical and scientific subjects. Our valued correspondent, Miss Swaine, of York, who favored us in our last number of "The Review" with a translation of one of M. Reville's sermons, is actively connected with all these good movements, and keeps us awake to their excellence and success.

The British Association at their last meeting were generous in the time and opportunity which they offered to women to present the subjects which most interested them. There were one or two

carping voices through the press, that complained of such an innovation as allowing women to speak there, but the public generally, we believe, were gratified with the share they had in the proceedings of the meeting. In the section of Economic Science, Mrs. Crawshay, the lady of whom we have before spoken in these pages, read a paper on the subject of gentlewomen as domestic servants. Our readers will perhaps remember that she was trying the experiment herself in her own magnificent establishment, or castle, as it really is, in Wales. She was obliged to say, that, although she still advocated the adoption of lady helpers as upper servants, she had been under the necessity of giving up all her young ladies but one, — her own maid. This so-called "failure" has given rise to a great deal of croaking, and "there, I told you so's;" but if we listen to her we shall see in it nothing discouraging to her project, but only a few stubborn facts in the way. We will let her tell the story. She could not live in Wales during the winter, on account of her health. Her grown-up daughter preferred ordinary servants. "That," she says, "would astonish no one, as it was proverbial that the young stand on their dignity more than those do who have known life and its sorrows, and who have learnt that neither occupation nor length of purse ought to determine whether a person was entitled to be treated as a gentlewoman or not." She goes on to speak of the perfect success of the experiment, as long as she herself was connected with it. We all know that it is the faith of the prime mover in any enterprise that carries it along. We believe the personal magnetism of Mrs. Crawshay, her delicate generosity, her respect for human nature, enable her to raise her subordinates to her own high plane of thinking and living. We confess we are disappointed to find still in England, at this stage of the world, such a disrespect for household avocations, among some of the best and most philanthropic women, as was seen in the arguments at the association brought against Mrs. Crawshay's movement. The old aristocrats of the Greek and Roman world toiled with pride at the plow, and the honorable women gloried in their household industry and thrift. A complicated civilization has spoiled all this; and a healthy Englishman thinks it more dignified to keep a man's books in a musty office than to weed a man's garden on a fresh June day, and a

young girl will work the telegraph wires in a crowded railway station, when she would be ashamed to be seen washing a window, and breathing the clear morning air. Great as are our own shortcomings as a people, we do believe ourselves the superior of England in regard to the dignity of all kinds of labor. We were so, certainly, at the outset, when that company of the best English stock came over here and smoothed the rough wilderness. Necessity, it may be said, forced them to work. Then let us make necessity for ourselves. Let us live on less money, have fewer luxuries (not fewer comforts), make less work so that we can do it ourselves, in part, and save our women from the dyspepsias and back-aches that come from idle or sedentary lives.

Col. Higginson writes an admirable leader in "The Woman's Journal" of Boston, on "Social Caste in England and America." He concludes with this paragraph: —

"The moral of it is that the social counsels which may sound like wisdom in England sound like folly in America. Just as the words 'gentleman' and 'lady,' which in England denote class position, here denote individual qualities, so any *mésalliance* in America must be an individual, not a class, matter; and a man and woman may often marry down by marrying into the most exclusive social circles, or marry up by marrying out of them."

"The Year-Book of Woman's Work," edited by Miss Hubbard, is a valuable publication, being the summary of all the self-supporting occupations of women in England. In the able introduction she speaks of the so-called "superfluity" of women there, and says that it is most apparent in the educated class. "Their prospect," she says, "is not at first sight a pleasing one. It destroys the time-honored assumption by which every woman becomes in due course of time a wife and mother, and lives supported by labor, and under the protection of her husband." "This," she says, "is the history of many a happy life now, but by no means of all. The exceptions to this lot are many. It will not prevent women from accepting marriage, that their education makes them independent of it." She cannot believe that the "loyal hearts of men fear that the bread earned by single women would diminish their own." To her mind, she says, "the fact

that so many are appointed to this 'second-best' women's lot in life, proves that in their case it is not second-best to them, but quite the best." The special gifts and graces developed by single life among women, she thinks (if it is not treason to say so), will strengthen similar faculties in all woman whether married or single.

OUR WORK IN SCOTLAND.

We have received several copies of a little periodical, called "The Truthseeker," from Rev. J. P. Hopps of Glasgow, the editor. These numbers contain valuable lectures; also a new version of the gospels with interesting critical notes by Kiningale Cook, B.A. There are reports of public-school movements, earnest letters on religious questions, answers to inquiring minds, and graphic notices of books. In short, the little journal is wide-awake and full of life, and will not let any body slumber in its neighborhood.

Mr. Hopps has published a sermon on the effect of Mr. Moody's preaching in England. We have spoken in this review sympathetically of this revival movement, and tried to see the good it accomplished among the masses, and the advantage which may be gained to ourselves, by a quickening of our own life, and desire to impart the truth as we understand it. But we feel that we ought to look at the other side of this awakening, and say, plainly, wherein we disapprove. We cannot resist quoting some passages from this sermon of Mr. Hopps. It may seem bald, severe, in its outlines of Mr. Moody's doctrine. But so are the doctrines bald, and terrible in his pictorial delineations of the other world, as here quoted. We hear much of his "gospel of love," the love of God for saints; but what of his love for sinners, sinners who repent not after a stereotyped fashion? Let us get rid of all the false glamour from across the water, and see what Mr. Moody says to his audiences. Let us read a portion of Mr. Hopps' extracts of a sermon heard with his own ears. We know, of course, that this is not the staple of all Mr. Moody's addresses, but we must look at what he sometimes says, with calm impartiality: —

"The sermon before me is his last on the subject (of Hell), but it is only one of many, — it is neither better nor worse than his others on the

same subject. More than once — once, to my knowledge, in Manchester and once in London — he pictured good 'beautiful girls' in hell, not because they were wicked, but because, to use his favorite phrase, they were 'out of Christ,' or, in plain English, because they could not agree with Mr. Moody, and accept what he told them about salvation by blood. He pictured those girls as given over by Satan in hell to the lusts of his devils, with not even a policeman to hear or help them. This 'young lady' who is weeping at Mr. Moody's door is not a wicked person; she is anxious and interested even, she would shudder if, in going home, a drunken man spoke to her: yet, in hell, 'libertines and drunkards and murderers' will be her 'companions,' if she fail to 'find Christ.' Why? Mr. Moody leaves us alone with the shameful atrocity, unjustified and unexplained. When people are punished here on earth, even by imperfect men, they are punished for something, and their punishment has some relation to their offence. We should think it scandalous to punish a child as we punish a man: we should think it monstrous to punish the thief who steals a loaf of bread, as we punish the swindler who heaped up riches by forgery and lying. For a first offence we do not punish as for a second or a third. All kinds of considerations are introduced to make the scales of justice true. Some young criminals are not even punished at all, but are sent to a reformatory — a kind of compulsory school; and, when they learn to do well, they are gladly admitted to the open world, and have free course amongst their fellows. Now, will any one tell me why this that is right with men should be all wrong with God? Why, even with wicked women who have to be imprisoned, it is our custom to keep them apart from 'libertines and drunkards and murderers;' and from one end of the country to the other there would be a cry of horror, if, in the obscurest prison even, the worst women were subjected to the horror of being turned loose and unprotected upon the society of the other prisoners, known to be 'libertines and drunkards and murderers.' That cry of horror would be a thousand times more intense, if, not the worst of women, but some 'young lady' prisoner, were subjected to that degradation, peril, and shame Yet that is what Mr. Moody lays to the charge of the Almighty. It is he who has ordained the allotments of the future life; it is he who has declared that all who are 'out of Christ,' shall be damned; it is he who will turn beautiful young girls into hell, regardless alike of justice, humanity, or the credit of his own name or reign. What of the noble spirits of all ages and nations, the choice souls who on earth lived to teach the ignorant, save the fallen, restore the wandering, and help the weak? What has happened to them, that they seek and save no more? And what has happened to Jesus of Nazareth? On earth he went about doing good: he sought out the sinner, he spoke hopefully to the most despairing, he turned no sorry soul away. But what does Mr. Moody say? He says, in this sermon, 'You came here to-night to hear Mr. Sankey sing "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by:" but bear in mind you will not hear that song

in the lost world; or, if you do, it will not be true — he does not pass that way.' How does Mr. Moody know? Or, if he is right, I want to know why Jesus does not pass that way; I want to know if he has nothing to say about that young girl, and the 'libertines, drunkards, and murderers;' I want to know whether he is tired, or helpless, or hopeless. I want to know who is responsible for this most gigantic horror, that hell is supremely wretched, supremely hopeless, and full of cruelty, injustice, and crime, and that heaven makes no effort to mitigate, instruct, or save. Some one must be responsible for the hopeless misery of hell, and some one must be responsible for the horrible selfishness or inability of heaven; and it is an urgent question, — who?

"Who has given life to men under this horrible condition, that they shall have no real chance here, and then be shut up to hopeless inability forever? Who has made improvability a fact in this life only? Who has decreed that the first step, the first experiment, of life shall determine its eternal character? Who is it that has so ordered things that, anywhere, the wish to improve shall be eternally denied? There is only one reply: it is this, so God has ordered it. Then I say plainly, if such a God there be, he is himself the arch-demon of the universe; his cruelty is unspeakable, his injustice is immeasurable, his rule is the most detestable of tyrannies, his heaven is the scandal of the universe, and it is shameful to be saved.

"God help us to regard it all as a horrible nightmare! God help us to trust him, and to believe that hell is not eternally hopeless, that heaven is not eternally selfish. The poor soul stumbling from earth, confused and blind and harassed and ignorant, does not deserve to be thrust down to black night and horrible despair; and it surely cannot be sinful for me to think that the good God has provided for education and help and progress on the other side. To him I come, to him I cling, — my God, my Father, and my Friend. When I go to that unseen world, I look to see all his good and blessed ones employed in teaching and comforting and guiding the dark, the sorrowful, and the sinful; and when I think of heaven for myself I can only say, give me, O God, my humble place among the healers and the helpers of the sick, the despairing, and the lost."

"The Truthseeker" gives us a review of a new volume of poems that have appeared, under the name of "Arrah Leigh," called "The New Minnesinger and Other Poems." Some of the poems rise to a high and tender strain of devotion. There is one poem, perhaps, not among the best, but which we quote here because it represents a frame of spirit so different from the revivalist idea of the other world, and throbs with such generous and loyal emotion towards God, our Father.

I AM THE LORD, I CHANGE NOT.

"Change not, change not to me, my God, I would that thou should'st be
To furthest worlds what thou hast been on this sad earth to me.
Though thou hast baffled sore my life, though thy swift-scourging rod
Hath left me spirit-scarred, I cry, change not to me, my God!

"Change not to me for any change that o'er my soul may come,
When lips that dearly love thy praise in bitterness are dumb;
Yea, when I love thee not at all, when from thy face I flee,
Let thy compelling love pursue, — my God, change not to me!

"When death has wrought his awful change, and left me spirit-bare,
Thou, who didst hide me 'neath thy wings, thy mantling love prepare.
I am no other than I was when most thou didst befriend;
I trust thee, Lord, for what thou wert: be changeless to the end.

"I do not ask with sudden step thy purest heaven to win,
Be still, Most Merciful, all love-relentless to my sin;
Yea, Lord, make wholly beautiful what thou hast lov'd so well,
Burn out in me whate'er defiles, burn out in fire of hell.

"Let me but know thy voice, its word I will in all obey,
In outer darkness still most sure that thou wilt find a way
To bring thy banish'd to thyself, as thou didst bring of old,
When thy sin-wearied child but thought on the forsaken fold.

"Change not to me in those far worlds, where all is strange and new;
Where can my stranger spirit rest, if thou art changèd too?
As turns the child from alien crowd to the one kindred face,
To find that mother eyes make home in unfamiliar place,

"So trembling must I turn to thee, the God whom I have known,
The God who in this lonely world hath never left me lone.
Do with me, Lord, whate'er thou wilt, so only thou wilt be
Forever, and forevermore, what thou hast been to me."

M. P. L.

REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

Recent Theological Publications in Germany.

1. "Die Religion des Zweiflers" is published anonymously. It is a well-meant attempt to give to skeptics a faith which they can accept, and to indicate that they have a belief even while they seem to be doubters. Skepticism of the kind here defined is not of a very pronounced sort. The writer thinks that candid minds must allow something behind the phenomena of the world, something which controls them, something which leads every thing well, or, as Matthew Arnold would say, "which makes for righteousness." The doubter's religion is not atheism, not materialism, but a faith half-way between this and superstition, a blind and vague theism, which does not know exactly whether it is proper to use the word "God." If one can only allow this spiritual possibility of some Providence behind the things which are seen, he need not give himself over as utterly without God in the world. This book is good as describing what we may call the intermittent and fugitive states of mind of one who is constitutionally a believer, the trials of faith in a heart which is held, not fast and fixed on a rock, but by a loose leash to its central place, — of a heart in which faith wavers, but is not likely to break or to vanish. That is the spiritual condition of not a few of the most devout and efficient in the churches.

2. Dr. Riehm's new Biblical Dictionary, the first numbers of which we noticed a few months ago, shows in its third part, just issued, no falling off in the ability, the freshness, and the critical sagacity of its contributions. In this third part are two fine engravings, — one of the Mosque of Omar, and the other of ruined Cyrene, the African home of Synesius, which he so charmingly celebrates in his graceful hymns. There is also a well-executed picture of Bethlehem, colored, and a good number of clear woodcuts. All of the letter C, and half of the letters B and D, are in this part. The longest articles are those on "Bundeslade," the ark of the covenant; on the "Cherubim," showing their relation to figures on Assyrian and Egyptian monuments; on "Cyrenius and the Census," a very acute discussion; on "David," as poet and ruler, an impartial appreciation; on the "Hebrew Poetry" (Dichtkunst); and on "Daniel." There is also

a good account of the Moabite god Chemosh, and of the cedars of Lebanon, and of the crimson color, and of Capernaum. The illustrations add very much to the pleasure of the reader, and many of them are from new photographs. From present appearances, the dictionary is likely to more than meet its modest promise. It deals with facts and "real" things, and lets theology severely alone.

3. Dr. L. O. Broecker, in his "Untersuchungen ueber die Evangelien und das Leben Jesu," has really brought out new views, and done something to settle disputed points. He has not reconciled all discrepancies of the gospel narratives, or made it certain in what year Jesus was born, or in what year Jesus died, or exactly how long his ministry lasted. But he has brought secular history and remains largely into the illustration of the evangelical story, and made some things clear that were before obscure. This kind of small criticism of names and dates is rather dry reading; but, after all, it is of great importance in bringing out the real significance of the sacred writings, and vindicating their honesty and their genuineness. If Herr Broecker has any favorite evangelist, it is John, whose work is so much disputed by the critics; yet he does not venture to say that John's word is to be taken against the word of the other three. He likes the scientific accuracy and artistic finish of the Fourth Gospel, in which the writer seems to have taken more pains with his work, and not to have spoken so loosely as the writers of the earlier Gospels. John had more materials at his command than the earlier writers, and could select the trustworthy. Herr Broecker's style of writing is very different from that of Strauss or Schenkel. He has no constructive imagination.

4. An extreme specimen in rationalistic criticism is the "historical examination" of the life of the Apostle Paul, by J. W. Straatman (Paulus de Apostel van Jezus Christus, Zijn Leven en Werken, Zijne Leer en Zijne Persoonlijkheid). This Dutch scholar goes far beyond his master, Scholten, in hasty judgments and strong assertions. From a slender basis of fact he builds a large fabric of reasoning and conclusion. He exaggerates the Jewish and Gentile parties, and the antipathy of Paul to his brethren of the blood. He denies the truthfulness of the narrative in the ninth chapter of the Book of Acts. He changes the age and ministry of Stephen to a time long after the apostolic age. He insists that Paul was from the beginning an apostle to the Gentiles, and had no forerunner in that service. He assigns the composition of the Book of Acts to the middle of the second century. He treats the whole account of the writer of that book as

prejudiced, untrustworthy, and of small value in the real biography of the zealous evangelist. The letters of Paul, reduced to the four that are genuine, supply the materials for his real life and work. This arbitrary way of reconstructing the sacred narrative may have the merit of ingenuity, but it is not the method of true religious science. An obscure hint cannot set aside the force of a positive statement.

5. "Die Lebensalter in der Jüdischen Literatur" is the attractive title of a very full, instructive, and entertaining work of Rabbi Leopold Loew, — the sequel to a previous work on the art of writing as practised by the Jews. This new work is a complete manual of Jewish customs, as the Talmud and the Jewish writings give them, from birth to burial; of the work and the play, the study and the religion; of Jewish men and maidens and matrons. Nothing seems to be omitted. We are told how all was done, and how all ought to be done; how the rites were celebrated, surgical and matrimonial; what sports were allowed, and what was the proper behavior for each of the ages of life. The story is not confined to ancient time, but comes down almost to our own time, in the account of Jewish usage. Smoking and taking snuff are considered along with confirmation and circumcision. The rules for naming children are interesting to read. Herr Loew does not agree with St. Luke, that children were named when they were circumcised, and thinks that such an assertion only betrays the foreign nationality of the "Macedonian." He gives a singular instance of the name Schlemihl as the synonym for a luckless wight, as a man of this name, coming home after eleven months' absence, found that his wife was about to give him an heir to his name.

6. There are many to insist that the music of the sanctuary is of more importance than its preaching or its theology, and that the song teaches more efficiently than the prayer or the sermon. And not a few who go back to the golden age of the church, in its day of weakness and tribulation, long to know the tones of those psalms and hymns and spiritual songs with which Christians comforted each other. Dr. John Tzetzes, in his thin volume (Ueber die altgriechische Musik in der griechischen Kirche), attempts to expound the theoretical principles on which the music of the old Greek Church was constructed, and the combination of sounds by which their hymns were made harmonious to the ear; to show how the old system gradually passed into the mediæval system, which is essentially that of the modern Greek Church. The music of the Roman Church has

gone through many changes, from the Gregorian tones to the florid trills and cadenzas of the masses and vespers in the churches of Italy to-day. But in the chapels of Greece and Asia Minor one hears still the harsh nasal whine which amazed the Crusaders on their way to rescue the Holy City. Herr Tzetzes corrects some mistakes of former writers, notably of Westphal. Claudius Ptolemæus and Bryennius wrote learnedly upon the theme.

7. "Easy writing is hard reading," is a proverb in frequent use. But sometimes very elaborate and careful writing is hard reading; and this is exemplified in the very conscientious and important work of Herr H. Reuter, of which the first volume has just been published in Berlin (Geschichte der religioesen Aufklaerung im Mittelalter). To get materials for a history of religious illumination (or "revival," as we should say), in the middle age, before printing began, is difficult enough; and to distinguish truth from falsehood, in the fancies, visions, and raptures of enthusiastic monks and devotees, is still more difficult. No one can complain of Herr Reuter's lack of judgment. He examines and cross-examines all the testimony, before he will admit any assertion into the text of his history. He never takes any statement on trust. But his scrutiny is so nice that the color which should belong to a history of this kind fades out, and the glow of piety is lost in the dryness of investigation. The order is not convenient, as the references are at the end of the book, and not at the bottom of the page, and one must handle the volume in an unsteady way. Apart from this dry style, the topics of the volume are very new and interesting. It brings the story down to Abelard and his time. In the second volume still more interesting matter will be brought out.

8. Prof. W. Preger undertakes a difficult and perplexing task in attempting to write a history of German mysticism in the middle ages, — "Geschichte der deutschen Mystik im Mittelalter." The first part, which brings the history down to the death of "Master Eckhart," is an octavo of five hundred pages, crowded with details, though the arrangement is orderly. First, we have an account of the mystic life of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries in Holland and Saxony and the Rhine Country and Southern Germany. In the second book are sketches of a great number of mystics, Catholic and heretic, monks and fanatics, with their systems and their vagaries. Plotinus and Scotus Erigena and Albertus Magnus and the Abbot Joachim, and St. Bernard even, come into the list. The third book is devoted to Eckhart, the most famous of all, his life, his works, and

his doctrines. An appendix has some curious notices of fragments and of legal proceedings. The fault of the volume is that it joins things which are not necessarily related, — the ecstasies of crazy devotees, and the calm meditations of thoughtful scholars. The implication of the book seems to be that all mystics are more or less insane, and that this kind of thought is an evidence of a mind out of order and lacking in balance. The writer is an industrious collector of facts, but not a competent critic of ideas.

9. The aged prophets are honored in Germany, both among Jews and Christians. For more than half a century Dr. Leopold Zunz has led and fed the thought of his Israelite brethren and of Christians as well. The compliment which they pay him, now that his fourscore years are finished, is to issue a complete edition of his writings, so multifarious and so fragmentary. The first volume, of three hundred and fifty-four pages, contains tracts upon Jewish literature, rabbinical, mediæval, ethical, and devotional, for the service of the sanctuary and the service of the home, psalms and hymns, and geography and history, short tracts and long, with a portion of biblical criticism, specially interesting to Christian readers. These remarks upon the five books of the Pentateuch, and the books of Ezekiel and Esther, show a mind very free from theological prejudice, and keen insight into the meaning of the Sacred Word. As a critic, Zunz is fearless, and does not hesitate to adopt many of the opinions of the scientific school about the late literary origin of the earlier books, the spurivusness of many passages, and the untrustworthiness of the traditional order. Leviticus is an earlier book than the Exodus or the Genesis. Zunz is a very suggestive as well as a very free writer, and his genius is that of a poet not less than of a learned scribe.

P. N. Fortunio, L'Américaine. Avec Préface par Athanase Coquerel, Fils. Paris: Casimir Poret. 1875.

Some weeks ago a letter-writer in one of the New York journals allowed himself to regret that so noble a man as Coquerel had commended a discreditable novel like "L'Américaine." The writer was evidently one of those sensitive Americans who are scandalized by all exposure of American faults and foibles, and only satisfied with the gush of praise and admiration from the lips of foreign critics. Coquerel's preface to the book is moderate in tone, and in good taste, and commends the book for what it is, the work of a bright and open-eyed observer of American life and manners, who tells what he has seen and not merely what he has heard. M. Fortunio, if that is his

real name, seems to be a prolific writer, and two dozen volumes, before this, have come from his pen. If they are as spirited as this last volume, they are worth reading. M. Fortunio says some sharp things of American speech, habits, and methods; but the representation on the whole is very favorable. The "American girl," as he draws her character, is a paragon of beauty, sweetness, truthfulness, energy, and intelligence. Her father, the self-made banker, is a very noble man. He was born, perhaps, like the apostle, out of due time, — for Milwaukee, Wisconsin, had no existence in 1815, — and he has more millions of dollars than any American has ever accumulated. He shifts his position, too, from New York to Chicago somewhat too suddenly. But the picture of his family is attractive, and it vindicates the class which the banker represents.

The account of Chicago and the story of the Chicago fire, which the writer seems to have seen, ought to satisfy the most exacting pride of that modest metropolis. Even New York is tame to this mighty sudden creation. The least agreeable characteristic of the book is the antipathy of the writer to every thing German. He hates the materialistic, cold, selfish, coarse, awkward Teuton; and some will indignantly discover, in his portrait of Carl Muller, a malignant libel upon the distinguished German senator from Missouri. If he meant to show Carl Schurz in his figure of Carl Muller, the book then deserves to be condemned. Very much, however, is to be pardoned in the prejudices of a mortified Frenchman, smarting under defeat. "L'Américaine" is not a great novel; but it is entertaining, sparkling, with variety of character and incident, and, apart from this national anti-German feeling, sound in its moral tone. The wicked get their desert, and the true love finds its reward. Many worse novels than this are translated, and Coquerel has not greatly erred in commending it. The extravagances are by no means so glaring, and the mistakes not so ludicrous, as those of some of our own most popular authors. The situations are probable, and the strange experiences are facts and not caricatures.

Ingo and Ingraban and *Das Nest der Zaunkönige.* By G. Freytag.

Freytag, better known perhaps by his "Debit and Credit," and "The Lost Manuscript," than by his other works, published in 1873 the first of a remarkable series of novels, "Die Ahnen," in which the destinies of a single race were to be related. His earliest scenes are laid amid the young centuries of Christianity, in which he describes his first hero and heroine; and then, as he tells us in his preface, he

hopes to trace the characteristics and fortunes of their descendants down to the modern Germany fellow, who cares little for his pedigree.

"Ingo and Ingraban" consists of two separate stories, each complete in itself, as is an individual life; and like that, also, through the mysterious laws of inheritance, abounding in capacities and limitations. The moral is drawn by the reader's heart, not by the author's pen. The plot of the first is laid A.D. 357, and is full of the strength of forest life and rude warfare. Ingo, the king's son, wanders from petty court to pettier court, seeking shelter, till finally he establishes his home in the wilderness, and bears to it his beloved and rescued Irmgard. There they live peacefully until attacked by his enemies, led by a queen whose love he had rejected, and Ingo and Irmgard perish in the flames of their rough home. Their baby child escapes, whose descendant, Ingraban, in 724, possesses the same love of freedom, the same protecting, honorable affection for women, which distinguished Ingo. But now Ingraban lives in half-Christian times; himself a heathen, he does not renounce his ancestral superstitions, till, softened by misfortune and the love of a Christian maiden, he accepts the sign and the power of the cross, and finally meets his death in an expedition in which church-superstition will not allow him to fight. Most admirably depicted are the early monkish life, in its glow of conversion, and the honest struggles of the heathen against admitting the magic strength of the cross over that of some pagan tree or charm.

The good influence and pleasure imparted by these tales consists largely in the nobility of his female characters. They are women who love intensely, full of humility to their lord, but of high self-respect: who dare to die with them, or to encounter scorn in converting them. They make one breathe quickly by their heroism, and long to be sufficiently true and simple to love them, — noble types of a loving *hausfrau* of our own days, with a great breadth of physical stature, and mental daring to lofty deeds which we would gladly claim as ours. Those were days of rough hand-to-mouth living, with courteousness glimmering through the strength: these are the times of city conventionalism. Freytag's heroes felt that they inherited their lands from nature rather than from a king; that freedom was their right, though it must be coerced into submission to bishopric law, — albeit Ingraban transmits his independent, heathen spirit through three centuries, to 1003.

The third story is not so powerful as the first two. "Das Nest der

Zaunkönige," it is called, in reference to the home of several brothers. The quarrels of one convert with another for Christianity has progressed, of little kings and big abbots; and the jealousies of the monks in noting the neglect of any minor monastic observances embroil most of the book. Though the women are not as prominent as in "Die Ahnen," the mother is a fine conception of female dignity. The same traits abide in her and in her sons that dwelt in their ancestors. Love of freedom make her recognize her duties as a mother as paramount to those of a daughter of the church. The hero, Immo, dares to leave a convent, while yet a scholar there, and dedicated besides by his mother to a priest's life. The ancestral spirit drove him forth in search of military adventure; and at last, through chance and mischance, he succeeds in winning his brother's love, — who, regarding him as a destined priest, had ostracised him from the right of the eldest, and cared but little for him, — his king's regard, and his wife. Again, as in "The Lost Manuscript," we admire the skill which can depict court-life as vividly and elegantly as the humorous rudeness or good cheer of the lowest retainers or traveling ministrels, while no sentimentalism lurks between the pages. Strength of hand and body, and corresponding strength of moral greatness and honest love, the dignity of human nature as felt, but not yet translated into speech, were incorporated into this race, and fill us with longing to be as they were. Will this primitive grandeur dwindle away in superficial culture, modern self-introspection, vague aspiration, and slighter physique, as its fortunes are unfolded? K. G. W.

The Kingdom of Christ on Earth. Twelve Lectures delivered before the Students of the Theological Seminary, Andover. By Samuel Harris, Dwight Professor of Systematic Theology in Yale College. Andover: Warren Draper. 8vo., pp. viii., 255.

The least satisfactory portion of this book is the title-page, for which there can have been no sufficient reason in the author's own mind, though the subject which gives name to the lectures may perhaps have been assigned in the appointment of the lecturer. With Dr. Harris' view (with which we fully accord) of Christ as the central figure, shaping factor, and destined sovereign of humanity, and with his rationalistic repugnancy to everything like millenarianism, "the kingdom of Christ" may be made to comprehend all things human and divine; and we have here a series of able and admirable discourses, which have little connection with one another, except that they are all profoundly religious and Christian.

The first lecture is a new and eminently forceful statement of the argument for Christianity based upon the uniqueness of its initial conception, its incongruousness with its antecedents and surroundings, its unaccountableness on any other theory than that of its divine origin. Jesus was literally "a root out of a dry ground." Though the predicted Messiah, he was not, in any sense of measure, the expected Messiah; the prophets themselves would hardly have recognized in him the subject of their prophecies; and, while he fulfilled them, had he taken upon himself the task of fulfilling them, he would have assumed the very part, which, in the temptation-scene, he so indignantly spurned. That it cannot be otherwise accounted for is, after all, the strongest reason for believing the universe to be the work of an intelligent Creator; the very same argument, with a force to our own thought irresistible, claims for Christianity an authorship identical with that of the universe.

This argument is enforced in subsequent lectures by the antagonism of Christianity to the prevalent spirit of the extra-Christian world, and especially by the difference, in some respects amounting to a contrast, between Christian virtue and virtue under other auspices. Under this last head Dr. Harris rightly specifies, as the characteristics of Christian virtue, its source in the sense of forgiveness and in the obligation thence derived, its constant relation to God as its inspiration and support, aim and end, its clearness and comprehensiveness, and the conscious freedom in which duty is performed, not as the alternative of loss or penalty, but as the natural and normal function of the regenerate soul. On the other hand, virtue under pagan, and even Hebrew teaching, is self-created, self-tending, a ground for self-complacency and pride, and at the same time a galling yoke and a heavy burden. The contrast is especially marked in the grace, rather than duty, of love, with the sacrificial love of Christ as at once its source, rule, and measure.

The church, according to Dr. Harris, is not the fountain, but the reservoir of spiritual gifts and graces, "an organized association of persons renewed by the Holy Spirit." The organization is wholly secondary and subordinate. Its continuity depends, not on official succession, or on any divine quality in the organism itself, but entirely on the transmission of the life of Christ through successive ages. In the advancement of the kingdom of Christ, the essential instrument is individual piety and love, aggregated and combined in and by the church, yet acting by its own spontaneous impulse and intrinsic energy. Civilization exists independently of Christianity,

which yet blends with pre-existing culture elements that tend to an ever greater ascendency, so that, while a Christian state is compatible with the very widest diversity of social institutions and customs, there is, on the part of all Christian communities, a gradual approach to a common type of civilization, — a standard, indeed, ideal now, but to be actualized in the better future of which we have sure presage in Jesus Christ and his gospel.

The last lecture in this volume is on "The Progress of Christ's Kingdom in its Relation to the Spirit of the present Age." The horoscope here is full of promise. Our age is not drifting so wide of Christianity as we have feared. Even our prevalent skepticism is a no more formidable hindrance than was the equally obdurate, but less enlightened, rationalism of the first Christian centuries. The prevailing freedom of inquiry and the positive value now placed on the truth for truth's sake, cannot but be ultimately favorable to Christianity if it be the truth of God, though for the present there seem a stronger disposition to "prove all things" than to "hold fast that which is good." Scientific knowledge, too, tends to clarify religious belief, and, equally, by its own ascertained limitations, to make the human intelligence the more fully aware of a realm of being, which faith alone can reveal, occupy, and utilize. At the same time the progress of art, the facilities of communication, and the virtual opening of the whole world to the whole world's knowledge and intercourse, tend to the establishment of universal peace, and ensure the propagandism of a religion whose fundamental precept is, "Freely ye have received, freely give." The book closes with the expression of the author's confident belief that "no preceding age has presented conditions so favorable to the advancement of Christ's kingdom and so encouraging to faithful effort."

A much fuller analysis than we have room for would fail to do justice to the merits of this book. While its several positions are discussed with no less guarded accuracy of statement than warmth of devout feeling, and while we rejoice in the tone of Christian optimism that runs through the whole work, we regard its *obiter dicta*, its incidental hints to students for the ministry, scattered here and there, as by no means its least valuable portion. The lecturer never forgot his specific audience; and there was hardly one of his series of subjects, which did not furnish the opportunity for direct instruction to his hearers as to the spirit of their destined work, their fit preparation for it, and the most effective methods of discharging it. A. P. P.

The Theistic Conception of the World. An Essay in Opposition to Certain Tendencies of Modern Thought. By B. F. Cocker, D.D., LL.D. New York: Harper & Brothers.

We have not space to give to this able and interesting book of the Michigan professor the full analysis that it demands, but can only state its purpose and its characteristics, and commend it to the careful study of those who are drawn aside by the materialism of our time. Its purpose is to vindicate the doctrine of God as the creator of the universe, of spirit as the source of force and matter, of the Divine Spirit as immanent in his universe, yet higher than his universe, of his general and special providence, and of his fixed moral government. The work has a polemic design, in its hostility to the school of which Strauss is the most eminent and fascinating exponent. But it is much more than a work of controversy. And its spirit is so large, so kind, so free from all harshness and bitterness, that the reader would hardly discover, without the title-page and preface, that it is a work of controversy. The materialists are treated with the utmost respect, are not pursued with hard names, or put under any ban. They cannot complain of their opponent's lack of courtesy.

The book is logical and metaphysical, and yet its literary finish leaves little to be desired. Its style is clear, strong, compact, the sentences packed with meaning. There is not one paragraph of special "fine writing," there are no illustrations used for the sake of the illustration. The writer is too much in earnest to show his skill in using words, and has a higher end than to make pictures or merely please the ear. Yet the arrangement and the steady flow of the argument, which moves on like an ocean wave, give to the whole a picturesque effect, beyond that of most books in its kind. There is the charm, too, of a profoundly religious tone, which is as far as possible from cant, but which close metaphysical reasoning cannot quite exclude. The majesty and mystery of his theme are always before the writer, even when he is dealing with subtle distinctions. In the ingenious reasoning there is all the pathos of a lament that it should be necessary to make such a plea to those who feel their dependence upon the great power around and above them, and are awed by the secret which baffles all their scrutiny. The book is open to the objection that the author is too religious in his nature to reason impartially in a question of this kind. His heart is too devout to allow his reason ever to run into unbelief.

No parade is made of the learning of the author by any redundance of quotation or display of foot-notes; but we have enough to show

that he is familiar with all the best authorities on either side, and that he has not set his unaided thought against the doctrines which he has not carefully studied and pondered. The book is the result of wide reading and patient thinking, — is anything but a hasty protest of wounded feeling. The writer has mastered his emotion so far that he can give full consideration to all the rash words of those who say that God is a chimera, and that the laws of nature are without a lawgiver. He does not belong to any special school of philosophers, and follows no leader in his defence of the spiritual theory. If he has any oracle to guide him, that oracle is James Martineau; yet his sympathy is seen also to be strong for Tyndall, whose heart sees the invisible Creator, though in his laboratory he can find in matter the promise and potency of all life. The scientists stand higher in his regard, on the whole, than the preachers or the metaphysicians, — Helmholtz and Darwin than the learned McCosh, who denies freedom to the will, which to Dr. Cocker is a fundamental postulate of all good activity and all healthy knowledge. His theism is in no sense Calvinism.

A devout materialist, in reading this book, will almost be persuaded to become a theist. The misfortune is that the materialists are not usually devout: and some of them will insist that Dr. Cocker assumes in the beginning what he needs to prove, and mistakes his assumption for proof; that he is too positive in his statements about spontaneous generation, and that it is by no means demonstrated that chemical force is not able to produce living matter; that the argument from the failure of experiments and the ignorance of men is not final against future inquiry. They may say that he allows the fear of consequences to bias his view of facts, and is troubled by the results of doctrines with which a true man of science does not concern himself. They may charge him with inconsistency in affirming that the universe will come to an end, will die a nebulous death as it was born in a nebulous birth, and yet in declaring that there is a created substance that will not and cannot die. Biblical critics, too, may question the exegesis of the Old Testament which treats some of the history as only poetry, while it accepts the rest as the record of fact, and will find that the charming "symbolical hymn of the creation" in the first chapter of Genesis, beautiful as it is in its strophes and antistrophes, does not harmonize any more with the actual story of the stars and rocks and fossils than the literal narrative. The geologists object to the Genesis story not so much that it talks about "days," and has evenings and mornings, as that its arrangement is

wrong, and that the universe was not created in that way. The Hebrew dialectics of Dr. Tayler Lewis will not convert them.

The chapter on the history of creation, the most original in the book in its suggestions, will probably be to scientific readers the least satisfactory, as it brings in the exposition of Hebrew words, and the opinions of the early Fathers of the church, whose love of allegory and fantastic interpretations of nature and Scripture deprive their words of weight in scientific discussions. If the Bible, as Dr. Cocker says, was not intended to teach science at all, why bring it into a discussion of this kind? If its prose cannot teach, certainly its poetry cannot.

There is one line, on page 143, which we should suppose had been written inadvertently, — by what Mr. R. G. White would call "heterophemy," — were it not italicized. Does Dr. Cocker really believe that Adam composed the "sacred hymn" of that first chapter of Genesis, and that the patriarchs sung it morning and evening, "to keep and commemorate the fact that the *world is the work of the triune God*"? The hymn says nothing of any such God, nor did the Jewish patriarchs ever believe in any such God. That epithet applied to Jehovah would to them have been blasphemy. C. H. B.

Problems of Life and Mind. By George Henry Lewes. First Series. The Foundations of a Creed. Vol. II. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

The first volume of Lewes' "Problems of Life and Mind" was to some extent introductory. It applied the term metaphysics to the fundamental truths of science, and proceeded, in a clear and able manner, to express these truths. The volume was thus in a large degree representative. It was a statement of the principles accepted by what we suppose must be regarded as, at present, the dominant school of philosophy. The second volume, with which we are concerned at present, is more personal. In it Mr. Lewes separates from many with whom he was before in harmony. Leaving the common ground he undertakes to solve for himself the great problems of thought.

So far as culture is concerned, Mr. Lewes is well fitted for this undertaking. His study of the history of philosophy had introduced him to the best thinkers of the world. One element of interest in the volume before us is found in the illustrations taken from authors whose words are always full of suggestion. Perhaps the two by whom he has been most influenced are Comte and, however singular it may appear to the student of his History of Philosophy, Hegel,

whose general method and results, however, he still criticises. From Comte he takes his starting-point. He tells us that it was Comte's great achievement to have specified all the conditions of the positive method; while his own aim has been to reduce this method to mental laws and afterwards to apply it to metaphysics. The most important principle that he derives from Hegel is that existence is only in and through relations; and that the thing in itself, that is, the thing out of relation, is a nonentity.

Mr. Lewes applies this latter principle to the relations of subject and object. The way in which objects affect us forms one aspect of their reality. The world is, thus, what we see it and feel it to be. Besides the relations actually known to us the world has many which may be known, and many more for the knowledge of which we should need new senses; but what we know is real. This position, he calls that of "reasoned realism." By it he separates himself fully from the school of Herbert Spencer; and it is this "reasoned realism" that furnishes the solution of all the problems with which he deals.

While the work embodies much that is true and suggestive, its final results are, to say the least, somewhat paradoxical. On the one side if we were not warned against this error, its language might seem that of idealism; on the other it is even less distinguishable from that of materialism, and against mistake in this direction there is no warning. In the one case we are told (p. 441) that object and subject are both modes of "feeling, and that feeling is the much sought *thing in itself.*" In the other case, we are told that feeling is a function of the organism, both in the mathematical and biological senses of the term (p. 411). We are bidden to identify feeling with neural process (p. 444), and are told that we cannot suppose the psychical organism and its functions to be other than integrant parts of the physical organism (p. 450; compare also the fuller discussion beginning on page 412). Such contradictory expressions imply a fallacy in the reasoning which led to them, and it may be interesting to inquire briefly the nature of this fallacy.

We are inclined to think that the fundamental error of the book is to be found in the discussion of causation. Here also Mr. Lewes has been led, we might perhaps in this case say misled, by Hegel. Hegel affirmed that cause and effect are simply the same thing under different forms. When the rain wets the earth, we have first water as rain and then water as moisture. This example is given to illustrate

causation in general. Mr. Lewes adopts fully this theory of causation. He thinks that he has thereby solved the metaphysical difficulties of the theme, and has obtained a principle of varied and important application. Causation, he affirms, is simply procession. Antecedence, which has been made the essential element in causation, he rejects altogether in this connection. Of effects he makes two classes. In the first class the elements from which the effect proceeds are obvious. They have not changed their apparent nature, in entering into the new relation. Effects of this kind he calls resultants. In the second class the producing elements are not recognizable; thus water is the product of oxygen and hydrogen, but this composition is not obvious on account of the change which the elements have undergone: effects of this kind he very well calls emergents. But there is another and no less important class of effects, in which, in spite of all Mr. Lewes' affirmations, antecedence plays the chief part. The hammer falls upon the rock; it stops suddenly and the rock takes on a molecular motion. This is a simple case of succession. We say, indeed, that the motion was transferred from the hammer to the rock. Mr. Lewes speaks, in regard to a similar case, of the motion of one body being absorbed by another. These, of course, are mere figures of speech. Motion is nothing that can be transferred or absorbed. First one body moves, and then the other; we can show that the motion in one case bears a direct relation to the motion in the other, but the two can in no manner be identified. Neither the hammer nor the motion of the hammer is present in the heat of the rock.

The omission to recognize this important form of causation, we think, has vitiated many of Mr. Lewes' results, and in particular that his conclusions in regard to mental phenomena are affected by it. "Feeling," he tells us, "is all." But in Feeling, according to the principle just explained, is given the cause of feeling. The notion of an outside world creeps into Mr. Lewes' reasoning, we confess that we do not know exactly how. At one moment there is nothing but sensation, at the next we have a world independent of sensation. It is like the juggler's handkerchief. At one moment there is nothing there, at the next there is the plump rabbit. But, however introduced, this objective element is there, and, as the cause of feeling, is given in feeling. Thus Feeling, which is all, itself contains the Felt. The Felt, thus surreptitiously introduced, soon obtains the complete mastery; and Feeling, which is all, is found to be only the occasional product of a material organization.

Thus does the form of idealism — if that can be called idealism in which ideas play no part, feeling being everything, — pass into a practical materialism. We are led past the great thinkers of the race to be left where Buechner would have landed us with far less formality.

While we sympathize with some of the positions maintained by Mr. Lewes against Herbert Spencer, we think the outcome of Spencer's philosophy far more satisfactory. The work of Mr. Lewes has been called a reaction against that of Spencer. Really the work of Spencer is a reaction against that of Comte, from which the work of Mr. Lewes is a more natural outgrowth. C. C. E.

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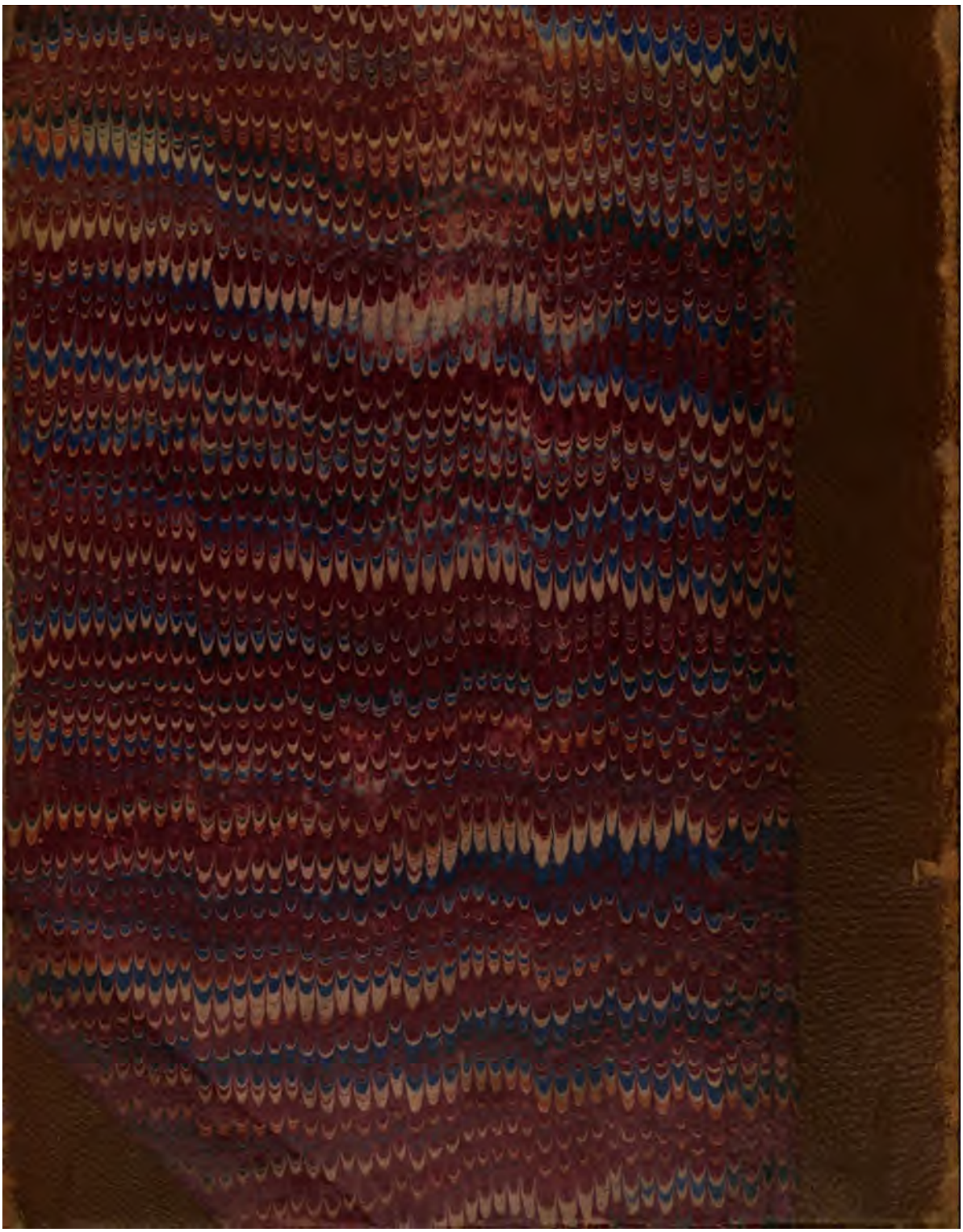
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